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HOW NEVER TO BE TIRED

or Two Lifetimes in One

by Marie Beynon Ray

author of

DOCTORS OF THE MIND

HOW TO CONQUER YOUR HANDICAPS

THE BEST YEARS OF YOUR LIFE

NEW COMPLETELY REVISED EDITION

THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY, INC.

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TO MY MOTHER

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Publisher's Note

IN 1946 *Life* magazine published a feature article on Preston Sturges, famous playwright, Hollywood producer and director, in which the following paragraphs appeared:

"Sturges' early career was a 'cool, sequestered vale' along which the tenor of his way was comparatively noiseless. Nowadays, in Hollywood, he leads a very different sort of existence which is full of activity and crowded with events. The change in his regimen is attributable, Sturges says, to the book *How Never To Be Tired; or Two Lifetimes in One* by Marie Beynon Ray. Sturges got hold of this volume in 1940. By this time, although he had just started directing *The Great McGinty*, Sturges felt that he was wasting his time, letting grass grow under his feet and becoming an old foggy prematurely. He consulted his doctor who, unable to find organic trouble, advised him to read what Sturges now refers to as *The Book*.

"*How Never To Be Tired; or Two Lifetimes in One* presents an open-and-shut case for the theory that fatigue and boredom are closely allied and that people grow weary less readily when doing things they like. . . . For Sturges . . . it amounted to a revelation. He absorbed it completely after perusing the first three chapters. . . . Nowadays, far from leading a mere double life, as recommended by Miss Ray, he leads a whole pack of lives, hoping thereby to make up for the time lost before the possibility of doing so occurred to him. Sturges' tripartite career as writer-director-producer supplies the foundations for his multiple existence but this is a house of many mansions equipped with sliding walks in which he also leads the life of a

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restaurateur, inventor, philanthropist, industrialist, philosopher and sportsman, or gentleman of leisure. . . .

"He ascribes his excellent health no less to late hours and lack of repose than to exercise, which of course never makes him tired. After a day of strenuous ping-pong he rests by having a large weekly party which lasts till 4 A.M. . . .

"From 8:45 A.M. until 9 P.M., on all days except fight days, he will be at the studio working on pictures. Then he will dine at The Players and stay there talking until 2 or 3 in the morning. . . . Sturges' restaurant, The Players, now does a \$700,000 a year business on Sunset Boulevard. . . .

"To Sturges' Hollywood colleagues, his colorful past and his lively present are dwarfed as subjects for discussion by his even more controversial future. Sturges himself, stimulated by *The Book*, has some extensive ideas about this."

That is what the book now in your hands did for one man. Over the past sixteen years it has done the same for many of its millions of readers. It can do the same for you. For over sixteen years this book has been a vast laboratory experiment, testing whether merely reading a book could cure fatigue. The answer has been overwhelmingly in the affirmative.

How Never To Be Tired was first published in 1938 under the title *Two Lifetimes in One*. In 1944 it was brought out in a new, revised and enlarged edition with the title *How Never To Be Tired*. It has never been out of print nor off the counters of bookstores throughout the country. Now once more, sixteen years after its original publication, the publishers offer a revised, largely rewritten third edition.

This popular treatise on fatigue has been praised by outstanding psychiatrists as the best popular presentation of the causes and cure of fatigue ever written. Hundreds of letters have been received from readers who, by applying the simple principles here outlined, have completely overcome their fatigue. Doctors

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prescribe it for their patients and heads of organizations buy it in quantity as gifts to their employees. It has been translated into many languages. As Dale Carnegie says, "Every tired or nervous man or woman in America should read *How Never To Be Tired*."

THE EDITOR

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HOW NEVER TO BE TIRED

Introduction

THERE are some people, a small minority of those born into our present civilization, who don't know the meaning of fatigue. Barring serious handicaps, these are the people who, in whatever sphere they are active, achieve success and, given somewhat more than average intelligence, become outstanding in their field. A little more, and they are the leaders of humanity. No other single factor plays so large a part in success as abundant energy.

It is the general belief that one either possesses this energy or one does not, as one has blue eyes or has not—and very little can be done about it.

That is not true. A great deal can be done about it. It is not necessary to be tired, not necessary to lack abundant energy. This is true today in a way it never was before.

For the most part those fortunate men and women who are never tired have no idea why they are immune to fatigue. Vaguely they attribute their energy to an unusual constitution or a regimen of some sort or to "keeping fit." Yet a large proportion of them have always been persons of only average or less than average strength or health who paid little or no attention to keeping fit.

Those who are tired, on the other hand, usually have no difficulty in putting their finger on the cause. They are tired, they say, because they overtax their energy. They are tired because they work too hard.

The fortunate few who live tirelessly usually live in ignorance of the laws of tirelessness. The reason they never know what it

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is to be tired is that, unconsciously, without ever knowing why, they practice the laws of tirelessness, as some people are born with the ability to wiggle their ears. They are not able to explain how they achieve their tirelessness. They cannot communicate it to others.

At this point I must admit, or confess, that I myself am among those who don't know what it is to be tired. It isn't a thing one boasts of, for all too often one is held to be something of a freak and frequently gets called unpleasant names—the Inhuman Dynamo, the Iron Horse, the Indestructible Wife, the Slave Driver, etc. Not to be tired seems inhuman, and even to appear energetic when others are dropping with fatigue arouses hard feelings. So one comes to refer to it as little as possible. I mention it here only because it is the reason I came to write this book.

I have never been called on for any extraordinary expenditures of energy such as those who lead lives of hazards and adventures—explorers, mountain climbers, soldiers in battle—must pour forth. No, I have led the life of the average man or woman who works in an office, shop or home. I have always worked hard, yet at the end of the day nothing is so repellent to me as the idea of *rest*. I ache with repressed energy. It seems to me as though I would burst if I couldn't get out and bat a ball or ride a horse.

Sometimes I meet people who say, "I don't know what it is to be tired"—but not often. Most people are tired—occasionally, or frequently, or all the time.

I never paid much attention to this flow of energy—it always seemed to me as natural and unquestionable as being able to walk or breathe; and when I was very young I never quite believed that other people were really tired, or anyway as tired as they said they were. I thought they could ignore their fatigue if they wanted to. That, if you like, is inhuman. Later I came to

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know better. I began to understand that fatigue is as real and overwhelming as grief or influenza, and that having more energy than one knows what to do with is a sort of gift, like being able to sing.

But though it is undoubtedly a gift, it always seemed to me that it was not, like a talent, an incommunicable gift, but one which could, if we knew how, be analyzed and taught.

Then one day an editor asked me to do an article on the causes and cure of fatigue and it occurred to me to attack it from a different angle from what I had ever seen it treated before. I had a sneaking notion that fatigue was more a matter of mind than of body, for those whom I had known who possessed unusual energy were not endowed with any special constitution, and, on the other hand, many who were remarkably strong and healthy had no immunity to fatigue.

So I interviewed a psychiatrist.

And everything he told me confirmed and enlarged everything I had vaguely suspected. I wrote the article—but it couldn't scratch the surface. I continued investigating. The further I went, the more certain it became that here was something everyone should know—must know, if he were to get the most out of life.

"I have never seen the subject of fatigue isolated and treated from the psychological angle," Dr. Brill, the famous follower and translator of Freud once said to me, "but I think it an excellent idea. It should be of immense help to those millions of tired men and women who are living so far below their real possibilities."

Another prominent psychiatrist said to me, "A book like Dale Carnegie's on how to win friends does more good than all the profound books on psychiatry ever written."

That clinched it. I decided to write this book in the hope of communicating to others the principles of tirelessness which

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those who never tire, consciously or unconsciously practice. Why not? They are only such simple things as a child could understand.

The one important thing to state and to realize at the very beginning is that *no one in good health need be tired*. So little understood is this simple truth that people who are never tired are generally considered somewhat abnormal. Yet the contrary is true. It is normal *not to be tired*. Even though one works exceptionally hard. Even on into middle and old age.

The whole question of man's energies and how they are depleted and how they can be renewed is one of enthralling interest. And the answer to the cry of so many human beings, "How can I avoid getting so dog-tired? How can I acquire greater energy in order to do all the things I want to do before I die?" is so extraordinarily simple as to appear magical.

This is *the* age of miracles. The miracles of other ages were miracles worked by faith—faith in the laying on of hands, in the curative powers of holy men and places and objects. But the miracles of today are the miracles of science, enabling men to hear across oceans and see across continents, making actual the dreams of man to fly and to know what happens on the moon. •

Only recently we stumbled on a new science which can work another sort of miracle—miracles within, rather than outside, ourselves. Among its achievements is the conquest of fatigue. This minor achievement has, in individual cases, all the appearance of magic. The process of changing, almost overnight, from a man weighed down by a weariness that flows like lead through his veins, to one pulsating with an energy which makes everything seem easy to do, is too much like necromancy to be immediately accepted as sober fact. But when we trace, step by step, the process by which this rebirth of energy is brought about, when we witness the many far more difficult cures by this new science of ills heretofore accounted incurable, we realize that it is

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really no miracle at all but just another of the marvelous achievements of modern science. And one which we can apply to ourselves to release new stores of energy.

It would be difficult to imagine anyone who resents the terrific brakes that fatigue puts on his energies—on his desire to live with all the life that is in him before he dies, to succeed in the work he has planned for himself and to be happy—failing to put these simple principles into immediate practice.

If (perhaps even before you finish reading this book) you begin to practice the principles outlined, then, in a few weeks, perhaps in a few days, at longest in a few months, you may become one of those enviable, almost incredible human beings of whom people say, "He's a Human Dynamo. He doesn't know what it is to be tired. He's bound to succeed!"

It is well within the facts to say that most people who are tired—a little or a lot—need not be tired at all. They themselves hold the key to their own complete and permanent release from fatigue. With it they may open and draw on a teeming treasure house of stored-up energies.

And not after years of building themselves up, physically and mentally, not after living for years under severe disciplines, not after any long schooling in some difficult or esoteric cult, but quickly, easily—now!

You will be doing nothing thousands of others have not already done. I shall cite case after case of men and women whose energies seemed at the lowest possible ebb, who woke in the morning as tired as they went to bed at night, whose bodies ached with weariness and whose brains felt drained bloodless—and who, beginning to practice these principles, not only lost all sense of fatigue of mind and body, but were filled with such abundant energy that they met and overcame obstacles which previously would have seemed to them insurmountable. Men

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and women who began, at any age you may mention, new lives brimming with success and happiness.

What they have done, you can do.

If you are too often tired, if you are failing to reach the goals you have set yourself because you are always exhausted, then this book was as truly written for you as though it bore your name on the title page.

I TELEPHONED for an appointment with a prominent man whom I had never met. I was told I could have a few moments with him the following Sunday if I would meet him at LaGuardia Airport and drive in to New York with him where he was to catch a train to Connecticut.

I thought I could meet Senator Benton some other time more conveniently. It took me two years to catch up with him.

Why does Benton run?

Some thirty years ago, on his way to Harvard Law School, William Benton, fresh out of Yale, stopped off in New York, dropped into an advertising agency and came out hired. It wasn't at all what he'd planned to do.

This turn of affairs presumably set up a guilt complex. He came from a long line of ministers and missionaries and had promised his mother he would sink no lower than the law. When he finally wrote her that he was doing copy for a certain soap, she wrote back, "Anyone who says that soap is a good soap is just not telling the truth." That was all she ever said on the subject of his fall from grace.

Doubtless it was this event that caused him to resolve that, by the time he was thirty-five, he would (he hoped with a million dollars salted away) retire from the crass business of making money to devote himself to higher things. He was twenty-one. That gave him fourteen years.

He began to run.

In a few years he was handling the largest accounts of his agency and pulling down \$12,000 a year. He wasn't even breathing hard.

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In five years he was fired (reason unknown) and immediately landed a better job with a bigger agency.

In eight years he was making \$25,000 a year and was offered \$50,000 when he announced he was quitting to start his own agency. He was just getting his second wind.

He opened his agency, Benton and Bowles, in 1929. Three months later—Black Friday. In 1936, one year behind schedule, he had his million and immediately retired. He firmly believes that if it hadn't been for the depression, forcing him to run at top speed, it might have taken him several years longer.

For fourteen years he'd been running so hard that, at one period, he habitually had his breakfast (a chocolate bar) on his way to the office; slept on trains, planes and the office floor, seldom more than five hours a night. He never missed a train, boat or plane and never arrived at a station more than sixty seconds before schedule. He dropped his middle name to save time writing the initial. He worked 365 days and 265 nights a year. His breathing was absolutely normal.

"Well, what are you going to do now?" everyone asked him when he announced his retirement.

He rumbled his hair some more and said, "I don't know. I only know that I don't want to go on selling soap and coffee all my life." He had a real contempt for money and wanted to show it.

He had outrun his guilt complex. Maybe now he'd stop running?

On the contrary, he ran even faster.

He was offered the job of vice-president of the University of Chicago at \$10,000 a year for a six-months year. (He'd been pulling down \$250,000.) He took it and immediately began to feel better. Now at least he was an educator, not a soap salesman. He kept this job for eight years, getting the university to do a lot of things no university had ever done before—like taking

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over the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Then he looked about for other poorly paid, equally satisfying jobs. He found one as assistant to Paul Hoffman on the Committee for Economic Development. After that he became, in succession, assistant to Nelson Rockefeller on the United States Inter-American Development Commission, Assistant Secretary of State to James Byrnes, Chairman of the American delegation to the U.N. Conference on Freedom of Information, United States Senator from Connecticut. Bill Benton, missionary by birth, huckster by accident, was supremely happy selling education, peace, democracy, America, freedom, to the unregenerate.

Still he couldn't help making money. On the side, he bought and supervised such enterprises as Muzac, shared with the University the ownership of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, the Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, the Book of the Year, the Britannica World Atlas, The Great Books of the Western World, invested in a shoe company here, a magazine there. And he made more money than he ever could have made in advertising. The day he was publicly referred to as "a prominent publisher and educator" he felt that at last he had risen above his own success.

Over a period of thirty years, he has never ceased from troubling and has seldom been at rest. An inexhaustible supply of energy, amounting at times to frenzy, keeps him going at a speed which at times threatens to pierce the sonic barrier. He ceases to be a whirlwind only to become a hurricane. Yet he constantly seeks new ways to speed up. Let him get wind of a research project to cut down on the amount of sleep we need and he's off to get the formula. Let him hear rumors to the effect that someone has discovered a method for reading faster and he'll go regularly to the laboratory for the prescribed exercises. He continually practices doing a dozen things simultaneously. He works, sleeps, eats, swims and plays tennis within range of a

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telephone and an Ediphone. At one time it was no uncommon sight to see Bill Benton in the barber's chair on the Twentieth Century Limited, a drink in one hand, a sheaf of papers in the other, in conference with a business associate who is taking this trip to New York solely for the purpose of consulting with him. He dictates (to an Ediphone after office hours) more wordage than most professional writers produce in a full day. The office staff refers to the disks that come hurtling in, as "the flying saucers." Like time and tide, he waits for no man—but he once kept Gandhi waiting for him and almost dropped in his tracks when he saw the Great Soul sitting cross-legged on his veranda, clad in what can only be called a diaper, *doing absolutely nothing!*

He expects the scientists to live up to their promises to prolong life to 100 years in ample time for him to take advantage of it. He finds it impossible to visualize Bill Benton making absolutely no revolutions per minute.

He himself will tell you that his unflagging energy is the primary factor in his success.

It is the invariable factor in all great success. Energy so inexhaustible that even old age cannot deplete it is the one common factor in the success of every man and woman who has achieved fame.

Let us take a few cases.

During the conference in France to draw up the Treaty of Versailles, the most powerful, feared and dynamic figure in that group of important men was Clemenceau, the Tiger of France. Not the great marshals, but *he*, was given credit by his people for the final victory. Yet at the beginning of the First World War he was already an old man. He was seventy-five.

Here is what a keen observer, Sacha Guitry, who knew them all, has to say of three of the grandest old men of France—Clemenceau, Anatole France and Rodin.

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"In the presence of Auguste Rodin one could not believe one's eyes; with Anatole France one could not believe one's eyes; the genius of Rodin and the intelligence of M. France were bewildering. But Clemenceau gave one a temperature. . . . He came in cordial, even friendly, and prodigiously vigorous. Hair and moustache not yet white. I say 'yet' as if he still had time to age. He is eighty-six."

When, after the last battle of the First World War, Guitry continues, Clemenceau tore out to the country to announce the victory to his old friend Monet, the artist, they fell into each others' arms and then, withdrawing laughing, Clemenceau cried, "Well, old fellow, what is the next thing to be done?"

At seventy-nine, he thought only of new worlds to conquer.

Go over the roster of the world's great men. You will find that the leaders, in whatever field, had this one quality in common—terrific energy.

No other quality—not intelligence, not character, not personality, not genius—is so essential to success.

Take Andrew Mellon, who was eight-two when he died. He was thin, slight, almost frail in appearance. Yet an artist who did his portrait shortly before his death said of him, "Mr. Mellon is strong, keen, and vigorous. He impresses one as a man of extraordinary nervous energy. He is capable of great endurance under physical and mental strain. He is tremendously forceful mentally."

It was the same with Carnegie, Morgan, Rockefeller and all our other great industrialists and financiers. They were, it is true, men of superior intelligence, but, above all, of prodigious energy.

Edison's energy, like Napoleon's, is legendary. He slept regularly only four or five hours out of the twenty-four—on the floor, on his desk, anywhere—an hour or two at a time. The rest of the twenty-four hours he worked like a maniac, with oc-

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casional cat naps. He even got his men to working in the same mad way on rush jobs, eating and sleeping in their offices. They seemed none the worse for it.

At the age of seventy the man who has been called by musicians "the greatest interpreter of Bach"; by critics, "the greatest living cellist"; and by Fritz Kreisler "the best who draws a bow," retired from the concert stage—not because of age, but solely as a protest against the Franco regime. Refusing even to live in his beloved Spain, he withdrew to the little village of Prades in France. For years, refusing all entreaties to go on concert tours, he lived in solitude, playing only for himself.

Then came a great occasion—the two-hundredth anniversary of the death of Bach—and he finally consented to play for an audience—but only in Prades. So to this obscure village journeyed musicians and music lovers from all over the world, as many as could crowd into the little village church—Alexander Schneider, Mieczyslaw Horszowski, Isaac Stern, Yvonne Lefebure, Rudolf Serkin, Joseph Szigeti, Clara Haskill.

And Pablo Casals played for them. After three years of retirement, being then seventy-three, the great cellist played as he had never played before.

"There are," wrote the critics, "no living violinists and few pianists and conductors, who can claim equality with him as an artist." At the end, the audience, forbidden to applaud in the church, rose and stood in silent homage.

"It is bitter to me to retire," Casals has said. "If I felt any physical or artistic falling off, I would not mind. But I have conserved everything. I play better than ever before."

All those years he had kept himself at the peak of his powers by long hours of daily practice, as if he were a young man preparing for his debut. "Every day I am reborn and every day I must begin again," he said.

His is the energy that to lesser mortals seems superhuman.

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You can take the roll call of the great soldiers, writers, artists, statesmen, financiers, explorers, back into the most distant past: it is the same story. Giants in energy in their youth. Giants still in energy in their old age.

Commodore Vanderbilt built most of his railroads when he was well over seventy, making his hundreds of millions at an age when most men have retired.

Kant wrote some of his greatest philosophical works at seventy and over.

Von Humbolt began work on his *Kosmos* at seventy-six, completing it at ninety.

Goethe wrote the second part of *Faust* after eighty, and Victor Hugo astounded the world with *Torquemada* at eighty.

Tennyson wrote his "Crossing the Bar," at eighty-three. At sixty Voltaire retired to "an agreeable tomb" in Switzerland and from then until his death at eighty-four, to no one's surprise but his own, he produced the greatest work of his life—*Candide*, *Irène*, *Tancrède*.

At seventy-four Verdi composed *Othello*, which would have been his finest work if he had not, at eighty, written *Falstaff*. Wagner, in the last year of his life, age seventy, completed *Parsifal*.

Rembrandt painted with undiminished power and energy until his death at sixty-three. Titian painted his incomparable "Battle of Lepanto" at ninety-eight, his "Last Supper" at ninety-nine. Michelangelo was still producing masterpieces at eighty-nine. Monet was painting great pictures at eighty-six.

Not only do such geniuses continue to improve with advancing years, but also they frequently, in a final flare-up of creative energy, conquer new fields.

Goya, in his eighties, covered the walls of his house, which he called "The Deaf Man's Villa," with the most magnificent murals he had ever painted and simultaneously launched into a

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new art form—lithography, in which he immediately surpassed all previous masters in this field.

Renoir, in his eighties, so crippled by arthritis that he had to have his brush strapped to his hand, undertook to master a new and difficult art form—sculpture. So impossible did it seem that this old, crippled man could produce the superb pieces that now began to pour from his studio that many critics pronounced them forgeries.

Aristide Maillol, after a brilliant career in painting, took up engraving and tapestry designing and in his “declining” years added sculpture. Matisse, approaching eighty, set out on an entirely new project—the designing of a chapel, for which he was architect, muralist and designer of textiles, vestments, candelabra, everything down to the last detail. The completely original result proved he had reached new heights of creativeness.

There is no end to the list.

A few such cases as those of Stevenson, Darwin, Keats, Heine are sometimes cited to disprove this thesis. On the contrary, they prove it. These geniuses were sick men—but look at the work they produced! The very fact that in spite of their ill-health they poured out such quantities of work bearing the hallmark of genius proves that they possessed extraordinary supplies of energy.

Francis Galton made an exhaustive study of men of genius. He found great energy to be their invariable characteristic. Not one of them lacked it, not even his cousin, Darwin, the neurasthenic, who was so easily shattered that even the writing of a letter on a subject that excited him made it impossible for him to sleep that night. Yet think of the energy required for the scientific research alone in connection with *The Origin of Species* or *The Descent of Man*. In spite of illness, says Galton, these men

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of genius were continually goaded into work by their teeming, restless energy.

What are the sources of such energy? If men as physically weak and ill as these could call on such stores of energy, why may not we?

A superior intelligence coupled with low energy will achieve little.

A mediocre intelligence coupled with great energy has every chance of success.

A superior intelligence plus great energy will achieve anything you choose to name.

I know a man who is the outstanding figure in his field today. He started life without a dime, an education or any special talent. Today he is one of the richest men in the country.

I have talked to a number of his business friends.

"How," I have asked, "do you explain this man's success? Do you consider him a brilliant man?"

The answer of one man is typical.

"He is shrewd," he said, "but he's not an intellectual heavy-weight. Lots of men with better minds than his are failures. I have any number of men in my own organization—you'll find them in every large company—who are smarter than he. What he has, more than any but half a dozen men I've ever met, is energy. The man is terrific. He gets several laps ahead of the rest of us on the sleep he doesn't take, keeps a dozen or more big deals going all the time, directs half a dozen organizations, several thousand employees, and has energy left to choose his wife's fur coat and select his children's schools. He's a Human Dynamo."

Doubtless you have often asked yourself how a certain man, not overweighted with gray matter, got where he did. Ask yourself now if that man hasn't extraordinary energy.

Some years ago in Mexico City I saw a bullfight for the first

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time. No American should ever see a bullfight for the first time. There are, as Hemingway and other connoisseurs have pointed out, great art and beauty in the bullfight. Only we can't see it for the blood.

But I did understand one thing as I watched that fight—why the Spaniards adore a bullfight. Not a Dempsey nor a Rocky Marciano, nor a Babe Ruth, nor a Joe DiMaggio, is half the hero in this country that a Belmonte is in Spain or Mexico.

Why?

Because more than any other man the matador is the visible embodiment of male energy and courage. Not in the prize ring, not even among the drivers of racing cars, do we witness such an individual demonstration of energy and courage.

Make no mistake about it, a matador is in constant danger of his life every second he is in the arena. Carelessly, gracefully, he offers you his life on the point of his sword.

This matador whom I saw that day was more than a match for the seven bulls he killed that afternoon; would have been more than a match, you felt, had all seven been released at the same time. More intense, controlled energy one could not imagine. Above all he had arrogance—arrogance to match the bull's; courage and energy to match the bull's. In dozens of split seconds of danger, not once did he lose that inner and outer arrogance, that climax of energy in the final moment. And the mob roared, applauding the most elemental of male virtues.

It is this same sort of original energy, of "animal spirits," as Emerson calls it, that underlies all success. Leadership, he points out, is in the hands of the "energetic class which is full of courage and attempts which intimidate the pale scholar." For achieving success he places energy high above wisdom.

Some years ago, in doing a series of articles for the *Saturday Evening Post*, I worked one night until 4:00 A.M. with Joe Day, the greatest realtor of his day, a man who, over a period of forty

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years, sold more property to more people for more money, by many millions, than any other man in the world. The next morning he was up as usual at 7:00. That night we worked again till 4:00 A. M.—and again he rose after three hours' sleep. Nothing unusual. He'd done it all his life.

"Well, that's fine," you say. "If I had that much energy, no doubt I too would be a great success. Unfortunately I haven't. If I used myself up at that rate, I'd be burned out in a few years. Men with that amount of energy are exceptional. We can't all have such vitality, any more than we can have a brain like Einstein's or a physique like Tunney's."

That's where you're wrong. It is perfectly possible for you, no matter how thin the trickle of your present energy (providing you have no physiological disability) to possess abounding energy—energy which, as you regard it now, is little short of miraculous.

How?

By drawing upon your *potential* energies.

It is no secret or no new doctrine that we all possess vast, untapped sources of energy.

"Men the world over," says William James, "possess amounts of resources which only the very exceptional push to their extremes of use." (A Clemenceau, an Andrew Mellon.) "The same individual, pushing his energies to their extreme, may in a vast number of cases keep up the pace and find no bad 'reaction,' . . . The man who energizes below his normal maximum fails by just so much to profit by his chances of life. He could run at a higher pressure and accomplish more. . . . *Men habitually use only a small part of the powers which they actually possess and which they might use under appropriate conditions.*"

Does this, from one of the greatest psychologists who ever lived, mean nothing? Is it at all likely that it is mere idle chatter?

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And James goes on to ask this all-important question: "To what do better men owe their escape [from fatigue]? And in the fluctuations which all men feel in their own degree of energizing, to what are the improvements due, when they occur?"

When William James asked that question he was not in a position to answer it as it can be answered today. He did give an answer, but it was sketchy and incomplete. He said that the exceptional energy which some men possess, and which most of us may acquire, is due to unusual stimuli creating emotional excitements and to unusual necessities inducing extra efforts of will. Such forces as duty, example, crowd pressure and contagion, he adds, can make these new levels of energy permanent.

The answer leaves us unsatisfied. We still don't know how to set about it "to push the barriers [of fatigue] further off and to live in perfect comfort on much higher levels of power."

At that time the answer was necessarily vague. James was a psychologist—and it needed a new science, as yet unfledged, to give the full and practicable formula.

Today we have the answer.

James stood on the threshold of that new science. He glimpsed it. He doffed his psychological cap to it. But he could not know all it would do for mankind.

That new science was, in his day, being conceived in the strangest place imaginable, and it took the most terrible catastrophe that had, until 1914, ever overwhelmed the world to bring it to fruition.

Today this new science stands ready to help humanity overcome one of its deadliest enemies—fatigue. Today we are fools if we go through life ignorant of this knowledge, living on ridiculously low levels of power, accomplishing our minimum instead of our maximum, when we have only to inform ourselves of the facts to open up vast sources of energy.

To do this requires no act of faith such as is demanded by the

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miracles of religion. That act of faith is as impossible to most men as to leap over the Empire Building. It demands only that you, as an intelligent person, inform yourself of the facts and methods of this new science and act on them.

So what now *is* this new science, and how can it help you to achieve abounding energy?

JACK TROTTER, gunner in His Majesty's Navy, stands ready to fire. The enemy ship is thickly screened in smoke. In a moment it will emerge. There! Ready . . . Aim . . .

Suddenly he flings his arm across his eyes.

"I'm blind!" he says, not loudly—more surprised than hurt.

He turns his head this way and that, peering about. At the moment no one has time to notice him. He sits down quietly.

"Stone-blind!" he murmurs, passing his hand back and forth before his eyes. He continues to do this, experimentally, until some one leads him away.

There can be no doubt about it, during the days following, the early months of World War I: Jack Trotter is stone-blind. He hasn't been wounded, but he's blind all right. He's shipped to a London hospital.

The doctors there can't make his case out. Physically he's all right—one hundred per cent. Not a scratch on him. Optic nerve absolutely normal. Everything normal. Still, he can't see. Can't distinguish day from night. It's *all* night. Has to be fed. Has to be handed his clothes. Feels his way about cautiously.

They try various tricks on him. Flash a light on him suddenly in his sleep. He doesn't bat an eye. Hold a plate of food in front of him. He reaches in the wrong direction. Strange—he certainly can't see.

"Might turn him over to Johnson," one of the doctors suggests.

"They say turn him over to the nut doctor," the nurses repeat. He's turned over to the psychiatrist.

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The psychiatrist is an American. He takes Trotter in hand. In two weeks Trotter is back on his ship, right as a rivet, firing away at the enemy to beat blazes. No more blind than you or I. We all know the answer to that one.

Trotter wasn't faking. He was actually blind—blind as a bat, He *knew* he was blind. Why, a man like Jack Trotter, trained for the navy, itching for war, asking nothing better than to get a few good cracks at the Boche and then die for king and country, would rather have been laid out stiff on the deck that day of his first battle than go around for the rest of his life holding out a tin cup. . . . Only Jack didn't know what another part of himself, not so brave, could do to the part of him that yearned for glory. Jack was no coward. He'd have killed the fellow that dared breathe the word. Yet that other part of Jack was strong enough, clever enough, unscrupulous enough, to make Jack blind that day so he wouldn't *have* to die for king and country. And when all this was carefully explained to Jack by Dr. Johnson, and he was told to open his eyes and see the bright sunlight streaming through the window, why of course Jack was man enough to do it.

It's an old story now. It happens all the time, not only in war but in civilian life. But it was a new story then. And the day Jack Trotter and others like him were sent back to the front, whole, sound, *cured*, was the day on which a new science came into its own. . . . The science called psychiatry.

"What!" I hear you boom. "Psychiatry a new science! Why, there's always been psychiatry! I studied it in college—all about concepts and judgments and will power and that sort of thing. . . . Well, psychology then—same thing, isn't it?—study of the mind."

Right, with this difference: that the classic psychology of the classrooms was the study of mind in the laboratory, mind isolated, static, holding still for the professor to analyze and point

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to and label. Mind in its right senses. Up to no tricks. Not trying to fool anyone—not the professor nor itself nor its wife.

Now did you ever know of a mind that stood still long enough to have even a snapshot taken? And especially for someone to pry into? Not up to a single dodge? . . . If the human mind ever reached that stage, it would be dead. And then where would it be for the professor to study?

Moreover, no mind, however hermitlike, is ever isolated. It may hide itself in a cave like Timon of Athens or perch itself on a column like Stylites or get tossed away on a desert island like Robinson Crusoe for years and years on end—other minds are still beating up against it, the world is still with it.

So academic psychology was, in spite of the best efforts of the most advanced professors, the study of something which didn't actually exist.

Today psychology is almost a new science, so different is it from the classic psychology at the turn of the century. It would be difficult indeed to say where psychology ends and psychiatry begins. Psychology has come out of the laboratory and gone into the highways and byways of life: into schools, industry, business, reformatories, prisons and private lives. Once a brilliant but static method applied to a dynamic subject, psychology has at last become what Aristotle visioned, as dynamic as mind itself. It concerns itself with behavior rather than with states of consciousness, and, joining hands with mental hygiene and psychiatry, it investigates man at work and at play, his emotions, his compulsions, his obscure motivations. The psychologist studies the normal mind, the psychiatrist the abnormal mind and, holding mind and body to be an entity, brings the whole science of medicine into play. Psychiatrists are trained in medical schools, which most psychologists never attend.

Modern psychiatry, born in the insane asylum, and devoted

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to the study of mind as manifested by behavior (and seldom its best behavior), mind that can be sick as well as sound, mind that is constantly up to more tricks than you can shake a stick at (yes, sir, your respectable mind and mine), mind that can be treated for its illnesses, ranging from mere irritability to dementia praecox—this baseborn psychiatry is the study of mind in action—the only kind of minds we have.

Psychiatry, conceived in bedlam, delivered on the battlefield and grown to precocious manhood during the four years of World War I, is still a young science. Oh, it sounds respectable enough today, but before the First World War it was an outcast, skulking in the hinterland of science, with no more standing in the eyes of the profession than Christian Science.

Then came the war and these borderland doctors were permitted to go and see what, if anything, they could do for the Jack Trotters. Blind men with perfect optic nerves. Paralyzed men as sound in wind and limb as the doctors themselves. Lame men who'd never received a wound. Deaf men who'd never been near the front. Queer cases. Hysterics, they were called. And those outcast doctors cured these baffling cases and sent them back to the trenches with little treatment but talk. Just talk. "Shell shock" we called it then. We never heard that word during the Second World War or the Korean War. Because there was no nervous or mental illness? Not at all—but because the word was always a misnomer. We have the same condition today but under a different name—"exhaustion," or "combat exhaustion," or "combat fatigue" as it was termed in World War II. It has nothing whatever to do with concussion of the brain due to the explosion of shells. It never did. It is, as it was in Jack Trotter's case, a neurosis, the same illness that may come to a man in peacetime, precipitated by different factors. The psychiatrist of today, understanding this, can deal better with it. He can return to duty and civilian life a far

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higher percentage of such cases than in 1914-1918—and without sending them home. In the years between the First and Second World Wars he made tremendous advances. To illustrate one of the methods he used during the recent war, let us take the case of Second Lieutenant Mark Shaw.

Shaw went through the North African campaign with an excellent combat record. He went on to Sicily. In one battle there he flung himself on the ground just in time to escape a hand grenade. It passed over his head and exploded right behind him, killing his captain.

Later, in the campaign on the Italian mainland, Shaw's regiment went for four days, practically without food or sleep, marching and fighting continuously. On the fifth day, hearing a shell coming over, Mark opened his mouth to yell a warning to his men, but no sound came from his throat. Six men were killed, several wounded, and he himself was flung high into the air. Recovering consciousness, he discovered that his platoon had swept on. He got to his feet and, gun trailing, knees shaking, face vacant, he drifted away from the battle. He was picked up, completely mute, by a medic, and sent to a hospital with a diagnosis of "exhaustion." Shaw believed his vocal cords had been damaged.

He was put to bed and given sodium amytal intravenously, one of the barbiturates discovered prior to World War II. He went into a deep trance. In this state, which looks like normal sleep but is nearer hypnosis, the patient can hear and answer questions, his inhibitions break down, and he speaks only the truth.

The doctor attending Shaw said to him, "Repeat after me: *cat—dog—mother.*" Shaw did as he was told.

"When you wake you will be able to speak," the doctor told him. "Now tell me about the fighting in North Africa and Sicily. Then tell me what happened in the battle today."

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Shaw poured forth his battle experiences. When he came to the death of his captain—"the best damn captain in the army"—tears gathered beneath his eyelids.

"That grenade had my name on it," he said, still asleep. "I ducked it and it got him. He'd have been alive today if only I'd grabbed him and pulled him down with me. And it was my fault those men were killed today. If I'd yelled they'd have had time to flop. It's an officer's job to look after his men. I failed mine."

He woke up *talking*.

"You see there is nothing wrong with your vocal cords," the doctor told him. "How do you feel?"

"Better," Shaw said. "I had a dream, doc, all about the things I thought I'd forgotten—frightful things. But I feel now as though I'd got something off my chest."

A sense of guilt for the death of his captain and men was the psychic wound which had caused his muteness. A few days' rest with plenty of sleep, food and vitamins, daily psychotherapy, and gradually his dreams became less frightening, his pent-up emotions were released, his conduct appeared in its proper light, he could speak freely of his battle experiences, and his mental health was completely restored. "Emotional catharsis," the doctor called this talking-out of a psychic wound. In a week he was back with his regiment. He entered Naples with them. They heard him yelling above the din of battle.

Sedation, whether with sodium amytal or sodium pentathol or other drugs, was found to be superior to the methods used during the First World War. Both hypnotism and psychoanalysis are limited in their application, for one thing because many psychiatrists have no training in their use. But any psychiatrist is prepared to use sedation combined with psychotherapy. An essential factor in its wartime use is that it should be carried out at the front. A neurosis is an unconscious attempt to escape

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from danger. If it succeeds—if the man is sent home—it will tend to become fixed. If he is kept at the front, his unconscious realizes that its stratagem has failed and abandons it.

Thus were cases of “exhaustion” cured—and “exhaustion” is a good name for it, since it is an emotional exhaustion aggravated by physical exhaustion.

To return to World War I. It was a great day for the despised psychiatrist when, for the first time, he found he was some use outside an asylum. These “shell-shocked” men were not faking. They were the victims of a psychological phenomenon which neither they nor the doctors understood.

And so the psychiatrist took over. And he found that where the respected doctors and surgeons with swelling reputations and fat fees failed, he, the “nut doctor,” could succeed—and succeed brilliantly.

Gradually, after the war, having once come out of the asylum, he decided to try the methods of this now full-fledged science on people who were not actually sick mentally, but just a little ailing. Most of us are, mentally, just a little ailing. Our behavior, the criterion of our mental health, is by no means what it should be. It is, in fact, often far from satisfactory to ourselves or our friends. If we are *too much* or *too little* anything in our conduct, we are mentally just a little ailing, just as we are ailing physically when we have a headache or indigestion. Not sick unto death—just ailing.

All these sufferers of mild mental illnesses the psychiatrist to-day stands ready to help. He has his office and his practice like any other physician. He has his free clinics in hospitals all over the country. He is within telephone call of most of us. He is as well established, not to say as highly regarded, as the practitioners of any branch of healing.

But, you may be wondering, what has all this to do with what is the matter with you? With a fatigue which is just about the

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most physical thing that you ever experienced, as physical as toothache? Fatigue, you maintain, is nothing complicated or difficult of diagnosis, like hysterical blindness. It is a weariness which seeps through the body like a poison, a heaviness which sends you home at night with feet dragging as though with a ball and chain, and a complete lack of desire to do anything but drop into bed and sleep till Judgment Day.

The cause of this fatigue, you are convinced, is not far to seek. It is overwork. The cure is just as obvious. It is rest.

That is how practically any man or woman reasons. Everybody has always been tired for these reasons—and always will be. Give him, says the average man, a good long rest and a well-paid and not too strenuous job, and you'll see how quickly his fatigue will vanish!

It all sounds very sensible and reasonable. And it is all, every word of it, absolutely untrue.

You are not tired because you work too hard.

You are not tired because you expend every drop of energy you possess.

Rest won't cure you.

An easy job won't cure you.

All the leisure and money in the world won't cure you.

Lots of people have all these things and are even tired *than* you are.

Lots of people have none of them and are not tired at all.

No—work is not the cause, and rest is not the cure.

These are sweeping statements. You can't be expected to believe them without substantial proof. Proof to convince the most skeptical will be spread before you.

First of all, it is assumed that you are in sound health—no disease, no chronic ailments, no organic disorder. As a matter of fact, even a chronic ailment or an organic disorder is frequently no bar to abounding energy. On the other hand, certain

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diseases such as tuberculosis, Addison's disease and certain glandular disorders are invariably accompanied by extreme fatigability. But we'll assume you're sound—have been given a clean bill of health by your doctor, who has gone into all the questions of metabolism, glands, organs and functions of the body and found no physiological cause for fatigue.

And still you're tired!

And still you're convinced that the only thing wrong with you is that you work too hard.

Well, let's see. Let us take a few typical cases of fatigue.

The Case of the Man Who Married a Smart Wife

This is the story of one of the tiredest men I ever knew—Arthur MacLean, the Man Who Married a Smart Wife. He was tired for twenty years.

MacLean is a husky chap with a physique other men envy. He was a three-letter athlete in college and he was a good student. Not among the handful of scintillant youths who graduate at the head of the class, *cum laudes* booming, Phi Beta Kappa keys twinkling, medals and prizes clanking. Not brilliant—but the steady, plodding sort who slowly but surely gets there.

Arthur's mother was Spanish. So, from childhood, he was bilingual. This turned out to be quite an asset when he began looking about for a job as an electrical engineer, and he soon landed one with a company having large interests in South America. He was told it would be only a few years before he would be recalled to the New York office with excellent prospects of promotion.

In South America he met and married an American girl who turned out to be a fiend of the first water—one of those quiet, persistent, sadistic fiends who appear harmless on the surface

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but are like a small boy who goes into a room alone and quietly, pleasurably, pulls flies apart. Quietly, pleasurably, Luella began to pull her husband apart.

She considered herself a very clever person. She considered practically everyone else excessively stupid—especially her husband. The ground for her feeling of superiority was that she could do almost anything easily and rather well: write, act, sing, play the piano, anything she undertook. She claimed that she had sacrificed a brilliant career in opera to marry Arthur, and he was never allowed to forget that he had reduced a great artist to the status of a mere wife. Before her he was one gelatinous mass of humility, inferiority and apology.

Once you get a human being into that condition, it is only natural to grind the poor worm under your heel. Luella ground.

Arthur, who had started out with such fine prospects, never got anywhere. He was transferred from one small South American city to another. The company never seemed to feel that it needed him back home. He never earned over \$2,500 a year. And every so often Luella would write an article for some American publication and get \$500 for it. Just to prove to him how stupid he was.

Arthur, whose job was certainly not difficult, was so continually tired that he had to give up, one after the other, all the sports he'd loved—swimming, tennis, golf. After a "hard" day at the office he used to go to bed and have his dinner on a tray. Week ends he'd lie all day in the shade in the patio. The sun exhausted him. Games took too much out of him. . . . He said it was the climate that got him down.

Finally, you will be pleased to hear, Luella died. Following the funeral Arthur had a spurt of energy and got himself a job with another firm in New York. He didn't, as you may be expecting, get over being tired.

Then he fell in love with Luella's sister. Fortunately for Ar-

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thur, Luella's sister turned out to be a very different sort from Luella. She was not so bright as Luella. She was not even so bright as Arthur—and she knew it. In fact, she considered Arthur the best-informed, most brilliant gentleman she had ever known. She was flattered beyond measure when, after his shining Luella, he asked her to be his wife. She never ceased telling him, with her eyes if not in words, how immensely clever she thought him.

Today Arthur MacLean is younger than he was ten years ago. He not only plays all his old games, but he is a director in his firm with a salary of \$30,000, and, although he works like a horse, he is seldom tired.

I suppose he still thinks it was the climate.

Let us take another case.

The Case of the Professor Who Didn't Know Greek

Professor Armstrong for several years suffered from insomnia, indigestion accompanied by nausea, and great fatigability. Every treatment prescribed by the doctors failed to help him.

The strange thing about his condition was that he never had a trace of these conditions in the summer. During his vacation he slept marvelously, gained weight, worked hard on his book and felt swell. He insisted that his only trouble was overwork. Didn't his greatly improved condition during vacations prove it?

Professor Armstrong had been chosen for his position on the basis of his practical experience in the field of chemistry, as he had made a reputation for himself in a large industry. But his academic education was far below that of most college professors. He knew little Latin and less Greek. Even his English was shaky. At his age (he was forty-three) he found it hard to

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admit that, in order to take his place beside his colleagues with their regalia of robes and degrees, he would have to start his education far down the ladder. Intellectually he considered himself their equal. Why should he go to school to them?

Five years ago he was scheduled for a series of postgraduate lectures on theoretical chemistry. At the beginning of the semester, three weeks before his first lecture, the Demon Insomnia took its place beside his bed. For three weeks he scarcely slept. During the day he was practically speechless with fatigue, and finally was forced to give up the lectures. The same thing happened again the following two years, his symptoms continuing, in modified form, almost up to the summer vacation.

Finally a fellow professor who had an inkling of the truth persuaded him to take summer courses at a neighboring university. For two summers Armstrong did this, acquiring the academic learning the lack of which had given him an inferiority complex, delivered the lectures with brilliant success, and from that day to this has never had a touch of insomnia. As for fatigue, he's forgotten what it is. He is too busy studying Greek. Overwork? Old wives' tales!

Well?

Here are two typical cases. It could as easily be two hundred or two thousand. You have known similar cases yourself. Were either of them brought on by overwork? Yet the doctors and the victims themselves believed that overwork was the cause—and rest was the cure.

But what *is* the factor common to both? A psychological block. The fatigue of these two men had no connection with the amount of their energy or its rate of expenditure. It was purely psychological.

I have told these two case histories to lead up to an important question.

That question is this: Would you be willing to consider for

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one moment that your fatigue (which seems so utterly physical and which you believe to be due to overwork) might perhaps be caused by some such psychological factor as that involved here?

Since fatigue *can* be caused by psychological factors, may it not be in your case?

Psychiatrists hold that at least nine-tenths of the chronic fatigue in the world (speaking always of sedentary workers, not day laborers, and of people in sound health) is due primarily to psychological causes. Perhaps you are the tenth man—but it isn't likely, is it?

Suppose now we visit a famous institution in the Berkshires, the head of which is an authority on nervous disorders.

In the charming little village of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, is spread out in several buildings along the tree-lined main street the Austen Riggs Center for the treatment of functional and nervous disorders, a pleasant place to stay even if you can't muster up a Grade A emotional disorder or neurosis.

The patients of this celebrated institution are not insane, nor yet is there anything organically wrong with them. Most of them have a neurosis of some sort. The way the Medical Director of the Center, Dr. Robert P. Knight, puts it, is this: "The majority of our patients today are young people from eighteen to thirty-five who are suffering from deep anxieties, fears of specific situations—or people—or places, extreme emotional tensions, depressions, indecisiveness, feelings of inadequacy and inferiority, incapacity to mix with others, fractional use of their abilities, chronic failures in human relationships or in work. Naturally, living under such tensions, most of them are chronically tired."

For those multifarious disabilities their doctors have been able to find no physiological cause. The condition is pronounced a functional disorder or an emotional instability or a psycho-

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neurosis or neurasthenia and they are sent to Riggs for intensive psychiatric study and treatment.

For the most part they are cured, not by medicine but by psychotherapy.

Most of the patients at Riggs are tired. Most of the patients of any psychiatrist are tired. Fatigability is an outstanding symptom of neurasthenia and most nervous disorders.

What have they to say here about nervous exhaustion, a nervous breakdown, a neurosis, call it what you will?

First, that so-called "nervous exhaustion" is positively not a nerve disease, for the nerves themselves remain perfectly normal.

Second, that it is not a question of physical condition, for the unusually robust as well as the frail-bodied are among its victims.

Third, it is not confined to the hard-working nor yet to the idle rich, to the old nor to the young, to the bad nor to the good. It strikes all sorts and conditions of men indiscriminately.

Finally, good, hard efficient work, whether physical or mental, plenty of it, lots of it, never in itself produced one single case of nervous exhaustion.

Nervous exhaustion, functional disorders and psychoneuroses are, they conclude, the result of mental or emotional conflict. The nerves are perfectly healthy, the impulses they carry are registered by a perfectly healthy brain—but their reception in the central office causes some undue commotion which is eventually experienced by the individual as lameness, exhaustion, pain, claustrophobia, suicidal tendencies, hallucinations, excessive emotionalism, depressions, etc.

The emotional conflict that has brought about this unhealthy psychological condition is usually the result of unfortunate life experiences, for the most part in childhood. The patient's distorted attitude toward life and people is reflected back to him so that he now lives imprisoned by his destructive emotions—

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hating and being hated, fearing and being feared, doubting and being doubted, feeling inferior and inadequate and finally becoming so.

✓ If he is to become a normal human being again, he must gain insight into the reasons for his present predicament and his motivations. He must come to understand that it is his immature philosophy of life that has brought him to this pass, that it must be abandoned and that new and worthier goals must be substituted. At the same time, this new approach to life must be made acceptable to him or he will not attempt it.

Now apply this to your own case.

You are tired. This fatigue of yours is due to no physiological disorder—that is, there is nothing wrong with the machine itself, for you have been pronounced sound by your physician. But somehow you are getting your wires crossed. The wrong messages are coming through to the brain. The central office is demoralized. This demoralization is largely due to your lack of knowledge and understanding of how the mind operates to produce such disabilities.

✓ Can you afford to go on being ignorant of the machine that is running you? You are all right so long as everything goes well, but in a pinch you want to be able to make minor repairs.

Concerning this marvelous machine, the human mind, the layman can't, of course, know a great deal. It is too complicated, too delicate, too mysterious for him to understand. But a rough working knowledge is possible for any intelligent person. A modicum of knowledge is an absolute necessity as soon as something goes wrong. And something has gone very wrong if you are habitually tired.

So the only intelligent thing to do is to acquire here and now the modicum of knowledge which everyone must possess in order to make minor repairs in this machine.

The one thing the average man probably knows least about is

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his own mind and what it is doing to him. Of one thing he may be sure—it isn't usually doing what he thinks it is, and it isn't moving forward in an honest and open way toward an acknowledged goal. Its ways are devious and its objectives frequently unknown. It is often some such devious working of the mind that brings about fatigue. For example:

The Case of the Businessman Who Retired

Henry Biglow was president of a large drug-manufacturing company which he had founded and built up entirely by his own efforts. He was a small, slight man who never looked in the best of health. Yet he had never had a day's illness in his life, was never away from his office for more than his two weeks' annual vacation, worked nine and ten hours a day and frequently late into the night. Like most American businessmen, successful or not, he had practically no interests outside his work and small use for leisure. A little golf, infrequent fishing trips, bridge occasionally, and the theater when he had to. The only real excitements in his life were supplied by his business. He was never tired except on vacations. The let-down, his family said.

At sixty, because of pressure from his family who thought he'd kill himself if he kept up the pace, he decided to retire. His board of directors and employees gave him a grand send-off—a banquet, scrolls of appreciation and a watch.

Three weeks later Biglow had a nervous breakdown. He did a good job of it. A ten-minute walk exhausted him. Half an hour of backgammon prostrated him. A square meal brought on an attack of indigestion. Noises shattered him. He could scarcely speak above a whisper.

At the end of a year he had recovered from his most acute symptoms but was still so easily tired that the prescribed trip to Florida couldn't be thought of. And he kept on being tired

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for two years. His family, his physician and finally he himself believed that he had been on the edge of this collapse for years, had kept going only on his nerves, and that if he hadn't retired when he did, he would indubitably have died of overwork.

But—a young doctor whom they finally called in had a different idea. Rest didn't seem to be doing Biglow any good. He had been a fighter, in the thick of battle, all his life. He had had strong excitements, ambitions, daily proofs of his abilities and power. He had been an important figure. Suddenly—nothing! And immediately—collapse! Might there not be a connection?

The young doctor began, on his daily visits, to talk to Biglow about all sorts of things: art, agriculture, war, politics, books. Finally he hit on a subject which struck a responsive chord—juvenile delinquency. Biglow, in his early youth, it seemed, had narrowly escaped being a juvenile delinquent. He had all but gone to a reformatory. Suddenly, as its doors seemed about to close on him, a helping hand had been stretched out. He had been saved. From that day he had set his foot on the road to success.

Why not, the young doctor asked, do for others what had been done for him?

For the first time in two years, Biglow (who had acquired the art of cracking glass tops on his desk at his office with a single blow of his fist) rose, his eyes blazing, banged his fist on the table, and swore, so help him God, that was just what he would do! Not tomorrow—today! Send for his car, fetch him time-tables, get his bank and his lawyer on the wire—get him this, do that, send for the other.

His family tried to restrain him. The young doctor offered to go with him and look after him. They started that afternoon.

From that day to this, Biglow has not had a single relapse. He works eight and nine hours a day for his juvenile delinquents—courts, schools, reformatories, camps, prisons. He has a

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large staff of assistants and secretaries. He is surrounded by the paraphernalia of business and success. He is working, he is useful, he is successful, he is important!

Naturally we all know that our minds are made up of a conscious mind and an unconscious. These two—why will be made clear later—are continually at sword's points. Not a day goes by in the lives of most of us that some minor skirmish at least does not take place between the two. Their desires, their objectives, are often utterly opposed. There results a never-ending struggle of which, for the most part, we remain unconscious.

The average person knows little of all this and sees no reason why he should know more.

And yet supposing old Biglow had known it was an inferiority feeling, due to a sense of futility, lying hidden in his unconscious, which brought on his nervous breakdown, wouldn't he have gone back to work sooner and been the sooner cured? And if Professor Armstrong had known it was an inferiority complex which caused his indigestion and fatigue, might he not have taken up his formal education earlier and been saved those years of misery?

So it isn't a bad idea to have some knowledge of what is going on in these subconscious and unconscious minds of ours—at least enough to help us out of a jam.

Nine-tenths of chronic fatigue (in healthy people), it was said earlier, is caused primarily by psychological factors. Not all of these originate in the unconscious. Many are initiated by our conscious minds. There are such obvious causes for fatigue as financial worries, unsatisfactory working conditions, a monotonous job, undue strain at the office, emotional upsets at home and in business, fear of losing our jobs—a hundred such common reasons.

When such easily recognized conditions are the cause of

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fatigue, then the case is so much the simpler, the cure so much the nearer. But if the cause lies in the unconscious (as in the cases cited), it is not so easily discovered. Then we must probe a little deeper.

Physiology and medicine have studied fatigue for centuries and have learned a great deal about it. In the past doctors prescribed freely for it—chiefly rest and change. But the number of their cures was not startling.

And then came along this new science which diagnosed the case quite differently. A tired world is a sick world, it says, not an overworked world. First of all, if it wishes to be cured, it must recognize that it is sick—sick in its mind. The cause of the trouble is not in the body, though the effect is there. It is in the mind.

If you will grant for the moment that the cause of your fatigue *may* be psychological, either conscious or unconscious, this new science will not only help you to find out why you are tired and how you may get over it—quickly, easily, permanently—but it will show you how *not being tired* is the very least you will be able to accomplish for yourself. It is as though all you expected of yourself in the way of health was that you should not be actively ill—whereas what you actually do expect is that you should be in robust health. Not only can you learn *how not to be tired* but how to achieve such abundant energy that nothing you wish to undertake will seem too great a task.

Energy, a veritable Niagara of it, is in you, dammed by forces of which, for the most part, you are unaware. But once you recognize and remove these barriers, you will release such stores of energy as will astound you. You think you have too little energy. That is absolutely not true. You have too much.

And now let us see how our minds go to work to make us tired—and why.

You could make a list as long as your right arm of the causes operating in the conscious mind to make a man tired:

His work is monotonous.
He is being driven by his boss.
He works under bad physical conditions.
He doesn't get along with the people in the office.
He is dissatisfied with his work and his achievement.
He is under constant strain.
He gets no real rest at home.
He is worried about holding his job and about his financial situation, and so on.

Yet all these causes can be reduced to one basic cause—emotional stress.

You could make another list as long as your left arm of the causes existing in the unconscious to make a man tired:

At bottom he doesn't want to work at all.
He really wants to be tired to have an excuse for failure.
He craves sympathy.
He resents the kind of work he is forced to do.
He thinks the world owes him a living.
He has some sort of inferiority complex.
He hates his wife and doesn't want to support her or her children.
He is repressing things he had better face, and so on.

And again all these may be reduced to a single fundamental cause—an inner conflict.

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In the first group the cause is perfectly obvious to him. The only difficulty comes in admitting it is the cause. A man who is constantly harassed by financial troubles knows it—knows it only too well. The question is, will he admit that it is this worry, not overwork, which causes his fatigue?

You may be conscious that you are bored with your work, but are you aware that it is the boredom that is killing you, not the work? You may resent the fact that your boss is driving you pretty hard, but you probably don't suspect that, if you were your own boss, you could do twice as much and not feel tired at all.

Occasionally you will hear a man say, "I could stand the work all right if it weren't for the constant worry about money. It's that that wears down my resistance and tires me out."

That man is a long way on the road to recovery.

If you can put your finger thus easily and wisely on the particular anxiety operating in your conscious mind to cause fatigue, then your problem is half solved. Such causes don't have to be discovered. They merely have to be admitted.

In an early chapter we will take up this first and easier problem—the various causes of fatigue that exist in the conscious mind—and show how they may be broken down, releasing new floods of energy. But just at this point, it is important, since it is far less understood, to glance into the unconscious and try to discover what goes on there to bring about fatigue.

To understand just how and why the unconscious operates to produce a disability, let's take a difficult case. Let's make it just as hard as we can. Instead of fatigue, we'll take a condition far more difficult to produce—lameness. It will be admitted that if the unconscious can make a man genuinely lame, it will certainly have no trouble making him merely tired. The method by which it works is substantially the same in both cases. Let us take:

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The Case of the Lamé Football Player

A college student, Albert Ross, was sent to a hospital for nervous disorders because of a long-contained lameness which yielded to no medical treatment.

There was nothing mysterious about the cause of Ross's lameness. He had injured his leg severely in a fall while skiing. The surgeon who had set the leg finally pronounced him sound, and told him to get up and walk. But the day he made his first attempt to do so, his legs crumpled under him.

Okay, said the doctors. Take it easy, build up, try again.

Young Ross tried again—and again. And every time he collapsed. So finally they gave him crutches and he went about on them, seemingly a confirmed cripple—with no discoverable physiological cause.

Finally, in desperation, his parents sent him to a sanatorium for nervous disorders.

There the doctor in whose charge he was put, Dr. S., began the psychological re-education of young Ross, one of the methods of psychotherapy. He began by explaining to him the make-up of the mind. He pictured it to him as an ocean, impressions as waves, the attention as a searchlight. The area within range of the light, he explained, represents the aware consciousness, and all beyond its range the unaware consciousness.

Sensations from different parts of the body may be thought of as waves, each part of the body setting up certain groups of waves—in fact, two distinct groups of waves. There are two groups of knee waves, heart waves, stomach waves, etc. One of these two groups of sensations lies so deep in the unconscious that it emerges only in cases of severe nervous disorder. This first group includes sensations of vibration, position and the deep muscle sensations. The second group, including sensa-

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tions of touch, temperature and pain, is nearer the surface of consciousness, and so, even under normal mental conditions, frequently enters consciousness to warn us of dangers or unpleasantnesses in our environment. We would go crazy if we were constantly made aware of these sensations from every part of our bodies. We should give only just enough attention to them to relieve the disagreeable sensation. If we give more, we're in for trouble.

For this second group of sensations, having easy access to consciousness, will, if allowed to come too often, take up a permanent residence—like poor relations. Pay attention to the beating of your heart and it will seem to beat so loud and so fast that you will believe you have heart trouble, and it actually will beat louder and faster than normal.

Something even worse may happen. This mobile group of sensations is in close touch with that deep-lying group which ordinarily cannot possibly get our attention. Favored by the attention we are giving our pain, some of these submerged sensations may break off from their group and, clasping hands with the more mobile sensations of pain or touch, be carried by them into consciousness. This is the process of dissociation, and once under way, there is no telling where it will stop. Before we are through with it, the whole raggle-taggle horde of sensations from the unconscious may come streaming into consciousness, producing a situation which for strangeness has no counterpart on any stage. Each actor in this drama, wearing the native costume of the country from which he hails, is so weird and grotesque a figure in the alien land of the conscious mind that we are amazed and terrified.

Now suppose an accident, continued Dr. S., as in the case of you, Albert Ross, draws your attention forcibly to your knee. This joint then assumes an exaggerated importance in your con-

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sciousness. You pay undue attention to it because of the pain and the fear of the consequences of the accident.

You are one of those individuals whose mental constitution is liable to just this sort of dissociation. Your attention, once captured by the fantastic qualities of these visitors from the underworld, is incapable of detaching itself from them. You are like a bird charmed by a snake. What you must now realize is that these sensations are not in themselves abnormal. They only appear abnormal because they are so strangely out of place—as though a whale should stroll down Broadway.

Instead of recovering normally from your accident you have, by paying too much attention to your symptoms, allowed your conscious mind to be dominated by a part of your unconscious. That is all that is abnormal about your case. You must cease to give attention to these sensations and they will retire to the realm where they belong. You will be cured of your lameness.

Let us begin by examining these strange sensations of yours. Suppose you describe them to me.

This always baffles the victim. The sensations he experiences are so queer that he can find no words in which to picture them.

“Well,” began young Ross, “it feels hot—and yet, I don’t know, somehow it’s more like cold. The skin feels kind of loose, and yet, funny thing, it has a tight feeling, too. Leg feels brittle, as if it would break off like a pipestem unless I move it very carefully.”

Exactly, nodded Dr. S. This is frequently the first step in the strategy of the unconscious to gain its objective—the control of the conscious mind. It dispatches into the citadel to be conquered small skirmishing parties from the enemy country—dislocated sensations from the unconscious. Thus it achieves the first objective in its campaign, which is to attract special attention to the part to be affected.

The second step in the case of Albert Ross, as explained to him

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by Dr. S., was this: even after all the physical effects of his injury had disappeared, those strange sensations, having once gained the entree into his conscious mind, continued to appear. They persisted as a "pain habit."

Being thus made so abnormally aware of his knee naturally led to his worrying about it. This, of course, only increased his symptoms. He began to fear that any but the gentlest use of his leg would cause damage, so he was extremely cautious about moving it. This habit continued for so long that a change gradually took place in the joint itself. The structures composing it became stiff through lack of use and this stiffness in turn gave rise to still further abnormal sensations which even the slightest movements accentuated. The joint thus progressively became weaker and more useless. Finally the desired result was obtained—Ross became genuinely lame.

Thus the physiological and psychological factors which are inseparable in the human being worked together, one reacting on the other, to produce actual lameness.

Why? What was the goal desired by the unconscious of Albert Ross?

By this time Dr. S. had so far gained the confidence of his patient, who earnestly desired to be well again, that he was willing to tell him all he wanted to know. Was there any reason Ross could think of, Dr. S. inquired, why, at the time of the accident, he might have found it convenient to be incapacitated? Anything he wanted to escape from?

Well, yes, admitted Ross, there was.

He was a sophomore at college. He had made the football team—a fact of which he was naturally proud. He was doing as well in his classes as any football hero can be expected to, he was popular and happy.

What then was wrong?

Well, he had been carrying on a clandestine affair with a girl

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of the town. This had come to the attention of the football coach and he had been warned that if it continued he would be dropped from the team, probably from college also, as he was on a scholarship. Exposure, expulsion, disgrace—his career, his life, in ruins.

The affair couldn't be stopped. It had gone too far. The girl was pregnant. Exposure seemed certain.

At this time Ross went skiing. He had a bad fall, injured his knee, was sent to the college infirmary, then home.

If he couldn't return to college—through no fault of his own—he wouldn't be dismissed from college and publicly disgraced. That was the objective which his unconscious set about to attain.

Even before he lay injured on a hospital bed, Ross's unconscious had taken matters into its own hands. There can be no doubt that the very act of falling as he came flying downhill on his skis was induced by his desire to escape from his intolerable position. He fell, not accidentally, but with the connivance of his unconscious.

Albert Ross had met his Mr. Hyde and been vanquished. He might have remained a cripple all his life had he not met Dr. S. But with continuing psychotherapy, Ross gradually regained the full use of his legs.

Now, if lameness, blindness, paralysis, etc., may be thus induced by the unconscious, what shall we say of fatigue? In much the same manner as Ross's mind maneuvered to bring about his lameness, so our minds set about producing fatigue. Situations from which we wish to escape present themselves, or we desire an excuse for not working, or we crave sympathy, or we are bored, we hate or we fear something—and presto! we hit on the escape mechanism of fatigue. It doesn't usually overwhelm us suddenly, but grows on us gradually, and as it gains more and more of our attention, its symptoms and severity increase until finally we scarcely know what it is not to be tired.

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"Far more of us [who say we're tired] are not tired at all," says William James, "or would not be tired at all unless we got into the wretched trick of feeling tired. . . . We are all of us to some extent the victims of a habit-neurosis. We live subject to arrest by degrees of fatigue which we have come *only from habit* to obey."

Very often fatigue is a means of escape from some unpleasant situation. The strong man will face and fight unpleasant situations. The weaker man will try to escape from them. One man will simply duck out and leave home, never to be heard of again. Another will escape in drink, another in drugs, a third in work. Still others, unwilling to admit even to themselves that they are so pusillanimous as to wish to flee, will escape through the machinations of the unconscious, which will engineer an intractable pain, indigestion, absent-mindedness, a nervous breakdown—or fatigue.

In the case of fatigue the argument in the unconscious may run something like this:

"I can never make enough money to support my family as I should. They will always be expecting more than I can give them. Now if I keep on working as hard as I can and still don't earn a big salary, it will be obvious to everyone, including my conscious self, that the only reason I don't succeed is that I lack ability. That would be too humiliating. How escape this conclusion? One way is to become so chronically tired that anyone can see I can't possibly go on working so hard. I don't mind admitting I'm tired—that's no reflection on my mentality. And it will save my face—save admitting that lack of ability is the reason for my failure."

The unconscious then gets to work to produce the desired fatigue. To make it look thoroughly convincing, it begins by suggesting that the victim refuse to do something he really enjoys doing. He gives up a sport he has always loved. Naturally

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anyone can see he wouldn't do this unless he were so dog-tired he actually couldn't play. *He* believes it—everyone believes it. At first he is only mildly tired—his feet drag or his shoulders droop or his head feels heavy. This attracts his attention to that part of the body—as in the case of Ross's lameness. Soon he begins looking for this fatigue. Of course it is there. He comes to expect a heavy head and dull eyes after his day's work. He has them. Soon the symptoms, awaited, become severer, more frequent—and require longer periods of rest. A little later, they spread out to include larger areas of his body. It is not only his head now, it is his back. Soon his whole body responds to the expectation—one might almost say the hope—of fatigue. Sooner or later he is definitely tired with a fatigue that he can't shake off and which invades his whole body. He is advised to take a prolonged rest.

He has escaped the humiliation of being forced to admit he is a failure because of incapacity.

Thus does the unconscious, on one pretext or another, produce fatigue. Deviously, secretly, without our being aware either of the objective or the method.

This is the method when that second group of psychological causes, an inner conflict, brings on fatigue.

An overt emotional stress, such as boredom or worry, being in the conscious mind, is not hard to locate. But if the cause is an emotional conflict operating in the unconscious, what of that? Can you discover it then?

Yes. Not so easily, perhaps. But anyone who sincerely desires to lead a fuller life and who will make an honest effort to discover the source of his difficulties can usually do so. Not always without outside help—we shall come to that later—but always by trying we may draw a little nearer to this necessary understanding of ourselves. As in:

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The Case of the Man Who Was Once a Hero to His Boss

When I was a magazine editor there was a young man in the advertising department whom I came to know quite well.

Charlie would never set the world on fire, but he was a likable chap, and popularity counts at least as much as brains in getting and holding advertising. Charlie received an excellent salary, lived well and enjoyed life.

Then the magazine changed hands. The new publisher had men of his own to place. He let Charlie, a good man, alone, but he put in a new advertising manager.

It was only a few months before Charlie, who had never had an ache or a pain in his life, began to complain of insomnia and fatigue. The daily trips to his home in Greenwich which he had been making for years and never even mentioned, loomed large in his life.

"Adds three hours to my working day," he'd complain. "Guess I'll have to move to town. Only I don't see how I could ever sleep with the noise here."

From that it went on to other symptoms until finally he began to mutter about suicide. Charlie—a suicide! It would have been funny if he hadn't seemed so desperate.

One evening we were talking it over.

"This new man," I said, "the advertising manager—do you like him?"

"He's okay. Smart, capable—all that. Sure, I like him."

"Didn't you tell me you knew him before?"

"Classmates at college."

"Not a world-beater, was he?"

"He got along. Never amounted to anything. Good student but didn't go in for athletics or anything of that sort."

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"And you were a big shot—captain of the football team, belonged to one of the swank fraternities——"

"Pulled him into it by his ears, matter of fact. Chaps weren't keen."

Little by little it came out. At college Cropsey had been one of Charlie's hangers-on. Charlie had been his hero, his god.

Now the situation was reversed. Cropsey was the Big Chief and Charlie played second fiddle.

"Tell me, before the magazine changed hands, weren't you slated for advertising manager?"

"Well, not officially. But it was pretty well understood."

"This is a hard question, Charlie. Just walk out and slam the door if you think it impertinent. Would you say that Cropsey is unusually clever—better suited to the job than you?"

Charlie got up and walked around.

"I've been trying to dodge that question for weeks," he finally said. "I've felt it coming on. Yes, damn it, he is."

"Naturally that's hard. But not so hard as if he were dumb and you had to work under him. Maybe he's so smart he'll work right up to general manager and leave the job of advertising manager to you."

Charlie brightened. "That's an idea."

"Anyway," I added, "you've got it all over him in lots of ways. People like you better—you're much more popular. And how about clubs? He's from out of town, isn't he? Aren't there a few clubs he'd like to join? And couldn't you pull him in by the ears?"

"Say—I hadn't thought of that! Bet he'd give his right arm to get into the Racquet and Tennis Club, and I could wangle it, too. Buy him a lunch tomorrow and sound him out."

In a matter of weeks Charlie was patronizing Cropsey again, sponsoring him in clubs, introducing him to the right people, beating him at golf and tennis. We heard no more of suicide.

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The 5:30 to Greenwich was never mentioned again. Eventually, when Cropsey was made manager, Charlie became advertising manager.

In finding the source of our fatigue, whether it be in the conscious mind or in the unconscious, the same principle applies. The psychiatrists have found no better words in which to express this method of procedure than the words in which, over two thousand years ago, Socrates put it—a two-word sentence that is the most important, deeply significant two-word sentence ever written: *Know Thyself*.

Today this sentence means much more than it did when it was first spoken. It means know yourself not only as you consciously are, but, more important, as you are nonconsciously. Know yourself so well that you can go back of the scenes of your actions and say, "This is why I *think* I did such and such a thing. But is it *really* why I did it? Did I not perhaps have some deeper, underlying motive? And what could that motive be?"

Thus—and thus only—will you be able to know yourself thoroughly, correct your mistakes, discover the causes of your failures and order your life intelligently. Thus only will you be able to find the cause of your fatigue.

Socrates taught that this self-knowledge is possible, taught men how to achieve it, taught that no true wisdom or goodness can exist without it.

Psychiatrists today teach the same thing. Not in wisdom, but in knowledge, they have gone far beyond the great Greek. They show us the way into the unconscious, by far the largest portion of the human mind. In it lie hidden, but discoverable, the motivations of most of our actions.

How does one proceed to go behind the scenes and unearth the true motives of his actions?

Here is an illustration.

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One spring a friend told me she was expecting to go to Europe that summer and take her daughter, who had just graduated from college, with her. The following morning she called me up and said mournfully that it was all off. Ralph, her husband, was raising hob.

"He says he can't afford it. He says I'd spend everything he's saved all year on clothes. He says he wants Margo home with him this summer. But Margo has never been to Europe and I think this is part of her education. When I explain that, he has some other objection. He says he hasn't really seen Margo for four years and he has some rights as a father. He just raves on and on. We had a terrible battle last night. I *know* he can afford it but—well, what can I do?"

Two days later I met her on Fifth Avenue coming out of a luggage shop.

"I've just bought our trunks!" she cried. "We're going—for three months! Isn't it glorious?"

"Whatever brought Ralph around?" I asked. "What new arguments did you think up?"

She looked a little awed.

"I never said another word about it," she answered. "Last night he came home and said to me, 'Look here, I've been thinking this thing over. I saw I could easily afford to send you—it wouldn't cost any more than renting a place here for the summer. I knew you'd enjoy going abroad—France, Italy, maybe Spain—and Margo really should know something about Europe. None of my reasons held water. And still *I didn't want you to go*. The very thought made me boil.

"So I asked myself what was the *real reason* I didn't want you to go. And all of a sudden I realized it was because I have a deep-seated, unreasoning, masculine prejudice against being deserted by my womenfolks. A wife's place is at her husband's side, her first thought should be for his comfort—love, honor

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and obey—all that sort of thing. And when I got that idea, and was ready to admit I was being an unreasonable pig, I realized that the one thing in the world that would make me truly happy was to give you both this trip. So go along and have yourselves a swell time!" "

That is how one man, who has learned to look behind the scenes of his own emotions and discover the real motivations for his actions, brought himself to a reasonable state of mind. We can all do the same.

So the first step in altering any conduct due to an inner conflict is to discover the unconscious motivation for it. Usually we believe we have good and sufficient reasons for any act of ours—but actually, when we analyze these reasons, we often find that they are merely rationalizations. That is, the real cause is an emotion, a prejudice, an impulse, often quite unreasonable, which we don't dare to expose to the public view, or even our own, because we feel that it won't hold water. So we quickly produce arguments that *do* seem reasonable, arguments which conceal our real, underlying motives and yet gain our ends.

We must learn to distinguish our real from our apparent motives. The real motives must be dragged out into the light of day and fought in the open. You can't fight an enemy in the dark.

The officers in the Czar's White Army had a game they frequently played.

Two officers, each armed with a revolver, had themselves locked in a room, all lights out. At a given signal they began firing at each other—as nearly as, in the dark, they could judge the other to be. In five or ten minutes, as arranged beforehand, the doors were flung open by their comrades, and the lights flashed on. Which, if either, of the combatants was alive and sound? . . . A great game!

Somehow it doesn't appeal to our Anglo-Saxon temperament.

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And yet that is what we are all doing daily—fighting an enemy in the dark. It is as though we went hunting tigers in the jungle at night.

The bailiwick of this hidden enemy is the unconscious. It is here that lurk so many of those feelings, desires, prejudices, that are the real motivations for our actions. It makes no difference that we are unaware of them; they are there by the thousands, crowding up to the threshold of consciousness, clamoring to break through into the light of day, to burst onto the stage of our actions and influence our conduct. It is these hidden motives which make us do so many things we ourselves do not understand—and so many we *think* we understand but don't.

Where we must look for the causes of fatigue, then, is in the mind, conscious or unconscious, for the fatigue of the sedentary worker is primarily psychological. We do not ask you to accept this statement on faith. Psychologists have proved it by laboratory experiments, and we will describe these experiments. Psychiatrists have proved it by so many cures that it would be absurd to question it—and we will quote cases from their files. Medical men have long since acknowledged the ability of this new science to cure conditions heretofore considered incurable and its superior efficacy in the treatment of fatigue, neurasthenia, psychoneuroses, nervous breakdown, etc.—and we will quote their findings.

From March to June 1918 the British Army in France was constantly retreating. What happened? The hospitals were filled with men who had suffered no physical injury, who were not wounded—who were merely exhausted.

When the Army began to advance again, the number of these cases was tremendously reduced. Men on long marches dropped with physical fatigue, but after a brief rest they went on again in good condition, few needing to be retired to the rear. Un-

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questionably it was the emotional factor that was paramount here.

No pig ever had a nervous breakdown—not until March 1937, anyway. Then a pig named Achilles, a laboratory pig at Cornell University, was deliberately given a nervous breakdown by Dr. Howard Liddell, psychiatrist at the college. The idea was to discover better ways of dealing with nervous breakdowns in humans.

How did Dr. Liddell proceed to give Achilles a nervous breakdown? By overworking him? By undernourishing him? By giving him drugs or tampering with his glands? No. By none of these methods. By worrying him.

He worked on Achilles for a year, giving him one problem after another to solve. He put an apple in his pen, making it progressively more difficult to get until finally Achilles' nervous system gave way. He got so he would stand for an hour or more with an apple on his nose and make no attempt to eat it. There's no doubt of it, Achilles' nerves were all shot to pieces. Yet he was well fed, had all the leisure in the world, was, indeed, an overprivileged pig. It was worry that got him down.

If Achilles had known what they were doing to him, he would have ignored that apple from the start.

If *you* knew what was causing your fatigue, you could act intelligently to overcome it.

(That is the purpose of this book—to help you to discover the cause of *your* fatigue. Let us begin by setting forth the proof that it is *not*, and scientifically *could* not be, overwork—that there is no such animal known to science as a man brought to a state of chronic fatigue by mental or physical work.)

EXPERIMENT No. 1 : A schoolroom—time, 9 A.M.—some thirty children, averaging eleven years of age, full of breakfast and animal spirits.

The door opens, a stranger enters. As soon as it is clear that the gentleman does not intend to lead the class in song or make a speech, the children are quite reconciled. For his own private purposes he merely proposes a few simple tests such as multiplying mentally numbers like 42×18 , 31×55 , marking the misspelled words on a printed page, memorizing nonsense syllables, counting dots, etc. This goes on for over an hour. Then the gentleman collects the papers and departs. Just one more inexplicable incident in the life of a child.

It is several days later. The same schoolroom—same children—only now it is 2:30 P.M. Those young bodies which, at 9:00 A.M., seemed to be filled with springs of superior make, are now listless and inert.

At this moment who should appear in the doorway but the same gentleman they had thought rather a pleasant chap the other morning. A fearful presentiment rounds thirty pairs of eyes. Can such things be?

Not only can be, but are. The gentleman proposes another test. Hair is seized, groans break out, books are slammed, but there is no escape. Once more they submit to the torture of mental arithmetic, memorizing nonsense syllables, counting dots, etc. This goes on endlessly. Their beautiful afternoon is utterly ruined. God is certainly not in his heaven.

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Experiment No. 2: Dr. R. S. Woodworth sits at his desk with a book before him—a book which he is not to have the pleasure of reading. No, the professor is merely to go through this book, page by page, 151 pages in all, marking every word containing the two letters *e* and *t*. This at the request of a man whom he mistakenly calls friend.

He starts at 10:15 A.M. and keeps it up till 6:20 P.M. No pauses, no luncheon, no conversation—*e t, t e, e t, e t*, interminably. Only five times during those eight hours does he raise his eyes from the book—a total of nine minutes wasted. At the appointed time his psychological friend arrives to carry off the marked book.

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Experiment No. 3: A lady named Miss Arai offers herself as a laboratory guinea pig. She submits to a solid day of mental arithmetic, multiplying one after the other, as swiftly as she can, such numbers as 4962×7584 , 8324×7384 , 7954×3528 , opening her eyes every six or seven minutes to jot down some such incredible figure as 37,631,808 or 95,726,504, the answer to the problem. If it doesn't dawn on you at this point that this sort of thing is far more arduous and tiring than almost any other intellectual labor you could undertake, just try, for even an hour, multiplying *mentally* four-place by four-place numbers or even three-place by three-place. Try it for even fifteen minutes.

Miss Arai started this mental marathon at 11 A.M. and quit at 11 P.M.—a twelve-hour stretch without food or rest. She repeated this process for four consecutive days.

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Experiment No. 4: Sixteen college students undergo a similar test. For as long as they can hold out, they multiply mentally

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three-place by three-place numbers, and when they finish they hand in with their answers a statement as to their feelings of fatigue.

One writes, "Exceedingly dizzy, have headaches, think it best to discontinue." Another, "Utterly exhausted, cannot hold numbers at all. Exhaustion came gradually." Several others report similarly.

The remainder, some with no rest, some with a short time off for luncheon, continue the work for eight, ten, twelve hours. One of those who kept it up longest writes, "I think my mind was clearer at the close than at the beginning." Another comments, "I did not suffer any great strain in this test."

???

These are a few experiments picked from thousands that have been conducted by psychologists over a period of many years in many countries to determine just what is the relation between mental work and fatigue and between the fact of fatigue and the feeling of fatigue.

"Does mental work cause fatigue?" was the question they were trying to answer, not by popular report, but by actual laboratory experiment. *You* think it does. The psychologists thought so, too. They were just as convinced of it as you are. But they were willing to experiment.

And what did they find?

First, they had to define fatigue.

"Fatigue," they said, "is the diminished capacity for doing work. Actual ability to work as well as the desire to work is cut down."

And again: "Fatigue is a temporary decrease in efficiency resulting from work, play, or mental action of any sort without rest."

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Diminished capacity for work—reduced output—slower rate of output—these are the real and only measures of fatigue as defined by psychologists. Judged by these standards, what did the psychologists discover?

Result of Experiment No. 1: The work done by the school children late in the day when they complained of fatigue was of as good quality and as quickly finished as that done in the morning.

Result of Experiment No. 2: Professor Woodworth was working as efficiently at the end of the eight-hour stretch as at the beginning—as accurately, as quickly. There was no demonstrable diminution in his capacity to work.

Result of Experiment No. 3: Miss Arai was as accurate and practically as swift in obtaining the answers to the problems at the end of twelve hours of unremitting work as at the start.

Result of Experiment No. 4: The students who reported themselves on the verge of collapse did not differ appreciably in the quality and quantity of their work from those who felt fresh as a daisy.

What does all this prove?

First, it proves that after a day's mental work one is no tireder, *by definition*, than at the beginning. One may *feel* tireder—but actually one can do just as much work, and that's the test of fatigue.

Second, that the feeling of fatigue and the fact of fatigue are not the same thing, nor is the feeling of fatigue any measure of actual fatigue.

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For actual fatigue is the diminished capacity for doing work.

We have cited only four experiments. Four experiments, you may say, prove nothing.

I have before me the records of hundreds of similar experiments, covering years of scientific research by independent investigators throughout the civilized world—charts, work curves, fatigue curves, diagrams, tables, percentages—all the formulas used by psychologists in their exhaustive investigations into fatigue. The sum total of these experiments is this: mental work does not produce fatigue.

Professor Thorndike of Teachers College, Columbia University, conducted hundreds of such tests. Practically all give similar results.

In tests made with school children he found :

1. In one school six more mistakes out of a possible four hundred were made late in the afternoon than early in the morning—but the work was done more quickly.
2. Another group showed no decrease whatever in the ability to work late.
3. In a third group with over three thousand chances for mistakes only eleven more were made late than early, but again less time was taken.

And so on through hundreds of tests in America, in France, in Germany. These children *felt* tired, but, by definition, they were *not* tired.

“Just the same,” you say, “it’s a well-known fact that children *don’t* work so well in the latter part of the day. And office workers *do* let down in the late afternoon.”

Right—they do. But not because they *couldn’t* work just as well as at 9:00 A.M. Investigations into fatigue in business, in industry, in schools prove that.

Professor Thorndike sums up thus: “*Feelings* of fatigue are not measures of mental ability. We can *feel* mentally fatigued

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without being so. There is here a confusion between *lack of desire* and *lack of ability* to work."

Fatigue must be judged objectively—by what a man still has it in him to do, not subjectively—by how little desire he has to do it. By facts, not by feelings.

Says Thorndike: "I have myself, when feeling thoroughly tired, summoned up courage enough to start the repugnant work of multiplying and found that I did it just as well as ever."

A boy put the whole thing in a nutshell. This child victim of many of the professor's experiments wrote: "Mental fatigue is all a fraud. I don't want to do the things at night but I can do them just as well."

Over and over, from thousands of investigators from all corners of the globe, similar evidence has poured in for years. All experiments point to the conclusion that even after long hours of mental work there is no diminution in the capacity to do *more* work as accurately and swiftly as ever.

Take the case of Miss Arai, typical of many. By actual speed and accuracy measurements her fatigue, in terms of decreased output, was negligible. Of this experiment Thorndike says, "It was clear that the subject could not, by even this long period of work (twelve hours straight on each of four consecutive days), be brought to a condition of inability to do the work." And he comments: "That a person can exert himself to the utmost at this very difficult work for ten or twelve hours and still be able to do it, even if at the expense of twice or thrice as many minutes per example as at the beginning, means that the loss of efficiency by any absolute standard has been small. For Napoleon to have taken twenty minutes instead of five minutes to plan a series of moves at Austerlitz would not have meant that his generalship was only one-fourth as efficient."

What has been proved so far? Only that we cannot be fa-

tigued by ten, twelve or even more hours of unremitting mental work.

It has not been, and cannot be, proved that, at the end of twelve hours of unremitting mental work, we *may* not be fatigued. We often are—but *not because of mental work*. We not only *feel* tired; we actually, by definition, *are* tired. Our ability to do further work is frequently diminished—but not *because* of the work already done.

Now one step further.

One day of hard mental work cannot produce fatigue. One week of hard mental work cannot produce fatigue. One lifetime of hard mental work cannot produce fatigue. This is the consensus of scientific opinion, not only psychological but psychiatric. Quite flatly the psychiatrists state:

Dr. Robert P. Knight, Medical Director, Austen Riggs Center, Inc.: "No amount of work, physical or mental, ever *in itself* produced a single case of nervous exhaustion."

Dr. A. A. Brill: "No one ever suffers a nervous breakdown from overwork. These maladies simply do not exist."

Dr. Paul Dubois: "Of all my nervous cases I never found *one* which could be traced to overwork."

Any psychiatrist you might name could be quoted to the same effect. Unqualifiedly, mental work does not and cannot produce fatigue.

No doubt there are in the audience a few die-hards who remain unconvinced by this mass of evidence gathered by the psychologists. For them we have reserved till this moment the *coup de grâce*. Here is proof of another sort, presented, this time, not by the psychologists but by the doctors of medicine.

Experiment No. 5: A drop of blood is taken from a man's carotid artery just before it enters the brain and another drop from his jugular vein just as it leaves the brain. The two drops

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are examined under the microscope. There are—yes, there actually are—signs of work here. In the drop returning from the brain there are infinitesimal particles of waste tissue from the brain and there are none in the drop about to enter the brain. Thinking actually did wear the brain down—about as much as a single wave wears down Gibraltar. To that extent has energy been used and fatigue induced by mental work.

If you could take a drop of blood just issuing from the brain of Einstein and one returning from a visit to the brain of an idiot, you would find that no appreciably greater amount of energy had been used to conceive the Theory of Relativity than is needed to get a feather off a pair of molasses-covered hands. It is literally true that less energy goes into a Shakespearean sonnet than into a single blow delivered by Rocky Marciano.

That's how much it takes out of you to do a day's hard work at the office. So don't count on brain fag by those methods.

Laboratory tests do show infinitesimally more waste tissue in the blood from the brain of a man who does intensive thinking than in that of a man who does a minimum of thinking. They also indicate, in the same individual, a trifle more waste tissue after he has done a great deal of thinking than when he has done little or none.

All this is true. And yet the amount of energy used for mental processes of any sort is negligible in comparison with the amount used in playing a game of tennis or digesting a meal. So little energy is consumed in even complicated mental processes that it is obvious that brainwork cannot produce fatigue, and there is no such condition known to science as a state of chronic fatigue or nervous breakdown due to mental overwork.

At this point you may get the idea that we'll be telling you next that you're not tired at all. Heaven forbid! You *are* tired—no doubt of it. No one, least of all a psychiatrist, would think of denying it. And never, never will he insult your intelligence

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by the use of that word "imaginary." There is nothing "imaginary" about your fatigue. It is as real as hunger. Just because we are knocking the props out from under your long-cherished explanation doesn't mean that we're lying in wait to pounce on you in a weak moment and say, "Aha! You see, you're not tired at all!"

You may actually *be* tired (in the sense of diminished capacity to work) or you may merely *feel* tired—but before we set about finding out *why*, we must get rid of the false and erroneous idea that it is work that has brought you to this pass.

Let us cite another experiment which takes us one step further.

A young man in one laboratory experiment added 20,000 numbers in one hundred minutes. He reported that the work was a mere trifle, that he felt no fatigue. On another day he added half that many numbers in the same number of minutes—and on that day he reported that he had never worked so hard in his life and that he was exhausted.

Now if it is mental work which produces fatigue, he should have been tired on the day he did the greater amount of work. He was not. He felt fine. He was tired the day he did only half as much work.

Why? On the day of small accomplishment he worked unwillingly, against resistance, and therefore had to put forth great effort. The *unwillingness* to work made him *feel* tired. On the day of maximum accomplishment he worked willingly, putting forth no effort. He neither was tired nor did he feel tired.

This is not an isolated experiment. It has been repeated in various forms hundreds of times in psychological laboratories for scientific purposes. It is repeated millions of times every day in business offices, for *no* purpose. The day a man works against resistance he accomplishes little—and is tired. The day

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he works effortlessly, he accomplishes much—and he is not tired at all.

You have repeated this experiment thousands of times in your own life. You know that it is true.

Reviewing the mass of work that has been done in this field, the psychologists concluded that the fatigue complained of is not actually an *incapacity* to work but a lack of *desire* to work. That is, it is not due to an overuse of the mind but to other factors such as repugnance for the work, boredom from monotony, a longing to be elsewhere doing other things, and so on.

In a word, they concluded that boredom is the cause of ninety-five per cent of the decrease in mental work during the late session in school, and that it is a major cause of fatigue in adult life.

Let us glance at a few cases of adult fatigue. Let us see if, on the basis of actual scientific investigation, it is frequently boredom, rather than physical or mental work, which causes our fatigue.

Take the case of the workers in a textile mill reported by Rex B. Hersey, one of our foremost investigators of industrial fatigue.

Three kinds of textiles are made in this factory: cotton, silk and wool. These three textiles present three different degrees of difficulty in handling and in the amount of physical effort involved. Silk threads break seldom, cotton breaks more frequently, wool breaks all the time. The wool workers are therefore constantly on the jump. The silk men can sit all day and watch their well-behaved fabric roll out lustrous fold after fold. The cotton workers have to be more alert and work harder than the silk workers, but less than the wool workers.

Now what would you say would be the amount of fatigue of each group?

The wool workers are the tireddest, you say. Right! The cotton workers come next, the silk workers last? Wrong. The

silk workers, who have the cinch job, are almost as tired as the long-suffering wool workers.

Why?

Boredom.

The wool workers are tired, not so much because of the greater physical effort involved but because they are constantly harassed by the refractory nature of their material. Nervous strain is added to physical effort. (Here, for the first time, we see *worry* rear its ugly head.) Second come the silk workers, for boredom has got them down. The cotton workers are a jolly lot, for their task demands just enough attention to keep them interested but not enough to create nervous strain.

And still another case:

The Fatigue Laboratory established at Harvard University to conduct a ten-year investigation into this subject of fatigue issued a report on fatigue among factory workers. It flatly states:

First, that the fatigue of the factory worker cannot be defined in physiological terms such as the amount of lactic acid, toxins, etc., present.

Second, that it is too subtle to yield to the physiologists' measurements such as pulse rate, blood pressure, etc.

Third, that even the sensory tests used by psychologists give no clear idea of what it is and how it is brought on.

And in conclusion, that "the phenomenon formerly called fatigue is better described as *boredom*. *It is boredom that causes a reduced rate of working.*"

Man being the complicated thing he is, with his physiological and psychological aspects less susceptible of being split than the atom, it is practically impossible to devise tests of fatigue which isolate one aspect. In testing for mental fatigue, emotional factors cannot be excluded.

Take the report of F. C. Bartlett, based on investigations of

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the Flying Personnel Research Committee in England. This experiment simulated flying conditions over a two-hour period of constantly shifting, difficult, complex signals flashed on a panel as complicated as a calculating machine demanding swift, co-ordinated responses of mind and body. Though the machine was stationary, it seemed to the operators that it could actually move. At the start the men followed these instructions quickly and easily. The pointer indicating the accuracy of their responses moved only two or three degrees either side of the vertical. But toward the end it swung over a wide range before the operator did anything to correct it. This increasing inaccuracy of timed responses, says the report, indicated a progressive lowering of standards of performance. At the same time, the operator's awareness of physical discomfort increased enormously as did his irritability, indicating that growing irritability and fatigue of the nervous system are closely associated.

So that the men who started out on the trial good-natured and self-confident, soon began to sigh over their mounting difficulties. From sighs they passed swiftly to oaths so that at the end there wasn't a man jack of them who wasn't keeping up a flow of the most violent language at his command. They were mad as hell at the machine which was giving them all this trouble and at the instigators of the whole dirty trick.

No doubt of it—this was fatigue. But equally no doubt of it—it was emotional fatigue. Mentally the problem was never beyond them. It was the deliberate and unnecessary difficulty of the signals that induced anger, worry, indecision, irritability, loss of self-confidence, finally indifference.

In another series of tests conducted in 1949 by Carmichael, Kennedy and Mead of Tufts College, various groups of men were tested before and after long periods without sleep, after thirty miles of marching, etc. One group of nine was tested over a period of three sleepless days and nights on their ability to

perform certain difficult military tasks, such as stereo-ranging, eye-hand tracking, etc. The report concludes:

"With respect to stereoscopic ranging, eye-hand tracking, differential brightness discrimination and complex visual reaction time, no statistically significant difference between behavior when starting the tests and after sleeplessness and exercise was found.

"In all these experiments, including comparison of the two reading experiments, it seems that the decrement in performance should be looked for *with respect to an individual's interest, willingness, effort or motivation to perform a task*. (They did better when they stood to win a money prize.)

"The fact that a decrement did occur in performing the complex task after the loss of fifty hours of sleep raises the interesting question as to whether the decline was due to actual physiological incapacity or to *a breakdown of the willingness of the subjects to expend effort to keep the performance up to standard*."

You see? They come out just about where Thorndike, Hershey, the Fatigue Laboratory at Harvard and other investigators come out: that fatigue, even in such experiments as these, where sleeplessness and strenuous exercise played so large a part, is primarily a psychological matter. Worry, anger, indecision, indifference, unwillingness, etc., can induce it; interest can hold it at bay. Noting which, some investigators have gone so far as to propose that the word fatigue be banished from the vocabulary of science.

Now if work that is so largely physical produces a condition which is better called boredom than fatigue, what of work where physical effort plays a very minor part? It is certainly not produced by the comparatively small amount of physical effort. It cannot be produced by mental effort. It must therefore be produced by other factors—among them, boredom.

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Recent investigations into industrial fatigue stress more and more the part played by boredom. With work constantly more mechanized, less and less physical effort is demanded of the worker. And yet fatigue increases. Why? It must be because the task is more monotonous, more boring. At the end of the day, beaten down by tedium, the worker has not a lessened *capacity* to work but a lessened *desire* to work, conscious or unconscious.

Let us take an actual case. Here is the description, written by himself, of a day in the life of a worker in an industrial plant. It is not one day in one man's life—it is millions of days in millions of lives. The man's name is Time Clock No. 1135284. He writes:

"My job is to weigh the rod and stripe its end with paint according to the colors indicated on the scale. All the operator needs to know is one color from another. As I take one rod off the scale, I put the next one on. No time is lost. One soon gets so one can take a rod off the scale before it comes to a rest. To paint 5,000 rods a day this is almost a necessity.

"I have not seen daylight since Sunday, and it is Saturday afternoon. I feel strangely unimportant and insignificant. When a man insinuates here by any action that he is an individual, he is made to feel that he is doing something dishonorable. The only personal thing required of me is just enough consciousness to operate my body as a machine. I am a unit of labor.

"Finally we are walking out. Weary. I am so dulled that I have gotten here without realizing it. I can't think where I parked my car: the morning was so long ago."

Can there be any doubt why No. 1135284 is weary?

Now let us see if the same rule holds good for the intellectual worker. Take a day in the life of a famous cinema actor, the late Leslie Howard, as described by himself.

"The average movie actor dashes to get to the studio by 8:30,

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He then makes up and dons costume, while the assistant director and his emissaries urge him to hurry. He rushes to the set. The moment he is there nobody wants him any more. He tries to study the scene for the day. Then he is informed that this scene will not be shot. He studies the substituted scene. It seems simple. Each of the two characters concerned has three lines apiece to say. The two then rehearse their three lines apiece fifteen or twenty times. With the actor on the point of screaming, the director mercifully announces he will shoot the scene. But now the cameraman must see the actors under the lights.

"So they pose till both are hot and tired and dislike each other heartily, while lamps are juggled around them endlessly. Finally the cameraman says 'Okay.' But now the sound man wants to hear it exactly as it will be spoken.

"They do it again. Now the leading lady's make-up has started to run, so she goes off to fix it. Everybody sits. When she returns, the director orders another rehearsal, in case they have 'gone cold on it.'

"They rehearse the six lines—twice. The director says, 'Let's take it.' Then the assistant director says it's one o'clock and the men must have lunch.

"After lunch, following several rehearsals, light tests and sound tests, the scene is actually shot—eight or ten times. But this is only the long shot. Now they are pulling everything to pieces for the medium shot, while the actor smokes. Finally they get the medium shot, also a great many times. Then comes a 'two-shot,' locally known as 'two big, gorgeous heads,' and finally the close-ups, in which one player at a time is photographed, the other giving responses from the darkness.

"The six lines have by this time become gibberish, and the actors' faces weary and meaningless masks. Our actor staggers to his dressing room at seven or eight in the evening, removes his war paint, dons civilian clothes, and goes home to his wife,

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speechless with fatigue. He falls into bed, more exhausted from his three immortal lines than if he had played *Hamlet* in the afternoon and *Macbeth* at night. And this is the daily routine until the picture is finished.

"The movie actor's life is a nightmare of boredom. I have preserved my sanity only because most pictures are finished within a couple of months, and then there is an interval."

There is your fatigue in the making! Boredom is the villain of the piece.

Why is *The Rock* the most terrible word in the language for the criminal, more fearful even than *The Chair*? Because of the inhuman discipline at Alcatraz, the deadly monotony of a routine in which there is *never* the slightest variation. It is the endless, hopeless boredom of their lives that drives men slowly mad. Often as many as twelve or more a year become violently insane and any number of others become "stir-crazy" under this undeviating routine. It isn't cruelty that drives them mad—but boredom.

And in the army, what are "Fatigue Duties?" Not long marches nor actual combat (which is held to be pretty enjoyable) but the peeling of potatoes and the cleaning of latrines.

It's a strange thing how we confuse our minds and our bodies, how we can't really believe that the ills of the one may be expressed in the pains of the other. It will take a physical cause, we figure, to produce a physical result. "Boredom," you say, "is a mental condition. It can't make my feet drag and my back ache."

Can't it! Boredom with housework has made women invalids, boredom with a husband has made them cripples, boredom with a mother-in-law has paralyzed them. Such cases are recorded in every psychiatrist's files. There is no barrier between mind and body—there is even no division. They are one and the same. Nothing is simpler or commoner than for us to translate

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distress of mind into distress of body. We all do it, every day of our lives. Fatigue of the body is the simplest, the commonest physical form which mental distress assumes.

We are adept at translating from the language of the mind to the language of the body and back again. We are so practiced in this art that it is estimated today that over half of all the sick people in the world are people whose ills originate in the mind.

Dr. Menninger, author of *The Human Mind*: "50% of those who go to doctors for illness suffer from neuroses."

Dr. A. A. Brill: "Fully 80% of those who go to doctors suffer from nervous rather than organic disorders. They represent the largest class of patients in clinics, dispensaries and private practice."

What then do you think would be the percentage of fatigue induced by mental states?

"Absolutely 100% of the chronic fatigue of sedentary workers who are in good health is nervous fatigue," said Dr. Brill.

"Absolutely 100%," agrees the whole phalanx of psychiatrists.

The thing called fatigue is not *one* thing—it is many things. In one person it may take the form of general weariness, in another of an inability to think clearly, in others of headaches, of aching limbs, of an incapacity to make themselves do the things they want to do, of lethargy, lack of ambition, irritability, outbursts of temper, crying, sleepiness, insomnia and so on through an endless list.

"In one sense," said a prominent psychiatrist, "fatigue is a consciousness of time. When we are doing something we don't like to do, we watch the clock. Or again there may be fatigue of attention with the inability to concentrate, or fatigue of interest implying we need a change of activity, or fatigue due to a lack of inner harmony, to internal strivings, or even fatigue from sheer habit. All these are forms of neurotic fatigue. Normality is un-

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awareness of the functioning of body and mind. Once we pay attention to the organs, we soon acquire the habit of self-reference, than which nothing is more certainly tiring. To enjoy complete freedom from fatigue we must get away from all consciousness of occupation, of effort, time, self."

There is, of course, purely physical fatigue, due to physical effort. This sort of fatigue cannot pile up. There can be no fatigue debt. The energy lost during the day is made up by a night's sleep. It cannot be carried over to the next week or the next day, not with proper food and rest. A man may die of physical overwork, but if he does, it is right there on the job, with hammer raised for the next blow. In thirty minutes of violent physical overwork a man may bring himself to the verge of exhaustion and death. But usually only a strong man does this. No ordinary human will punish himself to such a point except in great emergencies such as arise in war.

There is also the physical fatigue that comes with disease or from undernourishment, dissipation, etc. This sort of fatigue lasts as long as the condition lasts.

The first type of physical fatigue is natural, the second pathological. Rest will cure the first—just average rest. Except in cases of physical exhaustion due to extraordinary effort, no more is needed. No amount of rest will cure the second—only the restoration to normal health.

Then there is psychologically induced fatigue, which has all the appearance of physical fatigue. This is not due to overwork, but to inner conflicts and emotional stresses. One of the best hockey goalies who ever lived, Al Rollins, who stops thirty-five shots per game to other goalies' twenty-five, said, "After a game I'm beat. It's not physical strain. It's all mental. In the game the goalie is the last one. His mistakes are on the scoreboard."

It is seldom that the person experiencing physical fatigue has this much insight into its cause.

This type of psychologically induced fatigue, when it is chronic, is likewise pathological, and rest will never cure it. It is the very essence of this type of fatigue that the sense of energy is not regained after rest. Natural fatigue is a mere temporary limitation of energy soon cured by rest.

So you can see that if you are exhausted after six sets of tennis, all you have to do is fling yourself on the ground and *rest* till chemically your energy is restored. But if you are tired after a hard day at the office, week in, week out, then even six months' rest is not going to help you. There are none of the chemicals of physiological fatigue present in the body, so rest is not needed to get rid of them.

Since fatigue may originate in either the mind or the body, both physiologists and psychologists are concerned with it. And right here would be a good place to take up the matter of glands and their connection with energy. The endocrine glands have had as big a public of recent years as Rita Hayworth. No other organ of the body has been popularly credited with so large an influence on the personality and on character, and none has been so widely acclaimed as a source of energy. Ask even a very intelligent, well-read man how he happens to have such enormous energy and ten to one he'll say, "Glands. I must have a swell set of glands!"

And you'll often hear people comment, "Mrs. Roosevelt must have marvelous glands to have such extraordinary energy."

Well, what about these glands?

There can be no doubt that glands have a great deal to do with our energy.

So have the heart, the lungs, the liver, the digestive tract.

Abnormal glands will cause excessive fatigability. An abnormal thyroid or adrenalin deficiency will certainly create fatigability. So will any cardiac vascular disease.

But there is no such thing as an especially *de luxe* set of glands

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rendering one immune to fatigue or filling one to bursting with energy, any more than would an especially fine set of teeth. The glands are not a reservoir of energy, and they are no more the source of energy than is the heart.

Moreover, human beings, by and large, are born with standard equipment, and normal glands are standard equipment. If there's anything abnormal about our glands, we soon know it—in more ways than through a loss of energy—and we go to a doctor and very likely he can do something about it. Frequently glandular extracts to make up the deficiency can be given.

A person with perfect glands may be very tired, indeed—from any one of hundreds of psychological causes, not to mention the physiological. Of two people, one of whom is vibrating with energy and the other of whom is just mushing along, the latter may be the one with the eighteen-carat glands. Something besides hormones is driving the former.

Moreover, these secondary sources of energy (that's their rating, never as first-class powers) are not constantly at the peak of their powers. They are called on to perform brilliantly only in emergencies—as when in an open meadow we suddenly confront a bull. The rest of the time they are quietly producing their regular supplies of hormones. And here, if you like, is where some individuals have an advantage. The man who, at his office, in his home, refuses to allow apathy, dislike for a task, a negative attitude to possess him, is likely to find his thyroid and adrenal glands working more efficiently than those of the man who succumbs to indifference. Excitements, enthusiasms, interests do stimulate these glands, causing them to pour forth the hormones which give energy.

So, however important you may consider the glands in the production of energy (and they're not that important!) you can be sure of one thing: that the glands will respond to the proper emotional spurs.

Q.E.D.

So far in this chapter, therefore, we have seen:

That mental work cannot cause fatigue.

That the fatigue we feel may be actual fatigue, an incapacity to do further work; or a feeling of fatigue, which is not actually an incapacity to work nor even a measure of actual fatigue—but in either case it was not brought on by mental work.

That there is no such animal known to science as a man brought to the point of exhaustion or breakdown by mental work.

That it is psychological factors, not work, which is the cause of much fatigue—boredom, in particular.

That the chronic fatigue of the sedentary worker in good health is 100% due to psychological factors.

That fatigue that is not wiped out by the normal period of rest is pathological, and that no amount of rest will ever cure this kind of fatigue.

That the glands do influence energy, but that most people are normal in this respect. The proper emotional spurs tend to stimulate glandular energy.

And now we are ready to go on to the question: What psychological factors, besides boredom, produce fatigue?

Not long ago a one-hundred-and-twenty-pound St. Bernard, romping about his master's camp in a mining district in Ontario, Canada, plunged over the edge of a cliff and disappeared.

For four days his master could hear, above the roar of the wind, the whines of his dog, but could not locate him. On the fifth day (it was below zero weather) a searching party sighted him on a narrow, inaccessible ledge, three hundred feet down. They lowered food on a rope. When Buster nuzzled it, it dropped into the lake two hundred feet below. Finally they tied food securely to a rope and held it suspended while the dog ate. Thus he was kept alive two days longer.

At last, unable to endure the sight any longer, eight men made of themselves a human chain, dangling on a rope over the cliff, and, wrapped in a canvas bag, the limp and exhausted body of the great dog was passed up from man to man to the top of the cliff.

After a meal, he was absolutely fit again.

During the same winter a man was marooned on an island, in a river so gorged with ice and violent with wind that the rescuing party could not reach him for forty-eight hours. Rushed to the hospital in an ambulance, the man died of "exhaustion."

"Man suffers quite differently from the animals and he suffers more than they," says Dr. Paul Dubois in one of his books on nervous disorders. "He increases his sufferings by imagination, aggravates them by fear, keeps them up by his pessimistic reflections. Only *he* is tormented by nervous maladies."

And that, dear reader, is why the man died and the dog lived.

HUMAN STRADIVARIUSES

Most of us who are tired are tired in just this way. Nervously. Mentally. *Emotionally*.

But not imaginarily!

Whoever claimed that love was not as real as the mumps?

"There are no imaginary sick people," continues Dr. Dubois, who, one of the first to understand these psychosomatic illnesses, still remains one of the most discerning. "But there are legions in whom the most careful examination can verify no physical trouble, to whom one can deliver a favorable certificate for the life-insurance company, and who, often all through life, present the most curious functional troubles. It is owing to their *emotionalism* that they must go through a life of infirmity."

There we have it—the true, the fundamental, the *only* cause of chronic fatigue. *Emotionalism*.

That covers a wide territory. It covers almost the whole man. For man is essentially and almost wholly an emotional animal. He does do a little pure reasoning now and again, but fundamentally, and most of the time, he is just *feeling*.

And it is some one, or a combination, of his multiple and complicated feelings that causes his fatigue.

So the problem now becomes to discover which of our many emotions bring on fatigue and how they do it. We had an example in the last chapter—the case of Leslie Howard—where we found that the guilty emotion was boredom. Let us mark that down as Public Enemy No. 1.

Now let us see what other emotions work this havoc in us. Let us take:

The Case of the Department Store Executive

He is the manager of the furniture department in a large department store. I stopped in to see him a few months ago. He

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tried to look cheerful, but his forehead was corrugated like a scrubbing board.

"Business is terrible," he said. "Worst it's ever been. Ever since I started in business it's been one damn thing after another: war—depression—war—recession. Merchandise and no customers or customers and no merchandise.

" 'Don't let it get you,' everyone says. How can I help letting it get me when I know I've got to do business or I'm through? I'm still making a good salary, sure—but how long will that last if I don't make money for the company? "

Suddenly he brightened.

"Took a vacation a couple of months ago," he said. "Haven't had one for three years. Went down to the old place in Virginia where my wife and children go every summer. Seems the one thing we needed down there was a well. So I started to dig one. I worked down in that hole from 9:00 A.M. till 9:00 P.M. every day. Singlehanded I dug a sixty-five-foot well. I haven't done any real physical work since I was a kid, and the first day I ached in every muscle, but after that it did me nothing but good. I ate like a gorilla and I was never tired once. Well, I thought the good effects of that vacation would last me through the winter, but I get back here, take one look around, and by noon the first day I'm so tired I can hardly see straight."

The plight of this man is the plight of millions. Is he bored by his work? Certainly not! He loves it. But even in the best of times, it's never going quite well enough to satisfy him. He was tired even during the best of years. Not so tired as he is during a business slump, but plenty tired. Why? Wouldn't you, without a moment's hesitation, say it was *worry* that was at the bottom of this man's chronic fatigue?

Public Enemy No. 1—Boredom.

Public Enemy No. 2—Worry.

Now let's go on to:

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The Case of the Vice-President in Charge of Production

In an eastern advertising agency I know of, the copy department was for years consistently undermanned and overworked, not on principle, but because it had growing pains. The vice-president in charge of production was a hard man—no harder on others than he was on himself, only he was tougher than most people. He was never spoken of in that office, once an employee was on the other side of the door, except as Simon Legree.

Five o'clock, even seven o'clock, meant nothing to this man. He had no family except a dog, no home but a club, no engagements that couldn't be broken at a moment's notice. He often worked until midnight—and after. And he expected everyone else to do the same. The idea was that if you expected to be a big success like him, pulling down your \$50,000 a year, no such tomfoolishness as wives, golf and social engagements could be permitted to stand in your way.

So when five o'clock came and commuters' trains began pulling out of the Grand Central—trains which they were not to be allowed to take—the underlings in the office began to feel abused and resentful. In the small of their backs they could feel the eyes of their tyrant riddling them with scorn, despising their puerile pleasures and their lack of ambition, above all, their inferiority to himself. When they were finally released, they dragged themselves home, filled with imprecations and self-pity.

To a man they were almost always tired—dog-tired.

Their tyrant was *never* tired. He seemed to them to be filled with demoniac energy.

Then their Simon Legree removed himself to another agency and his place was taken by one of the underlings. For years, under the lash of Legree, this man had been on the verge of a

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nervous breakdown, but from the day he took over, his whole attitude changed. He frequently worked all day Saturday and Sunday, and of course the other members of his department often had to work with him. Things were no better than under the old regime.

But there was this change in the man himself: *now* he was never tired. His family, instead of being asked to condole with him, were told to save their sympathy for someone who needed it more and in future to expect less and less of his society. During the following eight years, he never once took a vacation, grew constantly healthier, commanded higher salaries, stock in the company and increasing authority. Eventually he became president of the company.

What emotions had we at work in this man, before his promotion, to produce fatigue? Feelings of compulsion and resentment, feelings of inferiority and envy. These are the emotions that undermined the morale and energy of the underlings, and when one of them got on top, these emotions were displaced by a sense of importance, by interest, ambition and personal responsibility. Fatigue vanished. But not for the underlings.

This situation exists the world over, wherever there are bosses and bossees. The underdogs who are driven are apt to feel tired, the boss to be full of bounce. And these underlings, feeling abused and overworked, haven't an idea that, if the situation were reversed, they would be able to work twice as hard and not feel tired at all. Not the *capacity* to work, but the *desire* to work, is what is lacking.

Public Enemy No. 3—A sense of inferiority and resentment.

And again we see that it is an emotion that is causing fatigue.

"An emotion tires the organism more than the most intense physical or intellectual work," says Dubois.

An Einstein can think all day and not be tired. A Trabert or a Seixas can play tennis all day and be only slightly tired, com-

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pletely recovered after a brief rest. A John Landy, a Roger Bannister, a Wes Santee can run a mile in record time, and yet, far from feeling tired, be fit to run again. But no one can live in terror all day and not be prostrated by night.

Why?

Because——

"We fear not in our hearts alone, not in our brains alone, **not** in our viscera alone," says Dr. Crile. "Fear influences every organ and tissue. Man cannot fear intellectually, he cannot fear dispassionately, he fears with all his organs, and the same organs are stimulated and inhibited as if, instead of its being a battle of credit, of position, or of honor, it were a physical battle with teeth and claws. Nature has but one means of response to fear, and whatever its causes, the phenomena are always the same—*always physical.*"

Confronted with an enemy, whether that enemy be a man with a gun or imminent bankruptcy, we react in exactly the same way—always physiologically. The endocrine glands pour out their hormones, the heart beats faster, the liver increases its supply of glycogen, the sweat glands speed up, the blood pressure rises, and the action of many internal organs is suspended in order that their energy may be diverted to the external muscles—in short, the whole body is made ready for intense action, for fight or for flight, exactly as was the body of primitive man on the advent of a lion on his horizon. This is exactly what happens to the man sitting quietly in his office chair when a statement in red ink is laid before him. Can you wonder that he is exhausted at the end of the day? Consider for a moment:

The Case of the Man Who Spent a Night in the Tombs

This man went through World War I—and loved it. A Canadian, he was in at the start, in aviation, and he was there

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at the finish. Oh, yes, he had his moments of fear, but on the whole the excitement forestalled them.

He had patented an invention. He came to New York and started a company to promote it. This venture was more than successful. In a few years he became a wealthy man, married and had two children. He lived in a style befitting three millionaires—town house, country house, cars, yachts, servants galore. But he was never at home except to sleep. The excitement of big business had taken the place of the excitement of war.

Then he ran into legal difficulties. Depression ethics in business were not the same as boom ethics. Even with the best legal advice, he had made some errors—not intentionally, just in the hurry and bustle of prosperity. First the state and then the federal authorities got after him. There were trials, convictions, appeals, acquittals, further trials, taking not only all that was left after the crash, but all he could borrow, and dragging on for years. It was acquittal or death as far as he was concerned. He would never serve a prison sentence. And that's what he faced.

One night he found himself in the Tombs. Something had gone wrong and he had to spend the night there. The next day he fainted in court. After that he would feel faint in any crowded public place. He gradually gave up going to theaters, banquets, the movies, even ball games. And for the first time in his life, he was continually tired. War had never tired him, work had never tired him. What was tiring him now?

Fear.

Looking at him sitting all day in that crowded courtroom, surrounded by his enemies, faced with prison, seeing him that night in the Tombs, locked in a cell, one understands how these twin fears—claustrophobia (fear of enclosed places) and ochlo-

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phobia (fear of crowds)—assailed him. He could not escape them. He could not escape fatigue.

Public Enemy No. 4—Fear.

During the bombing of Barcelona, the planes of the insurgents flew high and invisible. Not until the bombs actually burst in the streets were the inhabitants aware of the enemy's presence. Many fell dead of fright.

One day two taxis crashed on Broadway. The man in one of them stepped out uninjured, walked to the curb, told the policeman not to bother about him, but to look after those who were hurt—and then dropped dead of fright. Sudden overwhelming fear can produce sudden death. Small nagging fears can produce small, nagging disabilities.

You can readily see how chronic fear can produce chronic fatigue.

It isn't so much the gusts of passion that we have to fear as it is the continued gnawing of the less spectacular emotions. Boredom, worry, little daily fears and timidities, undermine the morale and distill fatigue far more than do occasional outbursts of passion. In a rage once a month? Think nothing of it! But seething with resentment practically every day of the week? Man, you're headed for trouble! A bout of anger, a day of bitterness, a night of grief—we human beings are framed to withstand their ravages. We have great elasticity, great resistance and recuperative powers. But what we can't stand is long periods of nagging by the quiet, deadly little emotions.

There is nothing dramatic about fatigue—until the final crash. It is a slow, insidious undermining of our forces by emotions that work like termites. It doesn't overwhelm us in a week or a month. It creeps on us like old age, until one day we wake to the realization that we are used up—done for.

Now suppose we track down still another Public Enemy.

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The Case of the Woman Who Couldn't Make Up Her Mind

The other day the telephone rang. I took it up, heard a faint "Hello," then silence. Even so I knew who it was—a woman who changes her mind almost before she's made it up. Her order to a waiter in a restaurant is apt to run like this:

"I think I'll have the fillet of sole to start with. . . . No, on second thought, I'll take the broiled bluefish. . . . Or do you think the chicken livers en brochette would be better? That's your specialty, isn't it? Yes, I'll try that. . . . And you?" turning to her companion. "The broiled scallops? Oh, I *love* them. I'll change to scallops too, waiter." This continues through the vegetables, the salad, the dessert, the cheese. When all seems decided and the waiter starts for the kitchen, she is perfectly capable of calling him back to say that, after all, she isn't feeling very well today and perhaps she'd better have just tea and toast.

Every engagement is made, changed, broken. She is forever starting courses of some kind and discontinuing them, ordering dresses and countermanding them, buying things and returning them, moving from one apartment to another, starting a diet and dropping it, changing doctors, maids, the color of her hair and the decorations of her apartment. She looks distraught—and she *is* distraught—and very, very tired.

One of the best-known ways of acquiring the jitters is to try to arrive at the best possible solution to every problem. There *is* no best possible solution. And it doesn't matter. The second or third best in half the time will get you further.

"Indecision," a prominent public man once said to me, "is fatal. I'd rather make a wrong decision, many of them, than build up a habit of indecision. I've known men who built successful careers in spite of many wrong decisions, but never one

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who built a career on indecision. If you're wallowing in indecision you certainly can't act—and action is the basis of success."

Here we come on another major source of chronic fatigue—indecision, which arises from a disunion of the personality. Those who suffer the agonies of indecision over small as over big issues harbor one of the most virulent of fatigue toxins. We all know them—the man who changes his mind from day to day about signing a contract, the woman who can't make up her mind which suitor to marry—and we recognize a habit that underlies all their thinking. They are the constant preys of doubts, conflicts, fears. Until they can establish the habit of a positive attitude toward their difficulties, they cannot gather much momentum.

Such people are like the clown, Marceline, dashing about from corner to corner of a rug that is being rolled up, always arriving too late to be of help. They are like the man in one of Barrie's books who missed everything that went on in his village because he was always so torn between rival attractions that he usually wound up by sitting miserably on a fence midway between them.

Public Enemy No. 5—Indecision.

Now for another.

Among my acquaintances is a man who, until recently, has been immune to fatigue. About two years ago he accepted a position which was superior in every way to the one he held, and yet, in a short time, he began to find himself tiring easily. Why? He tried everything he knew to overcome this condition—cut down on smoking and drinking, slept more, took regular exercises—nothing helped. Then he hit on the device of noting in his pocket memorandum book the days on which he was excessively fatigued and what he had done on those days. This man is a Yankee and his business dealings in his new job

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were largely with Jews. He had no anti-Semitic prejudices, was, in fact, so well liked by his Jewish customers that his friends were always jokingly telling him that when he died he'd have the largest Jewish funeral New York had ever seen.

But the record showed that the days that got him down were invariably those on which he had some big deal on with a Jewish customer. A great deal of emotion was generated during those sessions. The Jews got emotionally wrought-up—but were over it before he was out of the office. They were temperamentally adjusted to emotionality. He, unaccustomed to such a welter of emotions in a business transaction, was all in for the rest of the day.

There could be no doubt of it. This emotionalizing over matters in which emotion was entirely out of place was bad for him. He'd have to learn to build a shell of insensibility over his too susceptible feelings.

William James divided us all into two classes—the tender-minded and the tough-minded. It is a great help to be tough-minded. It is a hard world for the tender-minded. The ideal is to be tough-minded toward oneself and tender-minded toward others. Hardened against feeling too much, the tough ego need yet not be callous.

The tender egos feel too much, too continuously and over too trivial things. They slip easily over into neuroses of worry, fear, pain, guilt, depression and all the destructive emotions. They haven't the same power to feel joy as to feel grief, to feel for others as keenly as they feel for themselves.

Such a person is, in a word, a human Stradivarius. He is (and usually proud of it) an Aeolian harp for every wind to play on. His emotions are heightened and colored beyond normal and he puts up no resistance to them.

Even the good emotions are bad for us when they are exaggerated.

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"He has the vices of his virtues," we say of a man, and mean that he has carried his good qualities to a vicious extreme. Pity has become mawkishness, modesty has become self-deprecation, courage bravado. Be his emotions good or bad, the human Stradivarius is the predestined victim of fatigue.

Here we put the finger on:

Public Enemy No. 6—Oversensitivity or overemotionalism.

Now another. Let Dr. Dubois, who was the first to run many of these debilitating emotions to earth, point it out for us.

"In all these patients," says Dr. Dubois, "you will observe the difficulty of adapting themselves to life as it is given to us, of supporting its vicissitudes with patience and courage. It is in this insufficiency of the intelligence, particularly in the ethical domain, that one has to recognize the primary trouble. The patient may be very gifted in other ways, be very intelligent, have many admirable qualities of heart and mind; he lacks that good sort of stoicism necessary to the struggle of life."

The name Dr. Dubois gives to this lack of stoicism is pusillanimity, and he goes on to describe in horrid detail how it gradually undermines the whole personality of the individual until in the end he is a full-blown neurasthenic or neurotic. He is even, if he is an hysteric, capable of initiating in his own body practically any of the ills to which flesh is heir, even to paralysis, even to blindness.

Public Enemy No. 7—Pusillanimity.

There are, of course, many other destructive emotions, and we will consider them in their place.

Any of these emotions may originate either in our conscious minds or in our unconscious. We may, for example, be worried about our business and be perfectly conscious that this is the cause of our worry. On the other hand, a man may think he is worrying about his business, but actually he may be worrying because he is unfaithful to his wife, in which case the cause of

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his worry is in his unconscious. It frequently happens that we are conscious of the emotion but not conscious of its original cause which may be some complex with its roots deep in childhood.

In normal people it isn't necessary—it isn't even advisable—to unearth these buried complexes. It is enough to recognize the unsatisfactory pattern of behavior they have initiated, to resolve the superficial difficulties and thus to alter the course of the destructive emotion.

We cannot psychoanalyze ourselves—which is fortunate, or we would all be morbid introspectionists. But neither should we completely ignore this buried part of us. According to the psychoanalysts, eight-ninths of our actions are guided by the unconscious. It runs our bodily machinery, controls most of our mental and emotional life, and, above all, is the source of much of our energy. It is, in fact, all energy, the reservoir on which we must draw if we are to have at our command inexhaustible vitality.

Our unconscious is, for the most part, an unknown quantity—but not unknowable. There are no impassable barriers between the conscious, the foreconscious and the unconscious. One melts imperceptibly into the other, like the waters of the sea, and what is at the bottom today may be thrown to the top tomorrow. We can all of us, to our advantage, know a great deal more about this submerged continent, the source of so much potential energy, than most of us do.

We should know at least enough about it to be able intelligently to question our motives, analyze our emotions, dissect our rationalizations, suspect our prejudices—and thus understand the reasons for our conduct.

I can think of no better way to picture this obscure country than to relate the Strange Case of Christine Beauchamp, one of the most amazing case histories that ever got into a doctor's files.

SOME YEARS AGO a doctor in Boston had a magnificent piece of luck. One day he looked up from his desk to see standing before him one of the strangest cases in all medical history—Miss Christine L. Beauchamp, young, pretty, and a nervous wreck. She was the victim of headaches, neuralgia, insomnia, somnambulism, morbid fears, loss of memory, nightmares and extreme fatigability—to mention only a few of her ailments. Intellectually and morally, however, she was a most admirable young woman, a serious student and a saintly character.

When the doctor had been treating Miss Beauchamp for several months, he one day met her sister, a young lady named Sally, who was the complete antithesis of Christine. For every virtue in Christine, Sally showed a fault; for every physical disability, she boasted an asset. Christine could not walk half a mile without collapsing with fatigue. Sally could walk fifteen or twenty miles and not turn a hair. She was *never* tired, never had an ache or a pain of any description, scoffed at “nerves,” hooted at nightmares, and felt the utmost contempt for all Christine’s sufferings. She loved life, reveled in physical activities, was unquenchably cheerful and happy.

Their tastes and appearances were entirely unlike. Sally abounded in curls, jewelry and flamboyant frocks. Her face was wreathed in smiles or dark with scowls, she was boisterous and rebellious. Christine was prim as a sparrow, wore her hair in a smooth knot, was subdued and docile.

Their differences extended even to food and drink. Christine invariably ate only what was good for her, Sally only what she

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liked—and usually it was bad for her, except that nothing seemed to do this robust young female the slightest harm. Half a glass of wine made Christine dizzy. Sally could toss off six or eight glasses and never feel it. Even the smell of cigarette smoke made Christine ill. Sally smoked incessantly.

Intellectually they were miles apart. Christine was a thorough student with a good knowledge of Latin, French and shorthand. Sally knew no foreign language and no shorthand, and she was interested in nothing but having a good time.

What is so remarkable about all this? you will say. It's nothing unusual for two sisters to be entirely different.

Wait! . . . Just that little seemingly natural detail, that one spoke French and the other didn't, is one of the most curious facts in the whole case.

The life of these two sisters who lived together was a cat-and-dog affair. Sally hated Christine; Christine despised Sally. Sally tormented her sister by putting spiders in her bed, winding the furniture in miles of yarn, sewing up her clothes, cutting off her hair while she slept, stealing her money, burying her prayer book in the salt box—by a hundred childish pranks. Christine never retaliated. She merely reprovved—and Sally hooted in derision.

Still, in all this, you insist, there is nothing so extraordinary. Where's the catch?

The catch is this: That these two young girls, the complete antithesis of each other and so bitterly inimical—*these two young girls lived in the same body!*

Alternately, for hours or days or even months at a time, Christine and Sally Beauchamp occupied the same body, moved the same limbs, opened and shut the same eyes, employed the same lips, the same tongue, the same hands to express two entirely different personalities, to live two entirely different lives.

Stevenson invented a similar story, by no means so fantastic,

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and no one ever thought of it as anything but a parable, a dramatic statement of the struggle between man's higher and lower natures. But this is an actual case history, the day by day record over a period of seven years of the eminent Boston psychiatrist, Dr. Morton Prince.

These deep-seated differences between the two characters were not merely varying moods of one personality. What mood could remove one's knowledge of French, give abounding health and strength one day and prostrating illness and fatigue the next?

Nor was Miss Beauchamp insane. No, she was what is known to science as a dissociated personality. As a diamond splits along certain lines of cleavage when pressure is applied, so may the human mind. Only a tiny section of the personality may be split off—or it may be cleft in two, as it was in this case.

Here the line of cleavage was between the conscious and the nonconscious mind. Sally was Miss Beauchamp's unconscious self which had gradually developed such a complete personality of its own and obtained such ascendancy that it could force the conscious mind to abdicate. Sally could come at will, and when she departed, Christine knew nothing of what she, as Sally, had done, but only that she had "lost time." But Sally always knew what Christine had been doing, for, when not in complete control, she always existed in the nonconscious.

The light such a phenomenon throws on the processes of the human mind is more revealing than all the laboratory experiments of psychologists, all the delvings of psychoanalysts. We all of us possess another self, an unconscious self, and it is very much like Sally.

Our nonconscious is never so good, so wise, so disciplined as our conscious self. It is ignorant, childlike, unmoral, powerful, and it struggles ceaselessly to break into consciousness and seize control. On the other hand, like Sally, it has peculiar ad-

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vantages. It knows everything we think and do; it never sleeps, not even when we sleep; it has a fabulous memory. Like the elephant, it never forgets.

Sally could relate to Dr. Prince incidents of her babyhood which Christine had completely forgotten. She could repeat to him verbatim letters Christine had barely glanced at months before. She could tell him everything that had happened in the room or in Christine's mind at night, while the latter slept. So can our unconscious minds when we can get at them.

How then, you ask, account for the fact that Sally knew no Latin, no French, no shorthand? Ah, you don't know Sally!—the Sally in you and me. The unconscious is never so bright nor so cultured as our conscious self, because it is a very child-like, primitive person who refuses to undergo the discipline necessary to acquire knowledge.

While Christine sat with a book in her hand, Sally deliberately turned away her attention and just noticed the things a child would—the cat playing on the rug, the dance of sunbeams on the wall, her memories of childhood. Seldom, comments Dr. Prince, does the unconscious possess the stores of learning, the expert knowledge of the scientist, the linguist, the engineer, which the conscious mind so laboriously acquires.

In the elaborate and minute account which Dr. Prince gives of this case in his book *The Dissociation of a Personality* (which, if you crave more excitement than could be packed into a dozen detective and adventure stories, I strongly recommend you to read), we find a portrait of ourselves as we actually are—a personality made up of conflicting elements, nine-tenths of it ordinarily hidden from our knowledge; with different desires and goals from ours, and powerful in ways we don't even suspect. This Other Self is bigger than we are, it is stronger than we are. But we are nevertheless its master, for we are more intelligent and more disciplined. So, for the most part, we can keep it in its

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place. It is a sort of genie dwelling within us—our master if it escapes, our slave if we control it.

It is pure energy. We can let it drive *us*, or we can drive it. We can tap its limitless supplies of energy, or we can confine and cripple them. And this we can do in only one way: through the emotions.

For note this: that all through his seven years' work with Miss Beauchamp, Dr. Prince could transform her in a minute, through hypnosis, from a sick and exhausted creature on the verge of suicide to a young woman bounding with health and the joy of living. How? Merely by suggesting to her the right emotions. The positive, vitalizing emotions—joy, ambition, interest, excitement—instead of the crippling emotions of fear, depression, worry, guilt, loneliness, which usually controlled her. In one sense, we are all split personalities. When this nonconscious part of us breaks through and gains control (and it occurs more often than we suspect) we split. This happens to us when we dream, when we are absent-minded, when we have had a cocktail too many, when we are carried beyond ourselves by strong emotions. Then the unconscious is in control—and this happens to all of us, if only in a small way, practically every day.

So you can see the value of knowing something about this submerged part of us and keeping a wary eye on it. In certain crises of emotion it can completely overthrow even those who appear the most normal among us—as in the case of Jack Trotter, of Albert Ross, of you and of me in delirium, hysteria, trance, amnesia and all functional disorders. We don't need—and it isn't possible—to keep track of its many and various activities. For that, six psychoanalysts would have to follow us around like Pinkerton detectives—and then they wouldn't know the half of it. Nothing could be worse for us than constant attention to our inner selves. Nothing so upsets and disorganizes our internal workings, be they physiological or psychological, as being

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constantly watched. Immediately they become self-conscious and hysterical, like any child. Man can give himself up to long-continued contemplation of the heavens or of music, but he can stand very little contemplation of himself. You have only to try listening to your own heartbeats to realize this. At once they speed up, become louder, actually alarming.

No, we're not suggesting the introvert's unhealthy contemplation of his own psychological processes. We're thinking of something more impersonal, more philosophical. Not concentration on self—but the study of man as a thinking and feeling animal. The kind of knowledge of human nature which Socrates meant when he said, "Know thyself."

It has always been one of the major mysteries of science how the mind could create physical disabilities. Savages knew that by making a little wax effigy of their enemy and sticking pins in it they could sometimes bring about his death. Mental healers knew that by working on a man's mind they could often cure his bodily ills. Priests knew that by setting up a shrine they could make the lame walk and the blind see. Doctors knew that they could frequently cure disease by suggestion.

But none of them knew just *how* this was done. They didn't know what constituted the connection between mind (as they understood it) and body. Today we know that this connecting link is the unconscious.

The unconscious is the head of the Department of the Interior, in charge of all physiological processes. Through an elaborate nervous system, it controls every organ in the body—the digestive tract, the circulation of the blood, the action of the lungs, glands, heart, the growth and replenishing of tissues. And it also knows everything that goes on in our conscious mind, every thought, every feeling. A perfect espionage system, a wide-open path from mind to body. Do you wonder that the whole physiological system can break down when the uncon-

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scious gets its wires crossed? Could anything be easier or simpler, in view of its dual activities, than for it to engineer a pain or a lameness or a chronic state of fatigue?

And since the unconscious is pure emotion, since it is completely uncritical and gullible, it is the victim and tool of our emotions. Our will cannot compel it, but it is putty in the hands of emotion. So the tactics to employ in marshaling its immense driving power back of our conscious aims is to arouse it emotionally.

Now what chiefly, when we look beneath the surface, do we find in the unconscious?

Two elemental drives—the sex urge and the desire to be important. They were, of course, born in us, and through long, bitter discipline we have learned to control them. From childhood we have been trained to suppress them, and if we are socially acceptable human beings, we have succeeded at least in subduing them. But never, *never*, though we were as nice as a Victorian miss or as noble as Brutus, do we succeed in eradicating them. There, in the unconscious, they live on, powerful as Hercules, ancient as the amoeba.

Because of this forcible suppression of these two elemental drives, we all of us develop complexes, the two basic ones being sex complexes and inferiority complexes. These split into many subdivisions, and give rise to many maladjustments, anything from a compulsion neurosis to involutional melancholia.

Nothing else in us has so long and so brutally been suppressed as these two great drives, and, like all suppressed and oppressed things, they have grown a little mad. Many of their offspring are a trifle balmy—you have only to listen to a psychoanalyst for half an hour to realize that.

However, since we're not each of us living on a desert island, we do have to repress them or there'd be nothing but blood on the moon. Society can't stagger along with very many Caesars

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and Napoleons, Stalins and Hitlers giving free rein to the overweening desire to be important or with an unlimited number of Casanovas despoiling defenseless and susceptible womanhood.

Because, on the whole, we do manage to keep these drives pretty well in hand, we all have our complexes.

We hear people say, "The trouble with Jim is, he has an inferiority complex."

The trouble with all of us is that we have an inferiority complex.

The trouble with Freud was that he had an inferiority complex. He was a Jew—and in this world it's pretty difficult for a Jew *not* to have an inferiority complex. Society does all it can to give him one. But in spite of that inferiority complex (Adler would say *because* of it) Freud became a leader of modern thought. Franklin D. Roosevelt had an inferiority complex, and *because* of it, he became president of the United States. Napoleon had a bad inferiority complex. Certainly Lincoln had an overwhelming inferiority complex. Often the greater the complex, the greater the man. For in the struggle to overcome it, he becomes so mighty that nothing can resist him.

It is no handicap, an inferiority complex. It can be the greatest of incentives, driving a man to heights he never could achieve without it. No matter how big, beautiful or clever we may be, we all, every last one of us, have an inferiority complex.

How could it be otherwise? Were we not born inferior to everyone around us? Were not our parents omnipotent and our teacher omniscient? Could we even keep our equilibrium without our nurse? All through life, from the cradle to the grave, someone is always trying to demonstrate our inferiority. If we hadn't been born with that indomitable impulse to maintain, to *prove* our superiority, we wouldn't even survive, let alone accomplish anything. It *must* be a mighty and an arrogant force—and it is; so arrogant that even the least slight to that

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proud ego of ours is literally insufferable. An inferiority complex dominated may be a driving force in a man's life; allowed to dominate, it works havoc.

Suppose we glance now at an inferiority complex at work and see how it manufactures fatigue. Take:

Case No. 377 from the Files of Dr. A.

Barry S. Age twenty-seven. Two years at University of W——. Married. Two children, ages one and three. Came to Dr. A. soon after the death of the first child. Complained of excessive fatigability and fear of a nervous breakdown. An exceptionally good constitution. No discoverable physiological cause of fatigue. Always been somewhat unbalanced emotionally—in high spirits one day, depressed the next. Also changed his mind frequently about his career—once wanted to be a doctor, then a lawyer, then a chemist.

Almost in his own words, this is the case history given by Barry S.:

“Soon after our marriage my wife and I ran away from our in-laws. We landed eventually in Texas where neither of us knew a soul—thank God! The only work I could connect with in Dallas was selling washing machines on commission. (But at least my father-in-law wasn't there to tell me how unsound that was!) I had never tried to sell anything before and had a hunch I wouldn't be much good at it. (But at least my mother-in-law wasn't there to tell me I should have been a lawyer!)

“In one month I knew all about sales-resistance. It was spelled D-a-l-l-a-s. And if there was one thing the people of Dallas had more sales-resistance to than another, it was washing machines. (The only consolation here was that my sister-in-law wasn't there to tell me what was wrong with my sales technique.)

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"My usual procedure was this. I would board a trolley near home that took an hour and a half to reach the farthest boundary of my territory—where I felt sales-resistance might be lower. Arrived there, I suddenly remembered that a former salesman had told me he'd already covered that section and it was hopeless. So I walked twenty blocks back and finally got up courage to tackle my first prospect. But one glance at the interior of the house convinced me that I hadn't a prayer. I decided that doubtless all the families in that neighborhood were equally poverty-stricken and so walked half a mile to another part of town. I rang a couple of doorbells there but seldom got beyond the first few sentences of my sales talk before the door was slammed.

"By that time it was noon and I remembered a good, cheap little restaurant about a twenty minutes' walk away. During lunch I tried to pump up optimism for the afternoon, but past performances didn't warrant much. I felt sure I wasn't cut out for a salesman. I covered a lot of ground during the afternoon, always putting off as long as possible the moment when I'd finally have to ring a bell.

"By night I could scarcely move. I felt as if there were lead in my veins. This went on for a year, with bills piling up, things getting worse and worse every day. Finally my child died—because I hadn't enough money to pay for doctors and medicines."

That was when Barry went to Dr. A. He knew there was more the matter with him than fatigue. He more than suspected a psychological cause for his troubles.

Dr. A. put it down as an inferiority complex. Barry had started various careers, always to give them up because he felt he couldn't do so well in that field as someone he knew—his father, his older brother, the home-town doctor. He wanted to be able to drive back home some day in a big Cadillac, chauffeurs and nurses in tow, and show the old town a local boy who'd

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made good in the big city. He always felt he owed it to his dad, who was a judge, to be a professional man, not a traveling salesman. He felt inferior to his family and his own ideals for himself. Fear of failure made him constantly evade putting himself to the test—an unreasoning and devitalizing emotion, undermining his drive.

That was a number of years ago. Today Barry is sales manager of a distributing company selling insulation materials, he who couldn't sell washing machines in Texas. How did he do it? By learning, with the help of Dr. A., to tackle at once the thing he feared and by developing self-confidence.

Now let's take a case where it is the sex complex in one of its many forms which is producing fatigue.

Case No. 729 from the Files of Dr. W.

Lily A. Age twenty-nine. Married, no children. In domestic service since the age of fourteen. Her husband, George, age thirty-three, has been in service with her for several years. Before that he was a mason.

Lily came to the clinic on the advice of a former employer, who was forced to dismiss her because of her constant emotional crises which upset the entire household.

This is the history of the patient as given by this employer :

"There are only two of us—my husband and myself. Last summer we needed a couple to work in the country, a woman to do the housework and a man to look after the grounds. I engaged Lily and George although George's reference was none too good. His former employer said, 'I don't think you'll get much out of the man. He's lazy. They both did housework for us and you could find George up in his room practically any hour of the day "resting." But Lily is a gem. She loves children and I have three. She did all the cooking, took care of the

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bedrooms, looked after the children, and went around slicking up after George. She weighs two hundred pounds, but don't let that worry you. Every ounce of it is energy.'

"So that's how we got George and that gem, Lily.

"They hadn't been with us a week before I began wondering which of us was crazy, their former employer or myself. For George, who had ten acres to look after, horses to groom, a car to drive, fires to attend, a tennis court to keep up, lawns to cut, was always taking on extra work. He just swarmed over the place. And every night he played pool till all hours. Sometimes he didn't get two hours' sleep, but it seemed only too true, as he said, that he didn't need sleep.

"Whereas Lily got tireder and tireder. Not only that, she went in for big emotional scenes—locking George out when he came home late, announcing she would have to leave because she was pregnant, only to find she was mistaken, quarreling with George, calling for doctors because she thought she'd had a miscarriage. Finally I had to let them go."

What sex complexes were at work here?

In both cases a sense of sexual frustration. Lily was a maternal type who was happy only in a household where there were children and where even her husband needed her help and protection. George, on the other hand, felt that household tasks were not a man's work, and his masculine pride was humiliated. When he was allowed to do a man's work, his masculine dignity was restored, but Lily lost the compensations for her childlessness when she was deprived of children and a husband to mother.

The seeds of these complexes are sown in childhood and adolescence. The Jesuits said, "Give us a child until it is six and he will be ours for life." The psychoanalyst says, "The first six years set the pattern of an individual's character throughout

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life. The reactions of the child to its environment determine its reactions to all the experiences of adult life."

As the psychoanalyst sees an individual's life, it is a pattern of compensation for the inferiority felt in childhood and of the sex relationships established then. In those first six years, by our relations to father, mother, brothers and sisters, is determined our attitude throughout life to men and women. A boy who fears his father may react by showing timidity, putting up a bluff, fighting back, running away, planning revenge—but whatever the reaction established then, it will be the attitude he will assume in later life when confronting a similar situation. A girl who feels acutely the tyranny of a father may become openly rebellious or secretly antagonistic—and that will be her attitude toward men throughout life. The boy who remains too long dependent on his mother will always want to be mothered by women. The girl who is too much petted and spoiled by her father will expect the same treatment from a husband.

Thus are built up those types of personality we recognize everywhere: the bluffer, the timid soul, the Don Juan, the day-dreamer, the exhibitionist, the bully, the siren, the spoiled darling, the clinging vine, the domineering woman, the vampire—the whole gallery of well-known psychological types.

Each one of us is a psychological type. Our lives are colored by certain dominating emotions and by certain attitudes which originated in childhood. It is helpful for us to know what were our early reactions and how they determine our present attitudes. I have seen a woman who had been bitter and cruel toward her husband for years become a sympathetic and understanding wife when it was explained to her that her resentment had its origin in her childhood rebellion against an autocratic father. It seemed silly, after that, to keep it up.

So suppose we look into ourselves and try to discover what blind emotions, originating in some faulty childhood reaction,

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may be driving us, and what better patterns of behavior we can substitute and thus remove the barriers to the teeming energies of the unconscious.

We can be helped in doing this by examining certain well-known types of personality and deciding whether or not we bear any resemblance, even ever so slight, to any of them.

DR. A. describes for us a type we all recognize. We have all met such women in private life, we have seen them on the stage. The heroines in *Craig's Wife* and *The Shrike* were such women. The wife in Strindberg's *The Father* was this type carried to its most extreme degree—a woman who did not stop until she had her husband in a straitjacket.

Dr. A. Submits a Problem

Dr. A. speaking:

"This is the case of Mrs. B. L. J. I select this record because it shows the two-edged sword of fatigue cutting both ways, creating fatigue in the innocent party as well as in the guilty one.

"B. L. J. was a promising young lawyer. When he was about thirty he married a woman of culture, beauty and charm. As she had traveled a great deal and he had lived mostly in clubs and hotels, they were both very keen about having a home.

"But by *home* they meant very different things. He meant friends, children, a comfortable and carefree atmosphere, companionship. She meant a beautiful house. She immediately set about getting it.

"Not being able to afford the rare and expensive antiques she coveted, she wore herself out haunting auction rooms, picking up bargains at out-of-the-way shops, beating down decorators and upholsterers. Finally she achieved the beautiful setting she craved, far and away beyond anything their friends could afford. Her husband was proud of her taste and her ability to accomplish all this with so little money.

"Only—it was a bit difficult being a mere man in the midst

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of all this perfection. He had to be constantly reminded of cigarette butts, clothing scattered hither and yon, chairs that couldn't be sat on, fabrics too delicate to touch. Guests were a constant threat: they flicked ashes, tipped back in chairs, ruined tables with the liquor glasses, disarranged furniture. It seemed to him at times as though such rooms belonged in a museum, not in a man's private life.

"His wife went about with little frowns of worry and disapproval between her eyes. When he was at home, he must sit, stand, smoke, sleep where he was told. When he was away, he was made to feel that he wasn't missed. In a word, he was superfluous.

"Things seemed to run smoothly only when she was alone in the house. Then the household functioned on schedule: the rooms were done at specified hours, the servants finished their work on time, meals were never late. Sunday was a disorderly day. His golf, his friends, his comings and goings, completely disorganized everything. Mrs. J. usually spent Sunday in bed. Of course, children were out of the question in such a house. Husband and wife were both chronically tired.

"Now what is the difficulty here?

"Here we have a woman who wears herself and her husband out in the pursuit of perfection. This is her way of compensating for her feeling of inferiority, built up in childhood—in her case, as a reaction against a father who tyrannized over both mother and daughter, delighting to make them feel their dependence upon him. By establishing an empire of her own, a place where she is supreme and man a mere appendage, such a woman demonstrates her superiority. In this domain he is a mere vassal, as superfluous as the drone who dies as soon as he has impregnated the queen bee.

"Such a woman not only wishes, blindly of course, to prove that the man is superfluous, she wants to revenge herself, her

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whole sex, upon him for the ignominious position of women. This drive for superiority and sex supremacy often goes much further than in this case, and from being a mere perfectionist, the woman becomes an avenging fury. Then we have the sirens and the vampires—the women who use men till they are used up and then discard them.

“The reverse of this picture is the girl who reacts with open rebellion to such a father, and then we have the career woman, the independent, sometimes domineering young person who is determined to beat men at their own game, who insists on complete equality, and often makes a success many a man envies.

“Now suppose that this woman had known that what amounted to a campaign of torture of her husband, due to her unconscious desire to make him feel superfluous, had its roots in her girlhood resentment of overbearing male authority, might she not have taken a different attitude toward him? Might she not, recognizing the foolish and hurtful form her unconscious feeling of inferiority had taken, have discarded it for a better pattern of behavior?”

That is the problem Dr. A. had to help her solve.

This much any psychiatrist will tell you: that often, as soon as we become aware of the cause of what we are doing, we will instantly cease doing it. Let me give you an example of how mere *recognition* of our motives may bring about an immediate reversal of our conduct.

A young woman whose case is related by English Bagby in *The Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology* had a morbid fear of running water. This fear was so intense that when she traveled the curtains of her window in the train must be pulled down so she would not see the rivers they passed, and at home she had always to be in a distant part of the house when a bath was being drawn.

She had had this phobia since childhood. When she was a

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child it took three people to give her a bath, she was so hysterical with fear. When she was seven, she fainted one day in school when she heard the children splashing the water in the drinking fountain in the hall.

And now she was twenty—and still morbidly afraid of running water.

Then one day an aunt whom she hadn't seen since she was a child came to visit. As soon as they met, the aunt laughed and said, "My dear, I have never told!"

Instantly, as though a curtain had rolled up, a scene flashed before the young woman's mind. She was a little girl, walking in the forest with her aunt. She had been told by her mother that she must obey her aunt implicitly, but she had run away and when at last, drawn by her screams, her aunt found her, she was standing tightly wedged between two rocks under a pounding waterfall. She begged her aunt not to tell her mother, and the next day the aunt departed, leaving the child a prey to doubts and fears.

As soon as the young woman realized the childish nature of her fear, it departed, and she was never again afraid of running water.

In the same way, it helps us to get rid of unsatisfactory types of behavior when we recognize their childish and foolish beginnings. Once we understand that we are merely keeping up long outgrown attitudes, we are often able quickly to discard them.

As in the case of the Perfectionist, a woman's attitude toward men is often conditioned by her early environment, particularly her relations to her father. The late Dr. Adler maintained that the sex war, which rages all about us, is less the result of sex suppressions than of the resentment women feel at their inferior place in the world and in the home. To this sense of inferiority he attributed most of their neurotic behavior.

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From childhood a girl gets the impression that women are inferior beings, and that the humiliating labors assigned to her, principally housework, are beneath a man. Treated as inferior to the boys of the family, she will rebel against a similar position in her husband's home, even carrying it so far as to refuse to have children. Even though the husband may not consciously consider household tasks beneath him, there is no hoodwinking the woman. Housework always has been, is, and always will be, menial work, beneath the dignity of the magnificent male. That, primarily, is why it tires women.

Something must be wrong. Not the two sexes—that seems an excellent arrangement—but the way one of them is made to feel inferior. The anger and disgust this position of subservience breeds in women accounts for many of the unpleasant types we see everywhere about us. Yet going to the opposite extreme in bringing up a girl leads to equally unfortunate results. As for example:

Dr. W. Submits a Problem

Dr. W. speaking:

"This is the case of a woman, Mrs. A. C., with what we might call a Princess Complex. The world is full of them. A woman need not be beautiful nor desirable, placed on a pedestal of wealth or social position—she may be a washwoman or a gum-chewing clerk in the five-and-ten and yet develop a Princess Complex.

"Mrs. A. C. was an only child who had always got everything she wanted by pouting and teasing. Her father still fondled and petted her when she was a grown girl. He was flattered when, after being out with some boy all evening, she cuddled up in his arms for her nightly share of kisses. He should, of course, have known better.

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"In her brief moment of prettiness—when she was eighteen—she married, and she naturally expected that the spoiling she had been accustomed to would continue. But her husband had his career to think of, and he soon lost his taste for caresses that were repelled when they went further than she intended.

"So gradually the petting ceased and she settled down to being a discontented and neglected wife. She was, of course, above taking any interest in running a house, so she led what is usually called a life of pleasure. She thought the world owed her happiness. She contributed nothing—she wasn't a wife, a mother, a housekeeper, nor even a sweetheart—yet she considered nothing too good for her. Here a few excerpts from her record.

" 'I think I'll go abroad this winter and take Louise [her maid]. Then I can talk when I feel like it and keep quiet when I feel like it. I'll have an apartment and Louise will make my coffee the way I like it and my omelettes the way I like them. She'll have nothing to do but wait on me and she'll always be there to hand me everything when I'm dressing.'

"On another occasion she produced this masterpiece:

" 'I think I'll go into business. I don't know what business but I want an office of my own, just like Louis, and a desk and telephone of my own, and whenever I ring someone will come at once.—Louis? Oh, Louis's one idea in life is to make me happy.'

"That's what happens when you spoil a girl. We all, in our childhood development, pass through a stage of self-love in which we are arrant little exhibitionists, but if we linger too long, encouraged by parental spoiling, in this stage of narcissism, we become the show-offs and princesses in disguise who are so nauseating.

"We would be startled out of our few poor wits if we had any idea how many utterly insignificant little women go about with

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such infantile fantasies as these of Mrs. A. C. humming in their heads.

"What is happening to a woman like that? She is being drained of every drop of energy. Such complexes lock up energy. A fundamental drive of human nature is being forcibly repressed, and the energy used to repress it must be withdrawn from other activities.

"Can anything be done for such a woman? Can this pattern of behavior, set in childhood, be altered? If a psychiatrist can't answer *yes* to these questions, positively and hopefully, there is no place for psychiatry in the world."

And what of the husbands of such women as the Perfectionist and the Spoiled Darling? The two-edged sword of fatigue cuts both ways, draining them of energy, too. The husband of the Perfectionist, torn between his love for her and his own legitimate drives, finds himself gradually sacrificing his own desires in order to avoid dissension. He may be willing to do this, may believe he has forgotten these interests, but they live on in the unconscious, setting up an intense inner conflict. Fatigue comes gradually. First he may become conscious of an inability to concentrate, next of a growing difficulty in making decisions, then a lack of confidence, narrowing interest, diminishing ambition, finally the abandonment of his goal. A similar disintegration may take place in the husband of the Spoiled Darling. It would take a tougher ego than most husbands possess to stand up under the emotional strain of such marital situations.

Now let us take the case of a man who bears within himself the seeds of fatigue and failure, sown in his childhood.

Dr. G. Submits a Problem

Dr. G. speaking:

"K. C. was successful early in life. At twenty-seven he was sales manager of a large phonograph company at a salary of

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\$20,000 a year. His personality was a large factor in his success. Everyone liked him, from the president of the company to the charwoman. It was impossible to resist his friendliness, his good humor, his jokes and his flattery. Every morning he circulated through the entire organization on a private goodwill tour, leaving a trail of chuckles and smiles behind.

"But this success lasted only a few years. Gradually sales fell off. His customers loved him—but they didn't reorder. He announced he had an offer at double the salary with a piano company. The president seemed perfectly reconciled to his leaving.

"That was the first in a series of rapid changes always announced as spectacular advancements but always turning out to be considerably less than advertised. Not only in business but in his private life, K. C. was a quick-change artist. He flitted from wife to wife and show-girl to show-girl. In the last war—which he fought in the Commissary Department—his rise was as rapid and his fall as inevitable. A week before the Armistice he was allowed to resign—no one wanted to see K. C. court-martialed.

"He returned to private life looking like a million, bigger and healthier and heartier than ever—and the old round of better jobs at smaller salaries began all over again. In between jobs he took longer and longer vacations, caught bigger and bigger fish, had affairs with more and more beautiful girls. No one had ever seen such fish or such girls as C. annexed.

"Then came the breakdown. His last big job gone, his money gone, his energy gone, he came to me, a nervous wreck. Now, analyzing this man's conduct and its inevitable outcome, what do we find?

"He himself told me that he was known throughout Chicago as 'the best one-time salesman in the world.' In other words, a big bluff.

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"‘I damn near fooled all the people all the time,’ he laughed. ‘If I could get one more chance, I’d put it over this time sure.’

"He oversold everything—his product, his sex, his charm, himself. No one ever came back for more.

"This unfortunate pattern of behavior originated in childhood. He was a sensitive and timid child, overpowered by a stronger nature—a father whom he feared but had found he could bluff, backed by a mother who aided and abetted him in his lies and pretenses. Together they formed a cabal against the autocratic ruler of the house. In manhood he was unable to transfer this love for an overindulgent mother to any woman less blind to his true character. He boasted of his conquests in love. Actually he was impotent.

"Can such a man, at forty, stage a comeback? Can he be made to see that the emotional reactions and camouflages of childhood are foolish and harmful in manhood? Can he substitute an adult philosophy for a childish one? If I didn’t think so, I wouldn’t be a psychiatrist."

These are but a few of the unfortunate types of personality which result from childhood complexes. Everywhere about us we see people who have refused to grow up and who are injuring their chances in life by continuing their childish patterns of behavior into adult life, like unpleasant little Peter Pans. Such types are the daydreamer, the old grouch, the recluse, the gay dog, the timid soul, the bully, the eccentric, the people who are groundlessly suspicious, jealous, resentful and a host of others.

The unconscious is not being stupid, as we might think, in engineering such neurotic behavior. As a matter of fact, it is being pretty clever—it is outwitting *us*. It is gaining its own ends—and gaining them by a well-planned strategy. It has taken the one best way to get what it wants.

This is how Adler put it:

"Every neurotic symptom is designed to provide justifica-

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tion for a refusal to solve the problems of life, without lowering the sense of superiority. Why should we expect the neurotic to give up such a well-tested device? The pain he gives himself is no more than a wise investment."

The neurotic will *not* give up his well-tested device—not unless he is made to see that it is merely a subterfuge. He wishes to evade an unpleasant issue, and at the same time to save his own face. Once he recognizes the fact that his symptom is merely a device to save his own self-respect, he must abandon it. It no longer achieves this purpose.

In all these complexes, we see again that it is emotion, not reason, that is causing the trouble. Neurotic behavior is not due to faulty thinking, but to faulty feeling. Insanity is not reason unseated, it is emotion unbalanced. Everywhere we see the proof of this: a man with a good mind making a fool of himself; a woman of unusual intelligence creating unhappiness for all around her. Why? An emotion has run amuck.

We find it difficult to believe that one part of us, however deeply buried, will thus injure another part of us, that we will deliberately make ourselves anxious, fearful, depressed or tired for any reason whatsoever. But look at what we gain—nothing less than that most priceless of human possessions, our sense of our own importance.

Not only will a grown man or woman do this, a child will do it. If you don't believe it, listen to this:

I have a niece who, at the age of three, staged a singlehanded fight against her whole family. She began by refusing to eat, and from that went on to bigger things. Every device known to distracted mothers, from spanking to coaxing, was tried. Nothing worked. Most of her day was spent at the table establishing her inalienable right to die of starvation if she chose. The rest of the day she insisted on staying in bed, refusing to play, refusing to talk, refusing to smile. She cried if anyone

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attempted to bathe her, to dress her, to talk to her, even to approach her. She was a fountain of tears. She kept this up for four or five months.

Finally a psychiatrist was called in. He stayed alone in the room with the refractory mite. He sat with her through an interminable meal. He watched her and her older sister play together. He offered her a new doll. Tears streaming down her face, she refused it. He offered her candy; she refused. Would she like to play with the little girl next door? No! Would she like to go on the merry-go-round? No! Ride on a pony? No! Cuddle up in Mommy's arms? Her body racked with sobs, she whispered, "No!"

"A case of negativism," he pronounced. "She has made up her whole small mind that she will do nothing that is suggested to her. Why? Because she resents to the bottom of her childish soul the domination of this young lady," taking the older sister by the shoulder. "*This* is a very domineering young person. She is a person of great consequence in this household, whereas the little one, by contrast, feels herself a worm. Well, we must change all that."

When all that was changed—by sending the baby away for several months where she played with her equals and food was never made an issue, by reforming the attitudes of parents, nurse and the domineering young person herself—the negativism of the baby was conquered.

If a mere baby will injure itself to that extent rather than accept a situation intolerable to its ego, what will not a grown man or woman endure?

Nothing in life is more vital to us than this sense of self-importance. Is that reasonable? Has reason anything to do with it? Intellectually we know we are about as significant in the universe as a mote in the sunshine; emotionally we are convinced that the universe revolves about us.

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That is why a sense of guilt, conscious or unconscious, is so devastating. We cannot endure the pointing finger—least of all when it is our own. A sense of guilt is one form of the inferiority complex.

In childhood we build up a conscience. Through admonition, example, punishment, we gradually acquire certain standards of conduct—and when we fall short of them we feel that we should be punished. As adults, if punishment isn't meted out to us, we often punish ourselves by developing a neurosis. Two investigators of the human conscience, Reik and Alexander, have proved that the neurotic symptom satisfies our *need* for punishment.

"The criminal has a *right* to his punishment," is the way one psychiatrist puts it.

So here, in a sense of guilt, we find another emotional source of fatigue. Let us see how this works.

Dr. C. Submits a Problem

"Mrs. M. was a happily married woman with five children, all of whom she kept well-fed, well-clothed and happy on a small income. For fifteen years she cooked, sewed, scrubbed—and never had a nervous breakdown, not even a day's fatigue that wasn't wiped out by a night's sleep.

"Then a sixth child was born, a boy with a twisted leg. Always before she had been up and about a few days after a confinement. This time she lay a month in bed and when she got up, dragged herself around complaining of pains, complaining that the work was too much for her, leaving most of it undone, and spending hours fussing unnecessarily over the crippled child. All her old resiliency, all her self-confidence and cheeriness were gone.

"What was the cause of this sudden loss of drive in a woman

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who was only thirty-six, still physically strong, and of energetic character?

"Before her marriage she had had an affair with a young man. She had not taken it too seriously, considered it a mere youthful peccadillo, and seldom gave it a thought. But in her unconscious it lingered on in a latent sense of guilt; and here, in this crippled child, was the punishment for her sin. Even had there been no such episode in her past, she probably could not have escaped a sense of guilt. To women, the custodians of the race, the very fact of bearing an abnormal child is in itself sin enough. One defective child will produce more fatigue in a woman than a dozen healthy ones."

A neurosis is not the refuge of the weak and worthless. On the contrary, it is often the chosen method of escape from some intolerable situation of those of high character and intelligence, bearing witness to the integrity of the human conscience.

"A great many nervous breakdowns occur among ministers," said one authority. "Why? You have only to look at the position in which most young ministers are placed, to understand.

"To begin with, he is younger than most of his parishioners and almost totally lacking in worldly experience, yet he is expected to advise them on the problems of life. Naturally he feels his inadequacy. Next, he is supposed to set the example of an exemplary life. He is only human. No matter what he achieves, he falls short of their ideals and his own. When he fails, he must hide his delinquencies. He feels guilty.

"Finally, he is probably convinced, as many young ministers are today, that you can't improve the morals of the poor without first improving their economic status. Communism! His church is supported by the local capitalists, so he doesn't dare preach what he believes. He must conform to the local bankers' ideas on social and economic questions. He must be a hypocrite.

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"Caught in this moral dilemma, he frequently succumbs to a nervous breakdown."

Here then, in inferiority and sex complexes, we discover a whole horde of Public Enemies from the underworld.

So we see that frequently a loss in drive is due to some conflict going on beneath the surface of consciousness. One of the two great drives of human nature is being frustrated. A complex develops. A complex locks up energy. It forces us to act according to some unadult pattern of behavior which makes us inadequate human beings. It shuts us off from those inexhaustible reservoirs of energy which lie in the unconscious.

We must, at all costs, get at these reserves. When we drive with the full force of the unconscious behind us, the eight-ninths of us that is *all* energy, we drive irresistibly. Without it we cough along on one cylinder.

Once in a hundred years a Leonardo da Vinci is born. In between, lesser geniuses come into the world. We cannot, by any amount of effort, hope to touch their achievements. But for the most part, average human beings are born—and many of these, by using all that is in them, by living up to their own full capacity, become individuals of mark.

This they do by marshaling the full force of their unconscious drives behind their conscious aims. Only emotion will release these forces. The healthy, vitalizing emotions must take the place of the destructive emotions. Boredom must give way to enthusiasm, worry to cheerfulness, indecision to initiative, inferiority feelings to confidence.

Is this humanly possible?

And how, if it can be done, does one set about it?

We have the cause—let us see if we can find the cure.

LET US go back for a moment to a day over fifty years ago.

A famous physician stands by a woman patient's bed.

"If you are not out of that bed in five minutes, I'll get into it with you!" he says.

She makes no motion.

He takes off his coat. No response.

He removes his vest. The patient still lies supine.

He proceeds to his trousers. In a bound she is out on the floor, furious, her bluff called.

This is an example of the unorthodox but effective bedside manner of the famous Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, who, in the past generation, with a wrong theory concerning nervous disorders, cured more patients than many a modern practitioner with a correct theory.

In his day the popular illness was neurasthenia (often called "the American disease," since we are highly gifted as nervous wrecks) and he was an expert at handling it. The old theory of neurasthenia still lingers in the popular mind, so it might be well to demolish it before proceeding to the modern view.

It was an American of Mitchell's day, Dr. Beard, who evolved the theory that in nervous disorders it was not the brain that was affected (as had previously been believed) but the nerves. These long white filaments spreading like millions of spiders' webs from the brain to every part of the body were, he conceived, diseased. It seemed a logical theory. That it could not be proved by laboratory tests nor comparison of the nerves of healthy and sick people did not daunt the doctors of that day.

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On this theory was built up an elaborate therapy called the Rest Cure of which Mitchell was the foremost exponent. With proper rest and food, medicines and "nerve tonics," your diseased nerves were supposed to be restored to health, and your hysteria, indigestion, insomnia, exhaustion or other nervous condition, cured.

Sanatoriums for the afflicted sprang up like mushrooms all over the world. Here, in addition to stuffing and dosing the patients, many other physical therapies were practiced—baths of all sorts, particularly those called Nauheim, electric shocks and treatments, massage, exercise, waters to drink—but above all, *rest*. The famous Rest Cure. It is now practically extinct.

"I have never seen a single chronic case of nervous disorder cured by such means," said Dr. Brill.

Perhaps not—but then he never saw any of Dr. Mitchell's cases.

Plenty of Dr. Mitchell's patients got well. You can readily understand that.

"I can put a patient to bed for six weeks as Mitchell does," doctors used to complain, "and he's just as tired and sick at the end of that time as at the beginning. How does Mitchell do it?"

He did it by reason of a dynamic personality. What *he* told his patients, they believed.

"Attention intensifies fatigue," he said. "The right-thinking patient will, if told by her doctor she only seems to have certain ailments, and if she believes you, disregard these aches and escape their results by ceasing to attend them."

Most of Mitchell's patients, you see, were right-thinking individuals—and they believed him.

Moreover, he had an insight into the true causes of nervous troubles not vouchsafed to his confreres. Long before Freud was heard of in America, Mitchell was writing such things as this:

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"To the physician are told the long, sad tales of a whole life, the faraway mistakes, its failures and its faults. None may be quite foreign to his purpose or needs. The causes of breakdowns and nervous disaster, and consequent emotional disturbances and their bitter fruit, are often to be sought in the remote past."

It might be Freud himself speaking.

You can readily see that anyone who lingers in the Beard era of medicine isn't going to get very far with the cure of his fatigue. If he still clings to the disproved theory of diseased nerves and depleted nerve cells as the origin of nervous disorders and to the discarded Rest Cure as his lifesaver, then, without an S. Weir Mitchell to cheer him on, he isn't going to get well. It simply isn't true that his nerves, physically, are affected. They are as sound, as healthy, as well cushioned and alive as those of any 100 per cent individual. They are merely carrying the wrong messages. It is no more true that the nerves are diseased than that the brain is diseased. It is only the mind—and in the mind, the emotions—that is out of whack.

The Rest Cure did not cure. So then what?

The Mind Cure.

Since it is the emotions here that are at fault, it is the emotions which must be treated. If a man believes that the earth is flat, his intellect is at fault. That notion must be removed and the correct one substituted. He must be re-educated intellectually.

If he is harboring a feeling of inferiority, it is the emotions that are at fault. That feeling must be removed and a better one put in its place. He must be re-educated emotionally.

That is the aim of much psychiatric treatment today: Emotional Re-education and Readjustment.

There are many schools of psychiatric therapy, with various designations. Some doctors of the mind are called psychiatrists,

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others psychologists or practicing or consulting psychologists, individual psychiatrists, physiological psychiatrists, psychopathologists, psychoanalysts, neuropsychiatrists, re-educators and so on.

Psychoanalysis goes deepest. It maintains that cure is brought about only by a penetrating search through the unconscious to unearth buried complexes and bring the patient face to face with them. Other psychiatrists, treating neuroses, limit themselves to simple exploration, explanation and suggestion, and try to build up new, healthy complexes without first discovering and demolishing the old ones. Between the two extremes lie many methods of varying degrees of intensity.

There is plenty of dissension among the various schools. Psychoanalysts naturally believe that less searching methods than theirs never get at the root of the trouble and can give, at best, only temporary relief. Other schools maintain that this penetrating search into the unconscious is not only unnecessary but frequently does more harm than good. It fastens our attention upon subterranean processes we were never meant to know about, and which we are far better off to disregard. Such intensive introspection is abnormal and morbid. At best, such opinion holds, it is recommended only for those whose disabilities defy all other methods of treatment.

Even the psychoanalysts do not unconditionally recommend their method. Quite frankly they say that it is limited to certain special cases. They admit that most people—about ninety-five per cent—don't need to be psychoanalyzed and that many people can't be. Psychoanalysis requires a certain type of make-up. The stupid can't be analyzed, those over fifty are difficult to analyze, many are temperamentally unsuited for it. Mentally, morally and in every other way, the person to be analyzed must be a high type. Besides it is expensive, takes a great deal of time (one-hour sessions a day, five days a week, for months or

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even years) and it is a difficult, often even an agonizing experience.

Lucian Cary, who submitted to psychoanalysis because he could no longer write, says that we can't go very deep into ourselves "without discovering impulses you would hesitate to hang on a hyena, no matter how noble your life has been."

That, of course, is a most unpleasant situation.

The consensus is that, though the unconscious is involved in most inner conflicts, the solution of surface difficulties is usually sufficient to re-establish emotional balance.

That's lucky for us. None of us want to go to a psychoanalyst any more than we want to go on the operating table. If the resolution of surface difficulties will do the trick, at least we escape the scalpel of the psychoanalyst.

We can, of course, go to a psychiatrist who employs less probing and painful methods of psychotherapy. But is even that necessary? Or is fatigue a matter we can handle ourselves?

It should be. A man can get a superb intellectual education without ever setting foot inside a college. Some of the best educations on record have been acquired by the old midnight-oil methods at home. You can't beat Lincoln's education and you can't beat Franklin's.

The same is true of our emotional education. Most of it, as a matter of fact, is homemade. If it has been bad, we have to be de-educated and re-educated. But at that it's easier to improve our conduct than to improve our I.Q.

"It's easier to make a bad boy good than a dull boy bright," is the way an English headmaster put it.

And as Dr. Brill, a psychoanalyst—who was nothing if not broad-minded—said to me, "Certainly people can help themselves. They have tremendous possibilities for readjustment. All life is a process of readjustment. We never stop readjusting till we're dead. Humanity was here and getting along pretty

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well a long time before we came—and it will be here a long time after we're gone."

Can we re-educate ourselves? Can we, by Mind Cure, by mastery of our conduct, escape physical ills?

"To this question I boldly answer, 'Yes'," said the famous Dr. Dubois. Over and over, in his lectures, writings and treatment of patients, he emphasizes this point: that self-education is the very heart of the cure. The physician may reveal to the patient the causes of his exhaustion, but only the patient himself can bring about the cure.

Dubois spoke for all psychiatrists when he said, "Like Janet, I recognize in the education of the mind the most powerful weapon that we have in combatting the various psychoneuroses. . . . It is easy to show the most illiterate patient the disastrous influence of fear, the ugliness of egoism, to make him feel the necessity, for all of us, of adapting ourselves to life. It is upon these moral ideas that it is necessary to fix his vacillating attention. Intellectual work has not given us, alas! that healthy ethical judgment which leads to the *mastering of self*. One finds it often in persons without education. This education in the ethical domain is more easy to apply, appeals to the least cultivated persons, and gives results more prompt and, above all, more durable.

"This work of self-education is less difficult than one would think. I see every day sick people who during all their lives have suffered cruelly from this impressibility which renders them incapable of performing their duties. Often in some days, almost always in some weeks, they succeed in altering their point of view, in seeing things from another angle. In proportion as they recover their mental calm under the empire of healthy reflections, functional troubles disappear. This success demonstrates the supremacy of the mind over the body.

"It is in this self-education that the sick should find a cure,

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and well people find a preservation against nervous disorders.”

The conquest of fatigue is put squarely up to us.

Very well. That being the case, how do we proceed? Is there a plan for such self-education? What methods do psychiatrists suggest? How and where do we start?

There certainly is a plan—a perfectly simple, clear-cut plan. Briefly, it is this:

The Plan for Re-education

1. *To learn how to overcome the devitalizing emotions.*
2. *To learn how to summon up the vitalizing emotions. For each emotional poison, there is an emotional antidote.*
3. *To acquire a better philosophy of life. The new goals this sets for our efforts release healthier emotions.*
4. *To learn the law of compensation—that for every liability there exists a compensation. To learn how to overcome our psychological handicaps.*
5. *To learn that the way to establish new ways of feeling and acting is through new habits.*
6. *To learn that the best way to balance our emotions is to balance our lives. To learn what is meant by a Balanced Life—and to lead it.*

A psychiatrist does not call himself a re-educator and his method of cure re-education. Nevertheless, that is what this method of psychotherapy essentially is and there is nothing nebulous about it. We will take up these six points in detail. We will show just how modern psychiatry handles each one and what the foremost psychiatrists advise us to do. When we have covered all six of these points, you will have before you a handbook of emotional re-education and readjustment to life.

To sum up so far: The Rest Cure for fatigue did not work,

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founded as it was on a mistaken theory concerning the nerves. The Mind Cure does work. It is the only cure that ever has worked. It is founded on the scientific facts that the mind influences the body and that it is emotional maladjustments which cause chronic fatigue. It works because we can control the emotions which control our energies. If faulty emotions are causing fatigue, we can substitute healthy emotions and thus overcome fatigue. This is called psychological or emotional re-education and readjustment. It is possible, sometimes even easy, to be self-re-educated.

Now let us take up the first step in this process of self-re-education: how to inhibit devitalizing emotions. What have the psychiatrists to tell us about the best ways of overcoming fear, boredom, worry, a sense of tension and hurry, exaggerated emotionalism, oversensitiveness, pusillanimity, indecision, a feeling of inferiority, sex conflicts and all our other Public Enemies?

Let us look first at *Fear*—and its twin, *Pusillanimity*.

We put this destructive emotion at the head of the list because its opposite, *Courage*, is what we chiefly need in attacking this whole problem of self-re-education, and because it is the quality that is chiefly lacking in all nervous people. They may not fear a lion nor a man with a gun; they do doubt their own moral strength, their ability to cope with their emotional difficulties. To a man, they lack that good sort of stoicism that would enable them to march into the battle for self-mastery with banners flying. They doubt their power to resist, not physically, but morally. They may put up a grand fight against a thug; they put up none at all against their troubles.

So courage, first of all, is what it behooves us to acquire.

Have you ever been in a psychiatrist's office? Have you ever visited a psychiatric hospital or a mental-hygiene clinic?

No? Then go. It's an experience. It's a lesson we all need.

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You won't see any happy people there, you won't see any energetic, courageous people—not among the new patients. It won't be a pleasant experience. But it will do one thing for you: it will stamp indelibly on your mind the fact that all these unhappy people, rich or poor, are *afraid*. Courage, if they ever had it (and most of them once did) they have lost. And not until they regain it will they be cured. It is the *sine qua non* of their rehabilitation.

In a psychiatrist's office recently I met a woman who had three times attempted suicide because her complexion had been ruined by a beauty specialist.

In a clinic I saw an extraordinarily handsome and personable young man who had gradually withdrawn from all social and business contacts because he was afraid people wouldn't like him.

In a psychiatrist's waiting room I talked to a woman whose husband had been forced to sell his business and stay at home because, when her son had married and her daughter had gone away to college, she had developed an obsessing fear of being alone.

In a hospital I saw a woman who had developed heart trouble (nonorganic) from the day her sixteen-year-old daughter had announced that she intended to lead her own life and would no longer sleep in her mother's room.

In a sanatorium I met a man who had succumbed to a nervous breakdown when his son was drafted.

In a clinic I heard a man go through the story of his sixteen years of torment because he believed he had cancer. For sixteen years!

In doctors' offices I have met dozens of men and women who for years have never left their homes unaccompanied, often not even when accompanied, because of some obsessing fear—fear of a heart attack, of falling, of traffic, hysteria, dizzy spells,

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crowds—people wrung and drained of power by some bugaboo of their own invention. *They are afraid*—often they don't even know of what.

Yet other people have been up against exactly the same conditions to which these succumbed, and worse, and have kept intact not only their courage but their joy in living.

Courage didn't go out of these individuals with a bang. It seeped from them a drop at a time. It will come back the same way.

"I never knew a man," a prominent psychiatrist said to me (and he said it not once but several times), "who, if he felt himself *that* much," stretching thumb and forefinger a millimeter apart, "*that* much more a man today than he was yesterday, would commit suicide."

That is the job of the psychiatrist. If he can get his man to feel *that* much more a man today than yesterday, he's won the battle.

If *you* can acquire *that* much more faith in yourself, *that* much more confidence, more courage, today than yesterday, you're on the road to complete recovery of your energy.

After all, how much courage is demanded of most of us? We're not asked to face death by torture; we're merely asked to overcome an inferiority complex.

Look what is required of some men—not gods, but men like ourselves—whom the same winds, the same cold, the same longings and the same neuralgia attack as attack us.

Did you ever read the note Captain Scott, doomed in the Antarctic, left fluttering among his papers, probably never to be found? It ~~was~~ addressed to his friend, James Barrie, and it said:

"Good-bye—I am not at all afraid of the end, but sad to miss many a simple pleasure. . . . We are in a desperate state—feet frozen, no fuel, and a long way from food, but it would do your

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heart good to be in our tent, to hear our songs and our cheery conversation. . . . [Later]—We are very near the end. We did intend to finish ourselves when things proved like this, but we have decided to die naturally without. . . . I want you to think well of me and my end.”

And we work ourselves into nervous prostration over a drop in the stock market!

In his *Arctic Adventure*, Peter Freuchen tells us—and it is only one of a thousand hardships he endured—of a day when he knew that all the toes on one foot, long frozen and eaten with gangrene, must come off. He fitted a nail puller over each toe and banged it off with a hammer.

“I cannot attempt to describe the physical pain,” he says, “but there was a spiritual pain, too, in discarding a portion of my own body.”

Does it take more courage than this to face a cut in salary or a legal battle?

Many men and women endure years, a lifetime, of discouragement—and keep their courage to the end.

At one time the cartoonist Webster (*Life's Darkest Moment* Webster) was threatened with the loss of his income-earning right hand from writer's cramp. He continued drawing, in spite of agonizing pain and increasing paralysis, and when his day's work was done, started learning to draw with his left hand. He kept this up for months, never losing hope, courage nor his sense of humor. The cartoons he drew with his left hand were just as good and just as funny as any he ever drew with his right—so good, as a matter of fact, that even today, years after his death, no one has been found to replace him, and his old cartoons, under the heading *Webster Classics*, are still being run in the *Herald-Tribune*.

And we complain that we can't stand the strain at the office or the trouble with servants!

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It isn't the conditions we face, it's the spirit in which we face them that determines our success or failure. It takes courage to succeed. Most of us face difficulties that are puerile in comparison with those overcome by men who have succeeded brilliantly, difficulties that required, not a high order of intelligence, but a high order of courage.

Francis Parkman throughout his life suffered from so many assorted sorts of pain that he could work only a few minutes at a stretch; and yet he wrote almost two dozen large volumes of history.

Milton, blind, wrote *Paradise Lost*. Stevenson, tuberculous, wrote dozens of stories of gay adventure. Gauguin gave up wealth and family to paint in loneliness and poverty. Partly paralyzed, Pasteur carried on his ceaseless war on disease. Florence Nightingale from her sickbed organized the hospitals of a nation.

William Wilberforce was a pint-size man, sickly, feeble, and possessing so little physical stamina that only by the continual use of opium, which he had the moral courage never to increase beyond the doctor's prescription, could he keep up the strength to do his work. Yet, with the great nations of the world ranged against him, he put up a lifelong fight against the slave trade—and won. Boswell, who once heard him address a meeting, wrote, "I saw what seemed a mere shrimp mounted upon the table; but, as I listened, he grew and grew, until the shrimp became a whale."

It isn't only the giants among men who possess such courage. The little people have it, too.

One winter I went to Phoenicia to ski; not that I can ski, but I must enjoy falling down. The white hill was one bright landslide of scarfs, mittens and whirling poles. Suddenly I saw, flying down the slope, a young girl, alone, on one ski. She was on one ski because she had only one leg.

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Later I found out who that girl was. I was reading a book, *Out on a Limb*, which for sheer side-splitting humor compares favorably with *The Egg and I* (that gal had t.b.). Out on her wooden limb, the author, Louise Baker, had more adventures per minute than most two-legged girls have in a lifetime, all because she felt that her so-called handicap presented her with unique opportunities. She not only skied, she rode horseback, traveled, held interesting jobs, wrote best sellers, married, divorced and married again. What, she very sensibly inquires, would she have written her autobiography about if she had had two legs?

Are you ready to say that your difficulties are greater or your spirit poorer than such a girl's?

But suppose it is not this general pusillanimity, as Dubois calls it, that fetters you, but a specialized fear, a phobia, such as a fear of being alone or of crowds, of high places or of the sea. Then what? Little by little that fear, too, can be conquered. Do the thing you fear! That is what any psychiatrist will tell you. Familiarity breeds courage. If you force yourself to do the thing you fear, over and over again, you can't possibly continue to be terrorized by it.

"Do the thing you fear," said Emerson, "and the death of fear is certain."

In a psychiatrist's office I saw a young man who hadn't left his home for months, obsessed by the fear of being alone on the streets. After a few weeks of psychotherapy, he walked two blocks alone. The next day he walked five, and each day a little farther, until his fear had completely departed.

I have seen dozens of such cases. All that is needed is the courage for the first attempt. Are we mice, or are we men?

Reason will accomplish little in this re-education of ourselves. True, we like to make the whole thing sound reasonable to ourselves because we've somehow got the quaint notion that reason

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is our highest faculty, and that we invariably act according to its dictates. We don't. We act on our emotions. And we're right. Emotion is the truer guide.

Rousseau put it strongly, but we know what he means, when he said, "The man who thinks is a depraved animal."

Man is a reasonable animal?

Dr. Gregory Zilboorg sat opposite me in his office, a quiet, dark man with an intense, covered energy.

"Reason? Can you reason a murderer out of the desire to murder? I would never try. I remember one man, a potential murderer certainly. He hated no one person more than another—he hated the whole human race. Tired? Of course he was tired. He'd been tired all his life. He'd never settled on any one individual to kill; there were so many he'd have liked to do away with. And it was only a question of time when he would.

"When a man is in such a state of mind (we should say such a state of feeling, for what psychiatry basically is, is the study and treatment of emotions and instincts), he can do one of three things. He can murder. He can commit suicide. He can go to a psychiatrist.

"This man came to me.

"I found that he was a seething mass of murderous emotions. It would be useless to reason with him, for reason can arrive at any desired conclusion—even murder. Reason can justify a Hitler, a Mussolini. I must find some other way.

"I asked him one day if he'd ever done any shooting. He glowered. Certainly not! He wasn't interested in shooting, wouldn't have a gun in the house. I knew then that he was *afraid* to have a gun in the house.

"One day he told me that over the week end he had stayed with an acquaintance who went in for pigeon shooting and, watching him shoot, he had felt a tremendous excitement, a thrill of pleasure he had never known before.

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"'Go with him,' I urged. 'Learn to shoot. A fine recreation.'

"'Never!' he said. 'Nothing could induce me to touch a gun. Damn thing might go off and kill someone.'

"But a week or so later he admitted he'd gone to a gallery and taken some lessons. After that he went shooting every week end, and in the fall he took up hunting. He became an expert marksman, joined a club, gradually grew less hostile to people, made friends, became quite convivial.

"I hadn't changed his emotions, but I had found a new outlet for them. From a potential murderer he became an expert hunter. Reason had nothing to do with it.

"Men are not governed by their reason. They are ruled by their emotions, which for the most part are instinctive, outlawed drives. That is why human beings are inhibited. We must find out which emotions are inhibited and then discover new outlets for them. The individual has the same emotional make-up as before but the course of his emotions has been so altered that he appears to be an entirely different human being."

What is chiefly needed in this self-re-education is some strong emotional drive. No weak, armchair wishful thinking is going to accomplish it. If you can't greatly care whether you're tired or depressed, a total loss to friends and family; if you can't work up any great enthusiasm about giving those you love the best you have in you to give—you will not persist in it, you will not even start.

So, are we willing, at this point, to accept a life of slowly decreasing activity and an ever narrowing circle of interests? Are we finished? Or are we going to fight?

All his life Benjamin Franklin was at this job of educating and re-educating himself. Every action was aimed at some improvement in himself. He strove for nothing short of perfection. And, by Jove, he almost accomplished it!

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A friend of his, Benjamin Vaughan, wrote to him urging him to complete his *Biography and Art of Virtue*. He said:

"More persons are at a loss for the means of improving their minds and characters, than they are for the time or inclination to do it. Your work will give a noble rule and example of self-education. Your discovery that the thing is in many a man's private power, will be invaluable! Your apparatus is simple, and the mark a true one."

There is our life stretching back of us. We can see the whole thing, trace the oft-repeated pattern of behavior, like the design in a Persian rug, and say, "Shall I repeat the same pattern indefinitely? ~~It is~~ a beautiful pattern! Or shall I devise a better one?"

On your answer depends your access to those inexhaustible supplies of energy which make it possible for a man to do anything that is to be done.

/ The first step is courage to make the attempt.

The second step is, armed with courage, to conquer those Public Enemies we have already tracked down. Let us start with Boredom.

9 *God Helps Those Who Help Themselves*

ONE SUMMER I spent a week with Sinclair Lewis and his first wife at their villa in Fontainebleau. An occasional game of tennis was all that ever lured "Red" from his dugout. The rest of the time he was in there creating the people who today are familiar even to the most casual reader. He didn't merely live with his characters—he lived *with* them.

He sometimes stands on a high perch by acting so strangely that I used to wonder if perhaps he wasn't cracking beneath the strain. Then I suddenly realized that he was still one of the characters he had been all morning and that he'd merely forgotten to return to himself.

One afternoon we all went to visit a friend of Red's, a well-known actor. He was stretched out in a wheel chair in the garden, laid up with a bad leg, and Lewis, wishing to amuse him, approached him as Babbitt. For half an hour he improvised Babbitttries—situations and dialogues which would have been gems in the book—putting on a one-man show that even an actor would envy.

"Lord, it's no effort," he said. "It rolls out like thread off a spool. To think the darn fools pay me for doing what I'd do for nothing!"

"If a man can work at the thing he'd like to play at, ten to one he won't be tired," the late Dr. Burlingame, founder of the Institute of Living, said to me. "I work twelve and fourteen hours a day, but I'm working at the thing of all others I'd choose to do if I had a chance at another life. I'm never bored and I'm never tired—except if I have to go shopping."

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How can we vanquish boredom, the greatest single enemy of them all to the energies of men?

When he was in his sixty-ninth year, Dr. Brill said to me, "I work sixteen or eighteen hours a day and sleep five. I got into the habit at fourteen when I was suddenly forced to work that long. The least that could happen to me, I thought, was that I would go crazy. I developed a nice little case of hypochondria, weighed myself every day and took my temperature every night. At the end of a month I found I hadn't lost an ounce and decided I was going to live. From that day to this I've never slept more than five hours a night and sometimes less. I'm never tired, except if I have to go to a stupid dinner or attend a meeting that bores me. Then I just fall asleep—and don't give a damn!"

Here we see how psychiatrists themselves apply the principles of psychiatry in their own lives.

The question of the relation of boredom to fatigue is one to which psychiatrists and psychologists have devoted a tremendous amount of study. It is one of the biggest problems in industry today. No one greatly cares, except the individual himself, if the businessman or the housewife is bored. But the factory owner cares enormously if his workers are bored, for boredom means decreased output and consequently smaller profits. So the factory owner gets busy.

He hires psychologists to find out why his workers are bored and what can be done to lessen the monotony of their work. Constantly new palliatives are being suggested and tried—rest periods, coffee breaks, rhythms in work, relief of bodily strains, improved physical conditions, gymnasiums and sports, extra free meals, bonuses, sick leaves with pay, longer vacations, better social conditions, music to dispel tedium—and these methods do somewhat mitigate the boredom of the worker and so speed up production. But it still remains the largest factor in

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the "fatigue" that assails the man or woman who is merely a cog in a machine.

"The man who can think of some way of complicating industry without decreasing production will be one of the greatest benefactors mankind has ever known," a psychiatrist employed by a big manufacturing company said to me.

Yes, something is being done about boredom in industry, but nothing is done about your boredom and mine except what we do ourselves. And the boredom of the sedentary worker can be devastating. Much of the work in the world, even outside of industry, is routine; and much of it is done against the grain. We do it because we have to, not because we like to. And that's where the answer to the problem lies: to do the work we like—or to like the work we do.

Every day one hears of men and women, trained for one profession, who drop it and take up another—the thing they'd always wanted to do. Rousseau was a French customs agent, Gauguin a banker, O. Henry a bank teller, Earle Stanley Gardner a lawyer, Lloyd Douglas a minister, Conrad a seafaring man, and Berlioz, Oliver Goldsmith, Somerset Maugham, A. J. Cronin, Conan Doyle all were doctors. None of them would ever have been heard of if they had stuck to their original work. But because they changed horses in mid-stream, they became famous artists, writers, musicians.

"That's swell," you say. "If you have a talent like that, of course you can love your work and never be bored. But how about bookkeeping and accounting? How about just an ordinary chap like myself?"

It's perfectly true that one job is more interesting than another—but *not nearly so true as that one mind is more interested than another.*

The discovery of radium seems a fascinating lifework, but one has only to read the biography of Madame Curie by her

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daughter to know how much of it was a dreary round of pica-yune experiments repeated *ad nauseum*. It was only the goal which was fascinating—and that existed only in the mind of this extraordinary woman.

The formulation of the Theory of Relativity or the Descent of Man involves a greater application to small, wearisome details than most of us are capable of. It is not the work itself, but what such minds bring to it, that makes it exciting.

Joe Jackson was a great comic. For over thirty years he put on a one-man show—always identically the same show. He is a man who steals a bicycle. From Toronto to Barcelona Joe Jackson produced this pantomime thousands on thousands of times, never varying a single gesture, getting his laughs at precisely the same split second from Americans, Hungarians, Spaniards, Frenchmen.

"I have seen him so often that I know his play by heart," writes Sacha Guitry, premier actor of France. "The character he portrays was drawn by a Daumier and composed by a poet. He is an artist of infinite distinction."

Each gesture was as mechanically timed as the dropping of a weight into a slot in a precision machine, yet he seemed always to be improvising. Every day he brought fresh enthusiasm to his performance—as though he had just that moment thought of it.

Thirty years in one twenty-minute pantomime! And most actors are riddled with boredom if a play runs one season!

At sixty-eight Joe Jackson died (in the wings with the applause ringing in his ears), but that wasn't the end of him. Joe had a son, Joe, Jr. All his life Joe, Jr., had watched Papa practicing prat falls. So Junior took up the act where Dad had left off, donning the same red wig, tattered suit, oversize shoes and aloof, imperious air, and riding the very same bicycle his father had ridden for half a century, the bicycle that keeps falling apart. He's been at it for a decade now, he gets the laughs in the same

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places Dad did (most people think he *is* Dad) and hasn't yet begun to weary of it.

We expect work to interest *us*; we don't expect to interest ourselves in it. "You'll have to show *me*" is our attitude. And we're quickly discouraged when we find that the work we thought was going to be so intriguing turns out to be a deadly routine of very dull tasks.

"It must be fascinating to be an editor!" people say—and yet being an editor is, for years perhaps, merely a monotonous round of proof and copy reading. Even when you get beyond that, one issue of a magazine isn't so different from another that, unless you work up the excitement within yourself, you'll get much kick out of it.

A woman who had been editor of an important woman's magazine for years said to me once, "I think sometimes I'll go crazy with the *sameness* of this job. My God, if I could only print it on chiffon to make it look different!"

There is no job in the world so dull that it wouldn't present fascinating angles to some mind. We hear every day of men and women working at some routine task who find some new way of looking at it that brings them fame or fortune. They look at wood pulp and visualize silk. They look at an insect and conceive a brilliant dye. They look at the soybean and linoleum pops into their minds. They look at a mold and straight-way conjure up a new drug. They see only what millions of others have seen and found no interest in. Everyone had seen steam lift a kettle lid without a flicker of excitement—and then along came Watt. Men since Adam had seen apples fall—and then along came Newton. Everyone since the world began had seen lightning flash—and then along came Franklin.

This, and this only, is what happens when anyone makes a success; an alert mind has discovered what duller or less interested minds have overlooked.

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For every one of us there is a chance to think something, do something, discover something that has never been thought, done or discovered before. There's plenty new under the sun for those who have the eyes to see. Lincoln Steffens in *Lincoln Steffens Speaking* says:

"Nothing is done, finally and right.

"Nothing is known, positively and completely.

"There is not now and never has been a perfectly run railroad, school, newspaper, bank, theatre, factory, grocery store; no business is or ever has been built, managed, financed, as it should be, must be and will be, some day.

"What is true of business and politics is gloriously true of the professions, the arts and crafts, the sciences, the sports; the best picture has not been painted; the greatest poem is still unsung; the mightiest novel remains to be written; the divinest music has not yet been conceived, even by Bach. In science, probably 99 percent of the knowable has to be discovered. As for sports, young men and women are beating our old records every year."

You see the proof of it every day in the papers. Not long ago I came across these three headlines in one day:

OLDEST FOSSILS YET FOUND—AGE PUT AT 2 BILLION YEARS

**As a Result of This Discovery Scientists Put the Date of the
Appearance of Life on Earth a Billion Years Earlier**

**NEW POLIO VACCINE DISCOVERED—CLIMAX OF BIGGEST
EXPERIMENT IN U. S. MEDICAL HISTORY**

**Proof That an Effective Polio Vaccine Either
Has Been or Can Be Made**

**HILLARY TO SEEK "SNOWMEN" IN HIMALAYAS
Conqueror of Everest Says World Still
Offers Plenty of Adventure**

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Every day something hitherto unknown becomes known to someone determined to know it, some heretofore unaccomplished deed is accomplished by someone hell-bent on doing it.

Interest in our work is the greatest single factor in human happiness. There must be joy in the work for its own sake, not merely for the reward, for without that joy, there is no emotional satisfaction and no ambition—there is only boredom and fatigue.

There is no such thing as a normal human being who can't find some work in which he will be interested. Some people know from childhood where their interests lie; they are the lucky ones. Others discover it by trial and error—getting hired and fired—which takes longer. Some never find it; they too quickly resign themselves to boredom.

Today a great deal is being done to prevent failure and loss of time by Vocational Guidance Bureaus. The Johnson O'Connor Research Foundation and Human Engineering Laboratory, with branches in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Fort Worth, Detroit, Tulsa and Los Angeles, is working along these lines. Other testing laboratories are conducted by the Office of Vocational Rehabilitation, the Veterans Administration, Dr. Link's Psychological Corporation in New York, Louis Thurstone's Laboratory in Chicago, Thomas Harris' Laboratory at Harvard and vocational and psychological centers all over the country.

Certain types of tests can be given to determine our aptitudes very accurately—tests for personality, tonal memory, creative imagination, finger dexterity, tweezer dexterity, structural visualization, abstract visualization, number memory, observation, inductive reasoning, analytical reasoning, foresight, ideaphoria, accounting aptitude, memory for design, proportion appraisal, etc. Anyone in doubt as to what kind of work he is best fitted for can take these tests and be advised as to where some of his

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abilities lie. All sorts of people take them, from nine-year-olds whose fond parents think they are budding Kreislers—and sometimes find they are—to bank presidents who think they would make better judges.

Many take the tests to discover whether or not they possess certain aptitudes which, applied to their present jobs, might make for greater efficiency and greater happiness, and still others take them to discover their avocations.

It is the belief of Johnson O'Connor, Director of the Research Foundation, that every one of us possesses certain aptitudes which, usefully employed, fully employed, will help us to be successful and happy human beings, but which unused are apt to be a source of restlessness. The Laboratory's research indicates that each aptitude which a person possesses and does not use is apt to be a source of restlessness and that the happiest individuals are those who use every ability they possess.

To help the square pegs in the round holes to become round, or to find the square holes, is a task the psychiatrist is prepared to undertake. Over and over again, in the maladjusted people who come to them, they find that it is their unsuitability to the kind of work they are doing that is causing the trouble. Either because of temperament, personality, too low or too high an I. Q. for the work they are doing, or other psychological factors, they are under continual strain or are bored, and only by finding work for which they are fitted can this strain or boredom be removed.

We must find this work. By hook or crook, we must find it, for it is our one best chance at happiness.

"Whenever a process of life communicates an eagerness to him who lives it," says William James, "there the life becomes genuinely significant. Sometimes the eagerness is more knit up with motor activities, sometimes with perceptions, sometimes with imagination, sometimes with reflective thought.

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But wherever it is found, there is the zest, the tingle, the excitement of reality."

Today psychology is in a position to reveal to us whether we are the motor type who will succeed best in jobs demanding a large measure of physical activity; the imaginative type which finds its happiest expression in the arts; or one of the many other types which functions most satisfactorily in some other field. With the many intelligence, personality and character tests now available, psychologists and psychiatrists can give us a very accurate account of our abilities and disabilities and come pretty close to indicating the line of work in which we are most apt to succeed. They are forever discovering in people hidden talents they have never suspected and thus opening up new horizons.

So if you aren't happy in your work—if you know that it is not *your* work, that there is something else you want to do or could do better—plan for the day you'll get that work, concentrate on it, never give it up, and one day step out and grab it, even though it entails temporary sacrifices. We have all seen too many people fail at work they hated, only to succeed at work they loved, not to know that that's the road to success.

There is a time for these changes. Today may not be the time. But *mañana* is not the time either.

I've known a number of writers, formerly of Hollywood, who were receiving munificent salaries for doing no work at all. They simply couldn't endure the high-salaried boredom. They quit—and thanked God.

The happiest people I know are the hardest-working. They actually live to work—not the other way round.

Most people have the wrong idea about work. They seem to think pleasure begins when the day's work is over. They fight for shorter hours, more leisure. I remember one day, when the N.R.A. was in full swing, seeing a sign in a Fifth Avenue shop

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which read, "No one in this shop works more than forty hours a week—except the executives." The unconscious irony of that! Most of the successful people I know are trying to figure out a forty-hour day.

Edna Ferber said once that she received innumerable letters from people who wanted to be writers but none from people who wanted to write. Those people don't know that ink must be mixed with sweat. Almost everyone has one book in him—if he'd only sweat it out. If only we were taught, before we are taught anything else, that work is the greatest happiness in life!

The psychiatrists know it, and they try to teach us.

When Dr. Alfred Adler was alive I used to visit the Community Church in New York on the days he held his clinic there. He worked with children, problem children, who already, at the age of five, ten, thirteen, were giving their teachers and parents more trouble than they could handle.

It was wonderful to watch that gentle man, that physician of the soul, with these children. Before an audience of adults, he created about himself and the self-stricken child four sheltering walls, closing out the world and bringing them intimately together. He talked to them as most mothers and fathers, alas! can't talk! And always he kept gently probing to find out what was the child's secret goal in life, the thing that seemed to him or her most desirable. Only by changing that goal, if it was an unworthy one, he believed, could the child's conduct be altered. That goal represented the meaning the child gave to life.

Almost always, he found, it was some feeling of inferiority which made these children act in the hateful and destructive ways they did: another child in the family, claiming first place in the parents' affection; a hostile attitude on the parents' part, putting the child on the defensive; some physical handicap; the inability to learn reading readily. Some of these children were

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killers, potential if not actual, driven to desire the death of their tormentors by those intense feelings of inferiority.

To find the thing the child could do best and thus co-ordinate its efforts, wipe out its inferiority complex and change the goal of its activities were what this brilliant and understanding psychiatrist endeavored to do.

I thought of Dr. Adler when I came across this heading in the paper:

CONTEST REVEALS BOY IN CITY WHO FARMS BY BOOK

This high-school student, it seems, had, since his toddling days, been unbearably excited about flowers, plants and insects, and, far from being frustrated by apartment houses and macadam, had become a city farmer.

He had farmed chiefly in his back yard, but kept minor agricultural projects under way in bedrooms and kitchen. One fall he planted 175 tulip bulbs. Ivy covered the walls of his bedroom, and shamrocks and geraniums bloomed in his clothes closet. Interviewed, he stated that he planned to study at the forestry school of Syracuse University and then get a job doing research work in plant and animal breeding.

Children like this lad, you may be sure, will never be dragged by distraught parents to a psychiatric clinic.

We should begin young to discover our interests. Modern education recognizes this and by exposing the child to a variety of interests and then letting nature take its course, it endeavors to awaken these interests early. Progressive education proceeds on the theory that man, being descended from the ape, is, above all, a creature of insatiable curiosities, and you have only to leave things around loose and unguarded for him to

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want to touch, taste, smell, look, hear and generally investigate. *That's* where you have him. You begin by exploring the subject with him like a brother monkey, and from being interested he goes on to doing something about it.

Some years ago, fifty boys and girls, from eight to eleven years of age, hand-picked from the million or more in the public schools of New York City, were gathered into an experimental group. In their classes, any day you might attend, you'd see them playing chess, rigging telephones and radios, making miniature airplanes as well as doing regulation studies. These were the children who, in the schools they first attended, read upside down or from right to left or bottom to top. Because they were eccentric? Not at all. Because they were bored. It was too easy to read in the orthodox manner. They had to do it the hard way to keep up any interest at all. The only trouble with them was that they were too bright. Their I. Q.s were all above 130 (100 indicates average intelligence) and two of them—yes, ladies, one was a girl—had scores of 200, ranking them as out-and-out geniuses.

They didn't work in their first schools. They could do all the other children did without half trying. Here they were given problems that put them on the stretch. It was all done on the principle of stimulating their interest. That's why they worked like beavers, doing the things they loved to do.

Chicago pays special attention to its superior children. They're not forced to attend classes if they can demonstrate they've already mastered the subject. They're allowed to advance at their own speed. This system produces some astonishing results—the Quiz Kids, for one.

These are no wizened, big-domed, bespectacled little professors. They are children like other children—except that they are more beautiful, intelligent, amiable, generous, humorous and friendly than most children. But what above all else they

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have more of than other children is curiosity. One nine-year-old has two charts hung in his bedroom, one classifying all the elements, the other a tree of history beginning with prehistoric times. ("All *we* try to do," says his father, "is to answer his questions.") The bedroom of another nine-year-old contains a microscope with slides for examining everything from cigarette ash to human blood. (Studying to be a G-man.)

They all, to the last toddler, age six, want just one thing: *to know absolutely everything!*

Not only unusually bright children but those of all grades of intelligence, down to and including idiots, will work as though possessed once their interest is aroused. Did *we* ever willingly stay after school to work in the physics laboratory? Yet today many schools have to enforce strict rules to clear out the buildings in the afternoon. "This school *must* be vacated at 5:00 P.M.," the warnings read. What holds the children? Interests they can't shake off—after-hour instruction in sculpture, painting, music appreciation, costume designing, meetings of glee clubs, dramatic clubs, science clubs, broadcasts of Philharmonic concerts—a thousand excitements to which we human beings have a low resistance.

Being, as I have said, monkey people, we have a natural, spontaneous flow of curiosity, a gift of wonder that is almost unquenchable; almost, but not quite. It can be killed. We try to kill it in children when their questions annoy us, and we slowly kill it in ourselves when we retreat from the stimulations of life. Boredom with one phase of our life—our work or our family perhaps—spreads like a contagion to other fields. Yet it is curiosity which has made the monkey tribe, not the wiser elephant nor the stronger lion nor the more industrious ant, the rulers of earth. It has built civilization. For our survival as a race, as well as for our survival as individuals, we must keep it burning.

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We can keep it burning by fanning the sparks of curiosity which, even into a doddering old age, continue to kindle in us, no matter how high the mountain of boredom beneath which we have buried it. Interest is a faculty within us, not a quality inherent in things outside. Gold is where we find it, but interest is where we put it.

One man may see a spider spin a geometrical web, be briefly amused, pass on. But if that man's name is Fabre, he watches for years and produces *The Life of the Spider*.

One man may observe the bees swarming, be momentarily intrigued and think no more of it. But if that man's name is Maeterlinck, he returns again and again until he can give us the whole fascinating story in *The Life of the Bee*.

For success we must have this passionate absorption in our work; for happiness we must have it in outside activities—as many outside activities as we can conveniently pack into our lives. The more contacts we have with life, the more interested will we be in living, and the more interesting to others.

Interesting people are people who are interested. Bored people are people who are bored.

I have met both, and I have never known an “interesting” person who was not passionately interested in so many things that it was a wonder how he ever got around to them, and who did not take an excited interest in all those commonplace little things in life which most of us find so deadly dull. Like children they can't pass a flower without wanting to smell it, see a boat in dock without wanting to know when it sails and for what port, pass a hole in the ground without wanting to get down in there and investigate. They are filled to the teeth with questions they must answer before they die. They have never lost their sense of wonder.

One week end I happened to be staying at the same country house with Yvette Guilbert, the famous French *diseuse*, a lady

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renowned on several continents for her charm. Guilbert was well over fifty then and there were very few places in the world she hadn't been, very few important people she hadn't met. This was a tiny and unpretentious house she had come to, and there was nothing much to do there. In ten minutes she had run all over the place, investigating and admiring, exclaiming and beaming.

And then our hostess, almost in tears, announced that the cook was ill and there was nothing for it but to get a pick-up luncheon—which, in a voice dragging with boredom, she announced she would prepare herself.

A light kindled in Guilbert's eyes. Almost in a whisper she said, "You have a garden, yes? With lettuce, no? Could I—would it be too much to ask—to let me make a salad? Oh, but I assure you it will not be an ordinary salad! And I will give no trouble. I will pick everything myself. I will peel and wash them, I will make such a dressing as you have never tasted. I haven't made a salad for so long! It would be such a happiness for me!"

And all the time she was making it and presenting it to us and watching us eat it, she was round-eyed with excitement.

Aldous Huxley said of D. H. Lawrence that one of his greatest charms was this ability to be interested in practically anything. It wasn't only the major problems of life and love that engaged his attention, but any little thing that came under his eye. "He could cook, he could sew, he could darn a stocking and milk a cow, he was an efficient wood-cutter and a good hand at embroidery, fires always burned when he had laid them, and a floor, after Lawrence had scrubbed it, was thoroughly clean."

It is only the dimmer intellects who go about complaining that life is boring, that nothing ever happens, or, noses uplifted, convey to us that they have been everywhere, seen everything.

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and really, what has life left to offer? Like the French monarch who, breakfasting with his favorite, remarked, "What would life be without coffee? And what is life *with* coffee?"

If we lack these passionate interests in life, it is because we have let them die. We can revive them. A lazy horse will break into a gallop when spurred. A mind is like that, too. Put the spurs into it and it will wake up and move on at a smart pace.

It is impossible to be interested in something we know nothing about. We must first acquire at least a little knowledge. A man may go to the track meets and be bored to death; but let him take a little trouble to find out something about them: that all track and field records have steadily been broken over the past fifty years; that in 1896 the Olympic record for the pole vault was 10 feet 9.75 inches—in 1952 it was 14 feet 11.14 inches; in 1896 the Olympic running high-jump record was 5 feet 11.25 inches—in 1952 it was 6 feet 8.32 inches; in 1896 the Olympic sixteen-pound shot-put record was 36 feet 2 inches—in 1952 it was 57 feet 1.43 inches and in 1954, at the A.A.U. meet, Parry O'Brien threw it farther than it had ever been thrown before—59 feet 4 inches. He has since broken his own record many times, flinging it to distances of 60 feet 5 inches and better. Let him learn that Cornelius Warmerdam holds a pole-vaulting record which no one has ever even approached, forty-two vaults of 15 feet or over (four over 15.6, one of 15.8½).

Let him consider how much faster men can run today than they have ever run before: that Glenn Cunningham made the record for the mile in 4 minutes 6.7 seconds in 1934; that in 1943 Gunder Haegg of Sweden tore up the mile in 4 minutes 5.3 seconds; that a fellow countryman of his, Arne Andersson, then turned in a record of 4 minutes 2.6 seconds, whereupon Haegg made a new world record of 4 minutes 1.4 seconds; and finally,

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in a burst of speed and glory, Roger Bannister of England achieved the Holy Grail of athletes, the four-minute mile, bettered it, in fact, running it in 3 minutes 59.4 seconds. But even Bannister's great feat was soon overshadowed by that of John Landy of Australia, who ran the mile in 3 minutes 58 seconds. Consider that in the indoor two-mile race Fred Wilt made a new record of 8 minutes 50.7 seconds in 1952 only to have it wrested from him two years later by Horace Ashenfelter with 8 minutes 50.5 seconds—two tenths of a second faster! Let a man acquire a few such blood-pressure-raising statistics as these and he'll soon find himself a track fan.

We all know people we envy because of the knowledge and skills they have acquired. Someone you know, a successful businessman perhaps, is an expert fisherman, plays bridge as though he'd devoted his life to it, grows prize dahlias, breeds champion Dobermans, collects Spode, has read any book you can mention, talks brilliantly about the theater and politics, and has a technical knowledge of several highly complicated manufacturing processes. Where did he find the time in a busy life to pick all this up? He has simply always been alert and interested when others let their minds drowse.

One night I dropped in to see Lynn Fontanne (whom I've known ever since her *Dulcy* days when I went up to Sing Sing with her for a performance for the prisoners) in her dressing room at the theater where a Noel Coward drama was playing. Alfred Lunt, in the adjoining room, was going through one of those paroxysms of despair over "the worst performance of his career" that assail him on an average of six nights and two matinees a week. He was assuring Noel Coward that he was through with the theater forever—that he'd better quit of his own accord before he was hissed off the stage by a justly outraged public. I heard it all through the open door and my heart bled for him.

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Miss Fontanne was unmoved.

"It's nothing," she said. "He's always like that. Perhaps it's a little worse tonight because he's giving a supper party and he's planning a new dish."

"He—cooks?" I asked.

"He is one of the best amateur male cooks in the country," she nodded solemnly, "and that's not just patriotism."

"But where does he find the time?"

"He's given some of the best years of his life to it," she assured me. "He used to have to cook his own meals over one burner when he was trying to keep body and shirt together on seven dollars a week. He's never lost the touch of the old maestro. He still gets my breakfast for me whenever he can, and in the summer he does quite a bit of fancy Swedish cooking out on our farm in Genesee Valley. He'll never take a ~~room~~ in a hotel unless there is a kitchenette. Then, every so often, he gives one of these supper parties, never more than half a dozen people, but it takes more out of him than six opening nights."

I glanced into the next room. Alfred sat slumped in his chair, his make-up half off, biting his nails, a man unnerved, headed for mental collapse.

"He does take it hard," I said.

Lynn did not exaggerate. I once talked to Alexander Woollcott about Lunt's cooking, the late author, as usual, receiving in ink-stained pajamas and, in my honor, a robe of not-immaculate blue-and-white flannel, not too securely fastened.

"Alfred is a superb cook," he nodded. "He should have kept an inn. I wish he kept an inn. He puts as much temperament into a sauce as he does into a new role. He has created some of the most perfect dishes I have ever tasted—*côtelettes* Sherwood for Robert Sherwood, an onion omelette for Edna Ferber, *fraises* Alexander for yours truly. He's been in a

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tizzy of late trying to invent something I would accept as a substitute without screaming and flinging it on the floor. I doubt that he can. He does everything himself—chops up the mushrooms, beats the eggs, rolls the pastry—and then, my God, you should see him! As we sip and savor he hangs, a soul in torment, over our opinion of a soufflé or a sauce. If anything could spoil my pleasure in food, that expression on Alfred's face would."

In a busy life, Alfred Lunt has found time, among a hundred other interests, to become a masterly cook. Even today, after all these years of cooking, his excitement about a new dish is intense. At a dinner party he will suddenly disappear, be gone for hours and at last be located in the kitchen in solemn conclave with the cook, making notes on his cuff. . . . Interest is where we put it.

Look about you. Go over the list of people you know: the "interesting" people and the bores. Isn't it true that the interesting people are the people who are interested—and the bores are the people who are bored?

And now for Old Man Worry and the rest of the Public Enemies who sap our vitality.

A YOUNG ASSEMBLYMAN in Albany was asked to speak at an important political dinner. It was to be his first after-dinner speech.

Naturally he was nervous about it. He spent his days in worry and his nights in preparation of the speech-that-was-to-have-everything. He felt that his whole career depended on the manner in which he acquitted himself on this momentous occasion. When the great night came, he sat at the banquet board a quaking jelly of fear.

He found that he was to be the last speaker of the evening. One by one the others rose, all seasoned speakers, and each out-did the other. The man who immediately preceded him was the foremost orator of his day, Francis Patrick Murphy, and his speech reached an all-time high, even of Irish wit. The table rocked. The young assemblyman wilted in his socks.

When this gentleman sat down, the evening was over as far as the guests were concerned. They pushed back their chairs, flung their napkins on the table and started to leave. The toast-master rose.

"Just a minute, ladies and gentlemen. We have one more speaker, a young man, who will keep you only a few minutes . . . his first speech . . . I'm sure you'll give him your attention."

With impolite mutterings and scrapings of chairs, the guests resumed their seats. The young assemblyman prayed for an earthquake, a trap door sprung beneath his feet. If only he could have preceded this paragon, if only he had been first instead of last! He rose.

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"Ladies and gentlemen," he said in the timid voice he was to use ever after in beginning a speech, "I was just thinking that if I could only have spoken before the gentleman you have just heard—if only I could have been first instead of last, I'd have had a better chance of pleasing you. But, ladies and gentlemen, not everyone can be first." His voice gathered courage, boomed into the big bass that came so oddly from so slight a man. "Even the first President of the United States, the father of our country, was not always first. He was first in peace, first in war and first in the hearts of his countrymen—but ladies and gentlemen, he married a widow!"

A shout lifted the ceiling. He was off. For half an hour he kept that audience limp with laughter. He outdid even the witty Irishman.

"And that taught me two things," said Jimmie Walker, one of the best after-dinner speakers who ever cleared a throat, relating the episode to me one day. "It taught me never to prepare a set speech, and it taught me never to worry. All my preparation and worry I had to fling aside the moment I got on my feet, or I'd have been sunk."

That is a lesson every confirmed worrier should take to heart.

One thing is certain, the man who worries is either living with the mistakes of the past or the dangers of the future. Most gifted worriers are doing both. The only solution is to live in the present.

What is worry? A mental tornado, a complete cycle of inefficient thought whirling around a pivot of fear. A dog chasing its own tail.

What can you do to overcome it?

Several things.

You can use your intelligence to see that it is defeating its own ends.

You can substitute constructive thinking for circular feeling.

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You can change your emotional attitude toward whatever it is that is worrying you.

Finally you can lead a balanced life, in which case worry is likely to be automatically wiped out.

Churchill has something to say on this point.

"A gifted American psychologist has said, 'Worry is a spasm of the emotions; the mind catches hold of something and will not let it go.' It is useless to argue with the mind in this condition. The stronger the will, the more futile the task. One can only gently insinuate something else into its convulsive grasp. And if this something is rightly chosen, if it is really attended by the illumination of another field of interest, gradually, and often quite swiftly, the old undue grip relaxes and the process of recuperation and repair begins."

Never was there a better example of the effectiveness of this method than Churchill himself. The early part of the first World War was one of the most trying periods in his life. Out of the Admiralty but still in the Cabinet, this man of action found himself impotent to aid his country. One idle day at his country place, he took up a box of children's paints and made a few tentative daubs at a canvas. At the end of the afternoon he discovered he hadn't given a thought to the cares of Empire. The very next morning, with his usual decisiveness, he bought paints and canvases and set to work. He soon found the problems and joys of painting banished the problems and cares of state. He hopes, he says, to spend his first million years in heaven painting.

Thus did the man who has had as much to worry about as any man who ever lived discover a cure for worry and fatigue.

I was talking with Dr. Zilboorg recently concerning this matter of worry.

"I'll give you an example of what can be done about worry," he said. "I had a patient who was the mayor of a large city. He

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came to me primarily because of overwhelming fatigue. Total collapse seemed to him only a matter of weeks, perhaps days.

"At this time he was endeavoring to launch an extensive construction program and was encountering bitter opposition. At the various meetings where he had to face his opponents, his exhaustion was often so extreme that he was forced to leave.

"Was no one in favor of these projects of his? I asked him. Yes, of course, he had support, good support, but——. And these men sat in the meetings, scattered about among his enemies? Yes, certainly, there were always some who were friendly, but——.

"‘Perhaps at the next meeting,’ I suggested, ‘these men will be more in evidence. Look for them!’

"The next time he came to see me, there was a new spring in his step, a new lift to his head.

"‘Do you know, doctor, I believe that program of mine will go through! Why, only yesterday, when I looked around the meeting, I saw any number of men I could count on. I wouldn’t have believed there were so many. I gave those stuffed shirts a talk that stood them back on their heels. Oh, they’ll come around! We’re getting stronger every day.’

"Nothing had changed except his attitude. There were no more friendly faces that day than the week before. But he had noticed them, and that had made their number appear larger—like counting all the green hats in an audience. Confidence took the place of worry."

To how many tired men in business that would apply! To how many tired women who find unfriendliness and opposition everywhere!

"It’s no use telling a man *not* to worry," the founder of the Institute of Living once said to me. "Show him instead how he can fill his day with constructive thinking and activities so that worry can’t get a toehold, as you would show an art student,

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not the terrible chromos he must not follow, but the **great** masterpieces you want him to emulate.

"I think I'm a pretty good example myself of how not to worry. Right now I've got enough to worry about to keep me at it twenty-four hours a day. Only I'm too busy to worry. Two lines of thought can't occupy the same mind at the same time. The man who is thinking constructively can't worry—not at that moment. So the obvious conclusion is to keep your mind continuously on constructive thinking, and as soon as it tires of one line of thought, shoot it on to another.

"The high-pressure American executive is the preordained victim of worry. During any business depression, a large part of Wall Street passes through the psychiatrists' offices. When we look at such a man, physiologically, what do we find? Almost invariably his hormone supply is dangerously low and his basal metabolism and blood pressure are dangerously high. That is the clinical picture of a Wall Street man in an orgy of worry.

"What can we do for him? If we can lessen this man's emotional tension by directing his mind into other channels, the hormone supply, metabolism and blood pressure will in time return to normal."

Let us hear Dr. Karl Bowman, formerly of Bellevue, now Medical Superintendent of the Langley Porter Clinic in San Francisco.

"Worry may be the cause or the result of a physiological condition. In exophthalmic goiter and other disorders of the thyroid gland, worry is a marked characteristic of the patient. On the other hand, a healthy man may worry himself into a glandular disorder. Nothing will cure these latter conditions except ceasing to worry.

"Worry is largely a matter of temperament, some people being better fitted to worry than others. They worry better in

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New England than elsewhere, doubtless because the Puritan temperament is more inclined to fear-reactions, timidity and cautiousness, and more sensitive to painful than to pleasurable emotions. Your expert worrier will worry as conscientiously over a cut finger as over a world war. He'll admit it's not worth worrying about, but he won't quit.

"But this I'm-like-that attitude is no excuse. The most inveterate worriers can get over it if they go at it the right way. It is certainly no more difficult a habit to break than drink. One way is to face your difficulties frankly, analyze the causes for worry, dismiss from your mind all that are in the past, work constructively on all that are in the present, and focus the attention on action, not on contemplation. If you're moving fast enough, worry can't catch up with you.

"Everyone has seen football players, badly injured in a game, go right on playing, not even realizing they are hurt. I have seen a soldier in battle fight on without even being conscious that he had lost a hand. Such men weren't worrying; they were too busy fighting. The worrier is living with his memories and his dreams. The man of action sweats in the present and has no time to worry."

Too often the worrier fails to realize that his mental state defeats its own purpose. It lowers his resistance to destructive emotions just as a weakened physical condition lowers the resistance to disease. He easily becomes a prey to negativism and defeatism. Soon he is a member in good standing of the It-Can't-Be-Done Club.

Several years ago I happened to see the two types of men, the worrier and the man of action, confronted with an identical situation. Of the two the worrier was much the cleverer. What happened?

An American cosmetic company was in process of being merged with a French company. In any such reorganization

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many employees are let out. In this case two men were fighting for the position of sales manager. One man met this situation by being more conscientious than ever. He arrived earlier at the office and stayed later. He went about with an anxious and dutiful expression, trying to impress his superiors with his willingness to co-operate. He didn't seem to accomplish much during those extra hours of work—just took up everybody's time with futile discussions and ineffectual memorandums.

The other man took to staying away from the office a good deal. He was seen wandering about town, haunting department stores and lunching with attractive ladies. He was even reported hobnobbing with the bigwigs of a rival company.

One day he had a conference with the president of the French company. The next week it was announced that he was to be sales manager of the merged company. The other man was given his walking papers.

What the successful candidate had done was to present to the president a plan for eliminating the entire line of American perfumes, which the French company could make so much better, and for building up the American line of creams and lotions, in which the French company was weak. In addition he had submitted new designs for boxes, jars, bottles and compacts that would bring them more into line with the quality appearance of the French products, and he had prepared a highly original campaign of television advertising.

Here we have an important crisis in a man's life, something really worth worrying about—if worry will help. But it was the man who ruled worry out and went into action who won.

As a matter of fact, most of the worrying in the world is done over far less important matters.

So much for the psychological approach to worry. The man who can't shake himself loose from his worry by these methods yet need not despair. There is still another way—the way of

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the balanced life, which will be discussed in the next chapter. But the effort to overcome worry by the methods already suggested should be earnestly made. It will make what has to be done by other methods so much the easier.

Now let us turn to two close relatives of Old Man Worry: Hurry and Tension, both fairly new arrivals on the pathological scene. The cave man might worry a bit about where the next bear steak was coming from; he could know nothing of the strain of modern life. The tempo of living has been terrifically speeded up even in the past few decades, particularly in America and more particularly in our large cities.

I was talking with a man only the other day who had recently been transferred from the office of his company in the Middle West to the New York office.

"I don't see how you people stand the strain," he said. "The pace here is terrific. Everybody rushes in and out of offices on split-second appointments. I have as many appointments in a day here as I had in a week back home. I suppose I'll get used to it in time, but right now it's like riding all day in a roller coaster."

People have been saying that sort of thing about New Yorkers for decades. Foreigners have been saying it about all Americans.

"You Americans wear too much expression on your faces," James quotes Dr. Clouston, a Scotch physician, as saying. "You are living with all your reserves in action. The duller countenances of the British people betoken a better scheme of life. You really ought to tone yourselves down."

Our climate is too stimulating, they tell us. The competition of American business is too intense; we go the pace that kills.

Well, no doubt there's something in what they say. Perhaps we do lack a certain poise, perhaps we *are* somewhat hysterical.

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But, on the other hand, perhaps we only appear so to those who are moving more slowly. Speed is comparative. Gunder Haegg looks like a blue streak till Fred Wilt passes him; then he turns into a bedpost. Whether it's our climate or our temperament, we seem to make more revolutions per minute than other nationalities, and this adjusts us to the swifter pace of life here. Whether we made the speed or the speed made us is a question. Anyway, we seem to enjoy it.

The speed of New York can be frightening. The man from the country is aghast at the pace of city life, the number of events and decisions that must be crowded into an hour. But when he has been in the city for a year, two years, he catches the quicker rhythm and loves it. He lives with a new sparkle and zest, and finds that he can get as much out of himself in one day as formerly he did in two. But let that man resist the swifter pace, and he'll soon give way beneath a sense of strain and insecurity.

"Just the pressure most men work under is enough to cause a sense of strain—the sheer weight of things to be done," said the founder of the Institute of Living. "What can they do to avoid this? They can refuse to *feel* the pressure. There are a dozen things I should be doing at this moment. But I do one thing at a time, concentrate on it, do it as well as I can, and think of none of the other eleven things waiting to be done. I refuse to accept hurry and strain as a necessary part of modern life. By acting as though I had only one thing to do, I escape all feeling of tension."

Added to the tension of the day is the tension of the night—and any psychiatrist will tell you that pleasure takes much more out of a man than work does. The abuse of pleasure is second only to emotion as a cause of fatigue, and far and away beyond physical causes.

Rexford B. Hersey, whose investigation into industrial fa-

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tigue we have already mentioned, found that even among factory workers twice as much energy is used up in pleasure as in physical work. So what of the tired businessman and the college student? Any of their fatigue that can't be accounted for by the wrong emotions can be fully covered by the one word "whoopee." If at the end of the businessman's day came an evening without the necessity of enjoying himself in ways he doesn't really enjoy, but given over to constructive activities, much of the tension he so nobly endures would vanish.

As for that overemotionalism and oversensitiveness which are among our foremost Public Enemies, we must handle them without gloves. It is their *overness* that makes them dangerous. The insane are not, as was once believed, creatures possessed of demons. They are ourselves gone too far along the road of emotional exaggeration. Their emotions are not different; they are only *more*—more intense, more frequent, more demanding, more magnified. Or they may be dangerously *less*—less to the point of apathy. The definition of sanity is social acceptance. And we're not socially acceptable when our emotions run riot.

A prominent psychiatrist, discussing this phase of the problem, commented: "The neurasthenic is lacking in self-control. His emotions frequently reach a peak of unendurance. Then comes the explosive reaction—outbursts of furious anger, hysteria or a wallowing in self-pity. This over-emotionalism doesn't appear abruptly but develops over a period of years, usually dating back to childhood. If the individual or his parents and teachers or a psychiatrist had tackled the problem early, before it reached such proportions, he could have been saved the unhappy consequences of his over-emotionalism.

"Explosive reactions are most likely to occur at the end of the day. With the threshold of fatigue lowered by the strains and

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frustrations of the day, the individual can no longer control his emotions. Irritability, bad temper, peevishness, impatience, sullenness, meanness, all are forms assumed by fatigue, not only in the case of neurasthenics but of normal people."

Be on the watch for them, these explosive rages, these attacks of acute irritability, jealousy, suspicion, self-pity, or whatever the besetting emotion, and bring down the ax the moment they appear.

Now for the Public Enemies from the Underworld: the inferiority and sex complexes which lock up such an incredible amount of energy.

I have a copy of Dale Carnegie's *How to Win Friends and Influence People* which is marked from stem to stern with penciled notes. Not by me—by the man who lent it to me, who has the most devastating personality I have ever encountered.

At sight he is loved by every man, woman, child, horse, dog or stray cat he meets. No one ever knew much more than he does about how to win friends. Yet he thinks he doesn't know enough. He has to pore over Dale Carnegie.

Without that personality, he wouldn't have gone very far. For he's not a brainy man—that is, if intelligence is purely a matter of headwork, which it isn't. Some of the most brilliant people I know, judged by their I.Q.s, are very stupid indeed in their emotions.

This man knows he's not clever. He said to me once, "I don't drink. When other men drink, I take *one*, and quit. I know that I have to keep the few wits I have about me."

He's known all his life that he'd have to succeed with something besides brains. So even at fifty he's still brushing up on personality. He's made a warm heart take the place of intellect. He makes everyone feel instantly that he likes them—and he does. He'll turn himself inside out to do a service for a perfect stranger. If your wife is sick in the hospital, he sends

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her flowers. If your child wants to learn to play tennis, he'll devote his holidays to teaching him. If the elevator boy is out of a job, he finds him a new one. If a horse slips on a wet pavement, he'll sit on his head till the driver gets him out of the shafts. It's no use—you can't help liking a man like that.

What might have developed into an inferiority complex has been compensated by a lovable personality.

The other day, lunching with two men in the radio business, I heard one of them, speaking of a mutual acquaintance, say, "Lord, that fellow's stupid!"

"Hold on a minute," said the other, vice-president of a big company. "Perhaps he hasn't as much of what you and I call brains as we have, but look where he's got without them. We're still working for somebody else. He has his own company and an income twice as large as our two salaries put together. That's not doing badly for a stupid man."

"I don't see how he does it," said the other. "He's got nothing to go on but personality."

"And that's all he needs—that plus integrity. Any time he wants an idea, he invites you or me to luncheon, and we give it to him. We're glad to, because we like him. He has built up an organization you couldn't pry loose at twice the salaries he pays. They know he's working for their interests as much as for his own. Not so stupid!"

Yet thousands of men and women go about flayed and defeated by their feeling of stupidity. Doctors have told me of patients with a stupidity complex who haven't left their homes for months, sometimes years, who lie around the house all day doing nothing, feeling the futility of all activity, so tired they are incapable of any effort. Even when not carried to such extremes, a stupidity complex can drain us of all initiative. Yet even stupidity, which certainly is no asset, need not defeat

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us. Other qualities, not less valuable, may be developed to take the place of a high order of intelligence. Here is a case which was related to me recently:

The Case of the Garage Mechanic Who Made Good

Allen Tracy graduated from Yale at the bottom of his class. Even then, his father, who was a successful corporation lawyer, wouldn't let him quit but insisted on his going on to law school.

In his father's office any of the clerks could have taken the wrong side of the case against him any day, and won. No amount of coaching from his father could prevent his making a fool of himself in court. If he didn't have brains, he at least had feelings, and this sort of thing gradually got him down.

He took to staying home the days he was to appear in court. He was too tired to make a good showing, he said. His father thought he was merely lazy, but bullying didn't help. Allen developed unquestionable symptoms: ulcers of the stomach.

They sent him away for a rest. While on the coast he took a job as a garage mechanic. He'd always been interested in machinery, but his family had frowned on that. Then he got himself a job as assistant engineer in a laundry. His family tried to rescue him, but he was happier in dirty overalls than in white collars. He worked hard, became assistant manager of the laundry and today is manager of a chain of laundries. His family is still ashamed of him.

The law of compensation applies in psychology. Adler, who found the frustrated urge to be important more fertile in producing complexes than the sex urge, went so far as to say that there is no liability for which there is not a compensating asset, and that those who are severely handicapped often make their deficiencies the stepping stones to success. They *over-compen-*

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sate for their deficiency and in so doing develop qualities they would otherwise have lacked.

He investigated the lives of famous painters and found that a large proportion of them suffered from imperfections of sight. In the endeavor to make up for this early deficiency they trained themselves to use their eyes more carefully than most people with normal sight, and so developed that visual sensitivity which is one of the artist's chief qualities.

A handicap can be a springboard to success. Almost always it is as much some inferiority in us as any special superiority we may possess that accounts for our success. There's nothing like an inferiority complex to bring out the best in us.

That is why a one-legged girl like Louise Baker learns to ski; a blind man like Alec Templeton becomes a famous pianist; a man with a stammer and a lisp like Churchill becomes a magnificent orator; a cockney girl like Gertrude Lawrence becomes the first lady of the stage; a one-legged man like Peg-Leg Bates learns to tap dance; a basket case named Charles Zimmy captures the world's distance and endurance swimming records by swimming 145 miles in 149 hours; an armless man like Dr. George B. Sutton, with no artificial attachments, becomes the billiard champion of two continents. All are overcompensating for an inferiority.

In women the inferiority complex is more apt to take the form of a conviction of unattractiveness. They stand up remarkably under the classification of beautiful but dumb, but are completely flattened out by a feeling of unmitigated plainness.

Yet plainness can be an asset. The feeling of inferiority it gives a woman often spurs her to make the most of some other quality—her intelligence, her character, her personality, her sense of chic, her amiability. A case in point:

A certain Mrs. S. whom I knew was grotesquely ugly, chiefly

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due to a Cyrano nose. From childhood she had laid herself out to be kind and amiable and was universally adored. Then one day she decided to have her nose remodeled by plastic surgery. She emerged a classic beauty. From that day on she devoted herself to the care of her new-found, intoxicating beauty, becoming indifferent, even arrogant in her attitude toward people. Eventually, ceasing to care for anyone or anything but herself and her beauty, she lost first her friends, finally her husband and children.

Far beyond beauty in a woman is charm. It is that quality that keeps alive, centuries later, the memory of the Cleopatras, Diane de Poitiers, Ninon de Lenclos and Nell Gwyns when the great beauties of their day are forgotten. "She isn't pretty," said a Frenchman of a reigning belle, "she's worse."

Eleanor Roosevelt was conscious from childhood of her quite extraordinary lack of good looks. Even her mother made no attempt to slur over that fact. Instead she constantly impressed on young Eleanor that she must develop qualities of mind and heart to win the popularity to which her looks would never entitle her. I suppose Mrs. Roosevelt was one of the most popular first ladies we've ever had. The word "glamorous" has been applied to her and I doubt if anyone found it inappropriate. Glamour is an atmosphere one creates around oneself—and Mrs. Roosevelt has surrounded herself with it all her life. She it was, not one of our famous beauties, who married one of the great men of our day. She did not merely meet the most important men and women of her time, she charmed them. She filled her home, whether it was the White House or Hyde Park or a small apartment in New York, with their wit, their laughter and their wisdom.

In her childhood Katharine Cornell was one seething mass of inferiority feelings. She was an ugly duckling and no one made the smallest effort to keep the bad news from her.

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"Talent may have had a little to do with my success," she said to me once, "but most of it I owe to the hard, tight little knot of determination that grew in me not to be licked by my homeliness. Ugly I might be, but I'd prove that I could make good in spite of it."

Joan Crawford has confessed to the same thing. Would anyone think of calling either of these two women ugly today?

I've been thinking back over all the charming women I've ever met. Very few of them were beautiful. The most charming of them was Yvette Guilbert—and she must have been one of the plainest women who ever lived. She was well over fifty, fat, shapeless, with a comic nose and dyed hair—yet I have seen her on the stage become, with a gesture and a smile, a ravishing creature. When I first met her (and I could have been to her only another one of those tiresome female reporters) she made me feel in five minutes as though I were the one person she'd been waiting all her life to meet. Because she was hooted and jeered at when, as a gangling girl, she first appeared in the *cafés chantants* of Paris, she dug into herself until she discovered inner resources which she developed into a personality and a talent which made her one of the most enchanting and gifted women of the theater of her day.

Now for still another fertile source of fatigue: sex conflicts—complexes—frustrations, which, add them up the world over, probably bottle up enough energy to create a complete new world—what are we to do about them?

Dr. Adler, who, although he didn't actually invent the inferiority complex, yet was as much its discoverer as Columbus was America's, has this to say of sex complexes:

"In Europe I have found that psychiatrists for the most part think that personal welfare is the most important point. If a girl or boy becomes neurotic, psychiatrists often advise them to have sweethearts and to begin sex relations. This is really

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making love and marriage into a mere patent medicine and these individuals are bound to lose very greatly.”

Allowing the sex urge to run rampant, he argues, doesn't release that bottled energy. It merely squanders the sex and the energy at the same time. Corking it up may be a little better, but not much. In this case it may dry up and with it the energy it generates. Indulgence isn't the solution. Inhibition isn't the solution. What then?

Control and sublimation.

Sublimation means the transformation of any biological urge into other forms, but it is most frequently applied to the sex urge to mean its transformation into other forms than sex acts. It means finding outlets for primal impulses which give such deep satisfactions that the individual is no longer obsessed by the original goal.

That is why a man like Adler was so insistent that as early in life as possible a boy or girl choose his lifework. Then, not only is the individual spared the agony of youthful sex conflicts, but the energy of the sex drive as it gradually develops in adolescence finds worth-while goals.

Even much later in life, this transformation of the sex energy may be used to free the individual from fettering complexes and so help him wrest success from failure.

The Case of the Artist Who Came Back

As told by Dr. W.:

“Arthur B. is a well-known landscape painter whose pictures hang in a number of museums in this country and abroad. Several years ago his wife, without even waiting for the ceremony of a divorce, went off with another man, taking their only child. The artist was stunned. The work he forced himself to do was so spiritless and commonplace that it sickened him. He began

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drinking and running around with women. He was a good example of where that gets a man when he came to me.

"Thinking over his case one day, I recalled a lad of my acquaintance who wanted to be an artist but whose parents were too poor to send him to art school. I made an appointment for him to see B. on the pretext of wanting his opinion of the boy's work. The boy was overwhelmed at the opportunity of meeting the great man and B., who found his work extremely promising and was touched by his obvious admiration, offered to take him on as a pupil. That was what I'd hoped for.

"The enthusiasm for the older man's work which the boy brought to the studio every day, kindled new life in B. He found an immense satisfaction in imparting to this eager spirit the ideals and skill of the artist. To make him the great painter he himself had failed to be, became the absorbing passion of his life. He began to paint better than ever before.

"Last week he called me up. He'd just received a commission to paint the murals in the new post office in W—."

Take still another example.

The Case of the Woman Who Made Millions

As told by Dr. G.:

"Mrs. A. B. G. had, entirely by her own efforts, built up a cosmetic company which she sold for \$3,000,000. At forty she suddenly found herself with plenty of money and nothing to do. She was afraid of being married for her money and besides, after one unfortunate experience, she didn't care much for husbands. She even thought she might be a little 'queer' on the subject of men. She felt thwarted and unhappy and her driving energy was gradually seeping away. She came to me.

"One evening she invited me to dinner at her home—a magnificent triplex apartment furnished by the best modern decora-

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tors. She showed me through—room after room of expensive elegance. There was one room which seemed to have gotten into that sophisticated apartment by mistake. It had a sort of sweet-pea sentimentality about it.

“‘Don’t blame the decorators,’ she laughed. ‘I did this room myself.’

“‘It looks like a nursery,’ I commented.

“The next time she came by my office, I remarked, ‘Did you think any more about that idea of adopting a baby?’

“She gasped. ‘Why, how did you know—?’

“‘I rather suggested it,’ I said.

“Within a year she had adopted three children—and what with schools, riding, dancing, summer vacations, and all the fuss and feathers there is with children today, she’s just about the busiest and happiest mother I know.

“Not only women, but men, can often find a solution for the frustrated sex urge in adopting children. Not having children can make a man very tired indeed.”

Since, by definition, sublimation, means “the deflection of sexual and other biological energies into socially constructive or creative channels,” it is the foundation of the arts.

That is why there are no women artists, writers, musicians of the first rank and comparatively few even of the second and third ranks. It is not because they lack the ability, nor even the opportunity, but because their sexual urge is drained off in the bearing and rearing of children and their creative instinct thus completely satisfied. Thus fulfilled, they have little need of sublimation and few of them will make that complete sacrifice of all other interests that is the price of being a great creative artist.

The sexual urge is one of the greatest potential sources of energy at our command. Suppressed, misdirected, dissipated, it accounts for an incalculable loss of vitality. Rightly directed, it can become a Niagara of power.

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We see sublimation at work everywhere. Men dissatisfied with mere money-making turn to socially constructive goals. A Paul Hoffman leaves a \$96,000-a-year job as president of the Studebaker Corporation to head the Economic Cooperation Administration at \$20,000 and later becomes president of the Ford Foundation for "the establishment of a lasting peace throughout the world"; a Chester Bowles gives up a \$250,000-a-year job as president of an advertising agency to become Governor of Connecticut and later Ambassador to India at negligible salaries; a Charles E. Wilson resigns from the presidency of the General Electric Company to become Director of Defense Mobilization; an Anna Rosenberg takes a two-years' leave of absence from the presidency of her public-relations firm to become Assistant Secretary of Defense. In less spectacular ways men and women in all walks of life do the same thing.

By the methods suggested in these two chapters, the destructive emotions which sap our energies may be vanquished. A certain amount of that good sort of stoicism of which Dubois speaks is necessary—yes. But who wants to be "soft"? No sort of success, even for lovely ladies, even in a so-called life of ease, is possible without a little iron in the soul.

Eventually, if we are to gain that abundant energy that underlies all success, we must banish these unhealthy emotions. But there is another way—what might be called the indirect method of attack. It is the way of the Balanced Life. The two should work together, but some find it easier to start with the more tangible, more *physical* method represented by the Balanced Life than to attack the emotions head on.

Let us see what is meant by a Balanced Life.

AT THE END of World War I a young doctor who had been Director of the Medical and Surgical Departments of the American Red Cross in France was ordered hurriedly into Italy. He had no time to secure a passport, so he took a wrapper from a package of Wrigley's Spearmint, slapped all the postage stamps he could find on it and presented it at the border. The French authorities, impressed with the official look of the spears and stamps, waved him on. From then on it was easy. He went everywhere on his Wrigley chewing-gum passport.

This young man was Dr. (then Colonel) C. Charles Burlingame, later Chairman of the Committee of Public Education of the American Psychiatric Association and founder of the Institute of Living. To the end of his life he cherished his Wrigley passport along with his decorations as an officer of the Legion of Honor and the Polish National Eagle.

During his two years at the front, Dr. Burlingame had plenty of opportunity to watch fatigue being manufactured on a gigantic scale. Was this poison manufactured on the battlefield? Yes; but in nothing like the quantities it was distilled in the trenches during long periods of inactivity. Was it manufactured during an advance? A little—but in a retreat men dropped by the hundreds with exhaustion. In the hospitals under his charge there were often as many exhausted men as wounded.

He sat thinking this problem over one night. He knew what to do for the wounded, but what could he do for the exhausted? Lying flat on their backs and being stuffed like capons for weeks on end didn't seem to do them a bit of good. He knew

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that if a battle was on, these men would rise and surge off to the front, yelling for guns and ammunition. He had often seen men who had been lying speechless with fatigue for weeks leap as if galvanized at the cry, "A drive is on!" and with no more thought of fatigue than if they'd never heard the word, march off to battle in high spirits and fight for three days without sleep. But he couldn't very well sound the battle cry.

So he sent off a telegram. And in a few days two hundred good-looking, English-speaking nurses reported for duty. He distributed them about the wards where there were the most cases of exhaustion.

It worked better than a battle cry. Those exhausted men sat up in bed as if raised from the dead, reached for razors, demanded cigarettes and made themselves pretty and irresistible in no time at all. For there was someone walking around that room who was worth looking at, someone he could banter and laugh with—and someone in the next bed he had to cut out or, by Jove, the blighter would have the poor little thing running her legs off for him. In a few days those men were reporting for duty.

So when the war was over and Dr. Burlingame returned to private practice, he continued to work on these problems of the effect of mental states on the body. It wasn't the cases of hysterical paralysis and blindness which seemed to him most important, dramatic though they were. It was the cases of nervous indigestion and insomnia, of pain and fatigue, for these attack, at one time or another, almost the entire population.

Worry and fatigue. Interest and energy. Why not apply the lessons of war to the problems of peace? ❖

In 1931 Dr. Burlingame became psychiatrist-in-chief of an institution known for one hundred and ten years as the Hartford Retreat, but which he named "The Institute of Living." Under him it was no longer an "insane asylum," but a hospital

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for those suffering with nervous disorders, from chronic fatigue up to what would once have been called insanity but was now spoken of as "severe emotional imbalance."

I visited the Institute one spring while Dr. Burlingame was still alive. I had a strange feeling that I had somehow got into the wrong place and it was all I could do not to stop one of the young girls scampering about in sports clothes with books under their arms and say, "Will you please tell me the name of this college?"

It looked for all the world like a college campus—it was, in fact, called "the campus." Fine old ivy-covered buildings, small cottages, recreation halls, hundred-year-old trees with their Latin names on plaques; and no fences, gates or guards to restrain the busy, cheerful students who swarmed all over the place with "campus cards" or "city cards" to indicate the boundaries of their activities.

It was indeed as a school—a school for character—that Dr. Burlingame reorganized the Institute, and it interests us because the methods he advocated are those we must use in our own re-education.

It should perhaps be said here that, following the death of Dr. Burlingame in 1950, and due to cultural changes which have since occurred, the Institute underwent certain changes, not because the theories and methods of the founder were repudiated; on the contrary, because their acceptance was so wide. Also there are today many more psychiatrists in private practice and a great many general hospitals have added private psychiatric wards, so that those suffering from the milder types of nervous disorders are now frequently treated by local psychiatrists and institutions, thus avoiding a long sojourn away from home. While the Institute continues to use re-education as an important part of treatment, the emphasis now is rather on what is called "psychodynamic psychotherapy," which means

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treatment that attempts to get to the bottom of the psychological trouble in order to correct it. The correction of the difficulties and the reintegration of the patient into normal living require the use of every weapon known to psychiatry.

To return to the Institute as conceived and administered by Dr. Burlingame, which will make clear the methods which we should instantly adopt and put into practice if we care one hoot-in-you-know-where about recovering our energy.

What exactly was this Institute for Living and how did it set about its work of re-education?

First it was, as it still is, in every sense of the word, a full-fledged mental hospital with every facility for treating those who were severely ill—one of the most progressive mental hospitals in the world. But what concerns us here is not the treatment of the psychoses but rather of the neuroses, those lighter emotional disorders which may strike any of us. It was for the treatment of these lighter illnesses that re-education was most useful.

To carry out this plan of re-education there was in Dr. Burlingame's time, not only a staff of psychiatrists but some thirty-five visiting professors and instructors who gave courses in art, advertising, insurance, business law, investments, domestic science, languages, stenography, dancing, music, right on through Braille. It was Dr. Burlingame's firm belief that a high-powered executive wasn't going to take kindly to basket weaving but must be offered something less humiliating if he was to be drawn out of himself.

So you can see that this division of the Institute was really quite a college.

A college that wasn't at all interested in what knowledge it could pump into your head, but only in what learning it could inject into your conduct.

A College of Behavior.

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Its aim was to de-educate people of all their bad emotional reactions and to re-educate them in good ones. And send them back to their places in the world better able to cope with their problems, equipped to live a full and balanced life.

What is wrong with most lives is that they have moved toward an ever-narrowing circle of interests and activities, and pushing the circumference of that circle further and further out into the world will help restore the balance of the individual. Being one-sided, he limps. He must become many-sided—then he will walk straight. ♣

So at the Institute everything that would lead the mind outward—away from concentration on self and toward interest in other people and new activities—was provided. It was not only a college and a hospital, it was a miniature city with a country club in tow.

There was a street of shops along one side of the campus. On Vauxhall Row were gift and knitting shops, a bookshop, beauty salon, barbershop, lingerie and dress shops, even a theater.

In Ives Hall, the entertainment center, were given concerts, plays, movies, lectures, fashion shows and formal dances.

The two tuckshops were equipped like country clubs with news and cigar stands, soft-drink bars and lounges.

Pomander Walk was a covered street of workshops where silversmithing, bookbinding, pottery making and costume designing were taught.

In Clovelly Towers there was a printing establishment which published a monthly magazine for guests in which the interests and activities of life in the world outside were represented.

And now what happened to those who came here to have their lives balanced?

The majority of those who went to the Institute were no more mad than you or I. They were, for the most part, people who were merely tired or jittery or headed for a nervous breakdown

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or neurotic. Nowhere more than in nervous disorders is it true that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure; and so there were many people at the Institute who had no better reason for being there than that they needed a brief breathing spell.

"We don't feel that it's necessary for a person to have a frank mental breakdown before getting psychiatric help," said Dr. Burlingame. "It's better for him, and we can help him more, if he comes to us to get some of his personality kinks straightened out while they are still mild deviations and not tightly twisted knots."

When the thorough mental and physical examination was completed, the student started on his daily program of a Balanced Life. In working out his program, there were four things to consider. Our lives have four facets: work, avocation, social activities and physical welfare.

All four must be taken care of in a Balanced Life. Each student was given a daily schedule of activities which covered these four points. So many hours of work each day, so many hours devoted to an avocation, so many hours for social activities, so many hours for sports and other physical therapies.

From among the education courses, you were scheduled for those best suited to your needs. And you attended classes—and, by Jove, you studied! That took care of your work.

There were a hundred avocations from which to choose, from landscape gardening to ceramics. And in a week you were so excited about your hobby that they could scarcely tear you away for meals.

Your social life was taken care of by the dances, bridge parties, plays, concerts, etc., and if you couldn't dance, play bridge, act or perform on a musical instrument, they saw to it that you learned.

As for sports, you couldn't catch them out on a thing. Yes,

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they had skating; yes, they had riding; yes, they had a nine-hole golf course—and tennis and badminton courts, bowling on the green and bowling on alleys, a swimming pool, shuffleboard, squash, basketball, volleyball, billiards—and a fully equipped gymnasium. In all these sports a “guest” received almost as much expert instruction as though he were going to become a champion.

The spiritual side was taken care of by nondenominational religious services as well as in psychotherapeutic talks. In helping you select and carry out this program you had the constant aid and supervision of a psychiatrist.

That’s what is meant by a Balanced Life. That is the way to get out of the rut you are in and acquire new outlooks on life. That is the way to balance your emotions. Lead a Balanced Life, and the emotions will tend to balance themselves.

Is it, or isn’t it, a sensible plan? Is the way to regain normality to lead a normal life, or isn’t it?

Were you expecting something more mystical? Some cabalistic sign the psychiatrist would make over you, and lo! you would be a different man?

There is nothing mysterious about psychiatry. It is nothing more complicated and esoteric than just living a normal life. In a normal life—no complexes.

We lunched together, Dr. Burlingame and I, in the Doctors’ dining room.

“What we need today,” he said, “is a commonplace, homespun psychiatry. The finest thing psychiatry can do is to go out into the world and help normal people lead normal lives. It’s nothing more than the application of good psychology. Some high priests of psychiatry try to make a Greek oracle out of it, wrapping it up in a strange, technical terminology. What can’t be said in simple, everyday words that everyone can understand, isn’t going to help the people who need help most.”

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Dr. Burlingame, I'm sure, never thought of the Institute as an asylum but primarily as an educational institution. For practical purposes he had to be listed as a psychiatrist, but he generally thought of himself as an educator of human emotions. I wouldn't wonder if sometimes he didn't catch himself writing Ph. D. after his name instead of M. D.!

This plan for a Balanced Life—does it appeal to you? Well planned, earnestly pursued, there's no doubt that it works. It's been tried by too many psychiatrists on too many people—people much farther gone along the road of emotional imbalance than any who read this book, gone, some of them, clear into insanity—for there to be any question of that. If it was tried—and worked—in such an institution, can there be any doubt that it will work for you and me (who are only a little queer)?

In Dr. Burlingame's lexicon there were no such words as insanity, patients, asylum, chemical and physical restraints, padded cells, bars, etc. The Institute had "insane patients"—as sick as any to be found in the worst insane asylums in the country. But he preferred to refer to them as suffering from "emotional imbalance." It was his belief that, while such patients should be given every treatment known to modern psychiatry—insulin and metrazol shock, electric convulsive shock, hormones, dilantin, all drugs as indicated—they yet could be done nothing but good by being surrounded by normal conditions—cheerful rooms, ~~gardens~~, social activities; and in being at least *expected to act normally*. Such measures, if they could not produce a cure, *could* foster it.

I remember walking with him one morning among a group of "insane" women. One of them, her hair in wild disorder, approached him and asked, "May I go for a walk with you?"

"Not this morning," he said. "Perhaps this afternoon when your hair looks pretty."

That afternoon her hair was neatly arranged. . . . You

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could not make him believe that treating a woman like a woman wouldn't help her to become normal.

To him his patients were "guests," the grounds a "campus," his hospital a "college," his wards dormitories or cottages, his recreation center a "country club." He saw absolutely no harm in trying to make people feel cheerful.

Today much of this is changed, due to the fact that different types of treatment are emphasized. The Institute now is an orthodox private mental hospital of the highest order with avocational, social and athletic activities—but very definitely a hospital with little of the country-club atmosphere and fewer trimmings than under its founder.

Dr. Burlingame's ideas have today permeated the practice, not only of psychiatry, but also of general medicine. Any young doctor today knows that many, perhaps a majority, of his patients are psychosomatic cases, and he is quite as likely to prescribe a course in motion-picture photography as a series of shots in the arm. These patients, he realizes, are as ill nervously as they are physically. Their minds as well as their bodies must be treated. And what he prescribes, although he may not call it that, is something very similar to Burlingame's *Balanced Life*.

"Get out and see people more," he'll say. "Join a camera club. Take up deep-sea fishing. Why not brush up on your Spanish—might advance you with your company, lead to that South American assignment."

You see?—The *Balanced Life*.

All that is required to lead a *Balanced Life* is *action*. You have only to lay out a program, follow it slavishly, like it or not, and lo! the old destructive emotions begin to die out automatically. New interests drive out old boredoms, new activities leave no time for old worries, new contacts break up old habits.

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This is the one best way to start to get rid of them all at one fell swoop.

At this point I seem to hear certain pithy remarks from the audience.

"Live a Balanced Life; get a program of work and play. That sounds fine! But I live in a big city, not in an Institute of Living."

"The big income taxes have changed our scale of living. Three children to send through college and a mortgage to pay off—and I'm told to quit worrying and go in for tennis and stamp collecting. Fine! How?"

"All right—I know how not to be bored. I have a hobby that would make me completely happy if I could indulge it. All I want is to travel—and I have an income of \$5,000 a year and a mother to support. Solve that one!"

The No-men in full cry. The Defeatists. The It-Can't-Be-Done boys. The My-Problem-Is-Different-from-Anyone-Else's brigade.

If a drowning man won't even try to make his arms and legs go, he obviously can't be saved.

Do you remember Molly Brown? The Unsinkable Mrs. Brown? The heroine of the *Titanic*?

Molly started life as a pot wrestler in a mining camp in Leadville, Colorado. Through hard work, ambition, indomitable energy and courage, some brains and no little personality she rose to a position of social prominence, entertaining Astors and Vanderbilts and being received by royalty.

But the high point in Molly's career was April 14, 1912.

When the *Titanic* struck the iceberg, Molly, aged thirty-nine, was taking the air on deck scantily clad in woolies, bloomers, two jersey petticoats, a wool dress, golf stockings, a sable muff in which nestled the automatic without which she never traveled and over all a \$60,000 chinchilla evening wrap.

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She was flung by the sailors, chinchilla wrap and all, kicking and screaming and refusing to be saved, into a lifeboat. The moment her feet struck the deck, she took command.

"Start rowing!" she ordered the five bewildered male passengers. "Keep right on rowing. Head her into the open sea."

Her automatic in one hand to insure her orders being obeyed, she stripped to the corset and rationed her garments among the shivering women and wailing children.

One of the rowers clutched his breast. "My heart!" he moaned.

"Damn your heart!" cried Molly. "Keep rowing!"

She took a pair of oars herself, rowed till her hands bled and kept on rowing. She sang, she told stories, she exhorted; when necessary, she swore.

"What in hell is the use of your money and your social position if you can't save yourselves now?" she demanded of the men. "I'm rich, too. I've got social position, too. But I've been through the mill. And I'm telling you, I'll shoot the first man that lays down on his oars."

She carried them to safety. When they were picked up she was asked how she'd done it.

"Nothing to it. I'm unsinkable," she said laconically.

Unsinkable—that's the spirit. Courage to attack the problem is all that is needed. Lesser men than you have done it.

Someone mentioned a small salary, a mother to support—and a passion for travel.

I know a schoolteacher (and you know *what their* salaries are) with an elderly father to look after, who *does* more traveling and gets more fun out of it than any millionaire I've ever met.

Every summer, as soon as school closes, she is on the deck of a ship, usually some little freighter going to queer places. Often she's the only woman on board, has the cabin de luxe, dines with the captain and eventually lands in strange ports. In this way

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she has seen most of the world, has penetrated the almost impenetrable South American jungle where no white woman had ever set foot and walked through the Black Forest of Germany. Once she traveled with a cargo of five hundred monkeys. (There was always a monkey in her stateroom raising hob.) Once she lived in a tiny Greek inn, the only American ever to visit those parts, waited on by three Greek brothers: one to cook for her, one to make her bed, one to drive her donkey. They spoke no English. When she couldn't make them understand, she mounted her donkey, her donkey driver prodded him to the public square, she lifted up her voice and cried, "Americano!" Greeks came running.

"Me Americano. Me shine shoes New York City. Me tell Yanni. Wot you want say?"

More fun, say I, than living at the Ritzes of the world.

You must be unsinkable. No one has a problem that someone else hasn't solved. You start with the idea that you're going to solve it—you don't know how, but that's going to be the outcome.

A young couple I know wanted to go to Mexico.

The husband said, "We can't possibly go. We haven't the money."

The wife said, "I'm going to Mexico. Now how am I going to get the money?"

Eventually it was the wife who got the money that took them to Mexico. You may be sure that you are not facing any combination of circumstances which someone else has not faced and conquered.

To return to the Institute, one of Dr. Burlingame's chief objectives (and he felt that he had failed unless he achieved it) was to have his "graduate students" carry into their lives after they left the Institute their programs for a Balanced Life. That was also his aim in his treatments of patients outside the Institute, men and women who must carry on in their accustomed envi-

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ronment while being treated for some nervous disorder. A Balanced Life for a few months is about as helpful as three square meals a day for a few months—and then starvation. It must continue as long as life continues.

Nothing, not the choice of a wife, is more personal and individual than the planning of a program for a Balanced Life. It would never do for a psychiatrist, in laying out a man's program, not to know, for example, that he was the kind of man who, on the golf course, would gladly twist the neck of a robin who sang out just as he was about to putt. We can't plan your program any more than we could tell you you should marry a blonde five feet four inches tall who had taught herself Hungarian. But we can give you a general idea—as we could say that most men find it more satisfactory to marry a woman who can cook than one who can't.

So now you must sit down with a pencil and paper and play a game of Truth with yourself. Get your wife (or husband) or a friend to play it with you, if you like. The idea is to take a psychological inventory of yourself—your aptitudes, specific interests, personality, temperament, intelligence, educational achievements—in a word, your assets and liabilities.

Ask yourself such questions as these:

1. Could I profit by more education? Along what lines?
2. Do I read enough—and the sort of books that would help me most in business, social and cultural ways?
3. Have I an aptitude for languages and would I enjoy learning French or Italian?
4. Have I natural bent for mechanics?
5. Do I like doing things with my hands? What could I learn to do with them that would give me pleasure?
6. What sports do I like?
7. Am I an asset to a party or a liability? What, specifically, do I lack socially?

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8. Do I get out and meet people socially as much as I should?
9. Are my friends the kind I really want?
10. What do I lack most—culture, friends, outdoor activities, interest in the kind of work I'm doing?

That sort of thing. The idea is to find what you can do would like to do and are going to do! Just reading this book and feeling pleasantly optimistic for a few days isn't all there is to it. There's going to be, when you've turned the last page, some pretty drastic *action*. You're that kind of person.

When you've put yourself through this psychological inventory, then, on another sheet of paper, make a survey (using the classified telephone directory) of the cultural, social, recreational, educational and physical resources of your community. What does it offer that you can use? How do these activities match up with your list of what you need? (You'll be surprised how much any American community has to offer, once you begin to investigate.) You can't, of course, do all this in an armchair. There'll be some telephoning and some foot work. But now you begin to get excited. Did you know there was a course in public speaking absolutely free of charge right around the corner? Untie me, somebody!

At this point, to clarify the whole thing, suppose we take one man's program—Mr. A. W. S. who, in the throes of a breakdown some years ago, went to a hospital for nervous disorders. He is a businessman in a New England city of 100,000 people, is married, has two children, is moderately well off.

Frankly, the minute the door to the doctor's office closed behind him, he stated his position: he was not going to be regimented. He was soothed and persuaded to give the place a chance to make good with him. He was helped to make a schedule and induced to try it out.

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What was his daily program before he came to the institution?

Work, the movies, bridge or poker, the radio, the newspaper—all in a more or less comatose condition.

What was his program at the hospital?

He was taught to play tennis. He studied botany and floriculture. He was taught how to take interesting photographs and to develop and print them. He learned to swim, typewrite, do calisthenics and woodwork. Would you believe it?—he liked it! After some months of this he went home cured.

He couldn't bear to give up all the things that had so interested him at the hospital. So as nearly as possible he approximated the program he had had there, and he still carries on with it.

Program of Mr. A. W. S.

7:00 A.M.	Arises. Simple setting-up exercises. Shower. Breakfast. Walks to work—one mile.
9:00 A.M.	At business.
to noon	
12 noon	Three days a week a brief workout and swim at the local Y.M.C.A.
to	
1:30 P.M.	
1:30 P.M.	At business.
to	
5:30 P.M.	
6:30 P.M.	Dinner.

Evenings

After dinner, at least one evening a week, the entire family plays tennis in summer, goes skating or bowling in winter, for an hour or more.

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1. One evening every other week at a lodge meeting.
One evening every other week at the Family Welfare Association, of which he is a director.
2. One evening in going with his wife to the theater, a movie, an art exhibit, or visiting friends.
3. One evening entertaining friends at home; sometimes playing cards, but this is subordinated to conversation. His friends are chosen because of similar tastes and interests.
4. One evening working at his avocation, which is photography, developing, printing, etc.
5. One evening in reading—fiction and current magazines on informative subjects.
6. One evening a week divided between working on matters relating to his business, such as writing articles for a trade paper, preparing a speech etc., and, with his wife, enjoying classical records or good TV programs.
7. Sunday: going to church and making plans with his wife for the coming week.

Saturday and Sunday

Driving with family to near-by parks or beaches where they picnic, cooking over an open fire. Then he takes photographs or fishes while his wife does water-color sketches. In winter they frequently drive to places of historic interest.

Such a program will appeal to many. Others will say, "How dull!" (We told you we couldn't pick a wife for you!) But if you will analyze this program, you'll find that Mr. A. W. S., who lives in a small town and is middle-aged, is really doing pretty well. Socially he is maintaining contacts with two masculine organizations, one charitable. He gets a fair amount of exercise through his tennis and swimming. He keeps up common interests with his family. He does some serious read-

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ing and writing. He devotes time to an avocation and to social service.

His wife, taken with the idea, follows a program of her own. She maintains her contacts with women's organizations through the local Art Club, membership in a Settlement House and the Red Cross. She has a social life with her husband as well as outdoor activities. Her avocation is painting, she does excellent work, and has exhibited at the local art shows.

At least these two people know, as far more sophisticated people often don't, that time is as valuable as money, and they budget their leisure as carefully as they do their expenditures. They won't grow old as fast as some cleverer people, for they realize that old age is a state of mind more than a condition of the arteries. Because each keeps up his own interests and avocations, each remains an individual and has something new to bring to their companionship. When the children grow up, they will still have other interests in common. They are well integrated and happy.

This program gives you the idea. Now start working on your own. If you are in doubt as to just what avocations and sports you should include and where you can get them, we have a lot of exciting suggestions to make. You'll find them in Chapters Thirteen, Fourteen and Fifteen.

But right now we must interrupt for a moment to take up certain psychological aspects of the problem which we mentioned in Chapter Eight when we outlined the plan psychiatry offers for overcoming fatigue. This plan includes not only subduing destructive emotions, compensating for psychological handicaps and leading a Balanced Life (all of which have been discussed), but also summoning vitalizing emotions, having a worthy philosophy of life and forming good habits.

We must now consider how these three factors can help us in achieving that superabundant vitality which is our goal.

"LIVE DANGEROUSLY!" cried Nietzsche.

"Live breathlessly and die mad!" shouted Gauguin.

Such advice strikes fear to the heart of the conservative but thrills the audacious.

A truth must often be overstated to make its point. Even the conservative feels that there is some truth in these wild exhortations.

The truth is that the sense of being alive is what man craves. He would rather be dangerously alive than safely dead.

We have seen that the psychiatrists counsel the subduing of certain destructive emotions and of all overemotionalizing, but this is a very different thing from counseling a lack of emotion. They are equally concerned with the stimulation of constructive emotions. It is important to subdue fear, worry, complexes, the whole raggle-taggle mob of them, but it is equally important to arouse the proper, the vitalizing emotions. In the conquest of fatigue we shall have gone only halfway if we overcome our emotional enemies but fail to install our friends.

It is emotions which drive us. The very word means a moving outward. When we feel we act, and we act in proportion to the strength of our feeling. "Excitements, ideas and efforts are what give energy," says William James.

What are these vitalizing emotions?

The list is long. But, according to the best minds of all the ages, they may be reduced to three: the love of the good, the true and the beautiful. Some reduce the list to one—the love of goodness.

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Somerset Maugham is held to be an outrageous cynic. In his very entertaining autobiography he says that, in the final analysis, even beauty (and he is an artist) after long contemplation becomes tiresome and never does it arouse in him a sense of reverence; but never does he come face to face with true goodness without a feeling of reverence welling within him. It would seem that the love of virtue is elemental.

Why is it necessary to speak of these things in a book on fatigue?

Because I have yet to meet the psychiatrist who does not base his cure on the inculcation of moral principles, on ethics. No evangelist could preach more earnestly the necessity of the good life. He insists, with all the fervor of which he is capable, that we substitute new and better standards of conduct for the shaky ones that are breaking down under us and causing our collapse. He reiterates over and over that we must found our conduct on sound moral principles, not because they are *moral*, but because they are normal. He is not at all interested in saving our souls, but only in saving our minds. Certain actions are not bad because they are forbidden us; they are forbidden us because they are bad for us.

The vast majority of men are good and want to be good. When they are bad it makes them tired. There have always been criminals and tyrants of terrific energy, but for most men that isn't possible. They are not so constituted that they can run counter to the principles of goodness and not suffer—and first of all by a loss in drive.

The vitalizing emotions can be aroused by a good philosophy of life.

We all have a philosophy of life. We have it whether we are conscious of it or not, whether we can put it into words or not. We act according to it every day of our lives.

A child has a philosophy of life.

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One day fifteen hundred slum children were admitted free to a flower show in New York. One small boy began gathering loose tulip petals from the floor and laying them carefully in a little sack made from his handkerchief.

"I'm going to take them home to my mother," he informed his comrades. "My mother loves flowers. We can't have flowers at our house. But you just wait till I'm a man. I'm going to buy a whole mountain and plant it all over with flowers for my mother. You'll hear from me."

There's a philosophy of life, if you like—even to the energy it creates.

We all have a philosophy, but too often it has been hastily and carelessly thrown together and before we're halfway through the journey of life the poor, unseaworthy craft goes to pieces, leaving us clinging to a few spars.

Nothing that may be wrong with us, the psychiatrists tell us, can be changed until, perhaps in only some minor way, we change our philosophy of life.

The psychiatrist-in-chief of one large institution summed up the situation in these words: "Our job here is to get these people to take a different attitude toward life. They have for the most part a poor philosophy of life—not strong enough, in any case, for the tests it has been put to. Usually it is because they have concentrated on self, their own interests and desires, to the increasing exclusion of those of other people, that they have come to this pass. The neurotic has already withdrawn to a certain degree from reality. The psychotic has withdrawn completely. What is going on inside his own head is not reality. It is pure fantasy. He must learn to *see* other people, be interested in other people, do things for other people. That is the only way back to normality. And it is the only way to remain normal."

"But," you object, "many people with a very bad philosophy

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of life, judging by their actions, many criminals even, have enormous energy."

Right. Fatigability is not their Achilles' heel. Fatigue is not the form their disability takes. It is the form your disability takes. Cruelty, ruthlessness, crime do not hurt them as they hurt a better man. They are hard-boiled. You are not. But even they will not escape a psychological disability, though only the alienist who finally examines them may know what form of mental instability their antisocial conduct has inflicted on them. Be sure they are not normal. They have their phobia, their compulsion, their complex—though their abnormality may never manifest itself as fatigue.

We cannot insist too much nor too often that a sound mind means sound morals much more than it means sound reasoning and that normality is a matter of character rather than intelligence. You see it clearly when you look at those who have retreated furthest from the reality of life.

Last spring I visited an institution for those whom the layman calls insane but who by psychiatrists are spoken of as "emotionally unbalanced." This is a modern hospital, the most progressive, the most humane that one could imagine. The patients live in separate houses, five or six to a house, distributed about a beautiful, extensive estate. With the psychiatrist in charge, I entered one of these cottages, which looked like any charming country house: pretty furniture, gay chintzes, flowers, sunlight.

No signs of restraint. No locks, no bars, no straitjackets; no opiates, no quieting chemicals of any kind. They are never used here. Yet this is the place where the most violent patients—as violent as will be found in any madhouses in the country—live.

A peaceful place, yet no peace.

Screams in the distance. Inhuman screams. You would know them anywhere for a maniac's screams.

BEHAVE YOURSELF

"Let me out! I want to get out! Let me out! I want to get out! Let me——!"

Endlessly.

We passed an open door. A large, cheery room, three windows, sunlight pouring through. A woman sat motionless in a chair, a handsome woman, made up and dressed as though for an afternoon tea.

"Good morning," the doctor greeted her. "A lovely day."

The woman barely turned her sullen face.

"Get out! Pistols! Pistols!" she cried in a violent voice.

We passed on. A large living room. A white-haired woman sitting with her back to us. The doctor addressed her pleasantly. She didn't move.

"Go away. Leave me alone. You know I want to be alone. I don't care who you are—I want to be alone. Why do you come here, when you know I want to be alone?" It followed us down the hall, toneless, monotonous, as though these were the only words she ever spoke.

A bedroom. A woman's figure sprawled across the bed, dressed but inert. She looked dead. She didn't even turn her eyes to see us when the doctor spoke from the doorway. She never voluntarily changes her position.

The floor above. The screams coming nearer.

"Let me out! I am Edna Nathan. Let me out! I am Edna Nathan!"

She was pounding on the doors, looking wildly out the small glass panel. Two young nurses stood outside waiting for the crisis to pass. She saw us. She paused a moment—only a moment.

"Go away! Go away!" And then once more, with increasing wildness, "Let me out! I am Edna Nathan. Let me——" dying away down the hall.

We were out in the green world again.

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These people will get well. At least seventy-five per cent of those who come here go out cured or enormously improved.

What will be changed? Their behavior.

Their intelligences will be no better than when they went in. Their conduct only will have improved. It will have improved chiefly in their attitude toward people. They will no longer be hostile, nor want to be left alone, as do all those who have withdrawn so far from reality. They will be interested in others, will want to become once more a part of the active life about them.

There is no difference in kind between normal people and crazy people—only in degree. We all of us dislike some people, we all want to be left alone at times. We go into the sulks. But we don't stay there. Our intelligence at such times has not diminished. It is our behavior that has sunk to lower levels.

So all the skill of the psychiatrist is directed toward making over character, not intelligence. No minister of the gospel could be more earnest about improving our conduct—not because he cares a hoot about our getting to heaven, but because he knows it is the only way to mental health. Many of the insane have had brilliant mentalities and continued to produce great work—Blake, De Maupassant, Nietzsche, Van Gogh. Not the minds of the insane, but their characters, have broken down. Their philosophy of life has led them to take the wrong attitudes toward people and their own personal problems.

The test of the worth of our philosophy of life is this: What do we consider to be the goal of life?

Is it money? Is it our own selfish happiness at any price? Is it fame? Is it the satisfaction of the senses? Is it pleasure? Is it social position? Is it power?—Or is it to make the world a better place to live in? Is it something we want to give the world instead of something we want to get out of it? Is it the happiness of our children—perhaps of all children? Is it to

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strive for peace or for better living conditions for the underprivileged or even to make some one person happier than he would be if we were not here?

It seems that society is so constructed that if our goal is purely selfish it has no use for us. It will squeeze us out.

"Those who believe in seeking only their own interests and personal superiority," said Adler, "give a private meaning to life. This is an opinion which no one else in the whole world could share."

Our goal must be, in essence, unselfish. It is only if in some way we will co-operate that we will be welcome here and that the rest of mankind, to whom we are tied by our own inability to survive alone, will be willing to co-operate with us.

Money, power, importance—yes. But if that is the *final* goal, if there is no higher use than self-satisfaction to which we wish to put them when we have them, the chances for our being happy are pretty slim.

Our character and our conduct are determined, down to our smallest actions, by the goal we have chosen. That is why psychiatrists endeavor to change the goals of those who have suffered a mental breakdown. A better goal means better behavior, and better behavior means a return to normality.

You can reduce a whole philosophy of life to a few words. Here is one expression of a beautiful philosophy—and I don't see how it could be much improved. One of the kindest men I ever knew had it on a bronze plaque on his desk.

"I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

With an unworthy goal comes a false strategy of life, then frustration and a sense of unreality and futility. Finally—fa-

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tigue. With a worthy goal comes a desire to co-operate, a sense of well-being, fulfillment, achievement, energy.

Not long ago I met a fascinating and brilliant woman whose name it wasn't necessary to know to realize at once that she was Somebody. From such people there emanates a vitality as physical as an electric shock.

Ruth Bryan Rohde, the daughter of William Jennings Bryan, the golden-tongued, is no mean orator herself. Having taken two LL.D.s and an L.H.D., written a number of books and had a long political career as a member of the United States Congress, as minister to Denmark and as alternate United States representative to the fourth General Assembly of the United Nations, she would, we would suppose, be ready, in her sixties, to retire and join her husband, Captain Borge Rohde, on their delightful estate in Jamaica.

Nothing of the kind.

She set up a schedule of six months in Jamaica and six months in the United States to be devoted to humanitarian service. Since her retirement from a full-time political career, she has served as president of the Institute of International Order, alternate United States representative to the fourth General Assembly of the United Nations, honorary chairman of the Speakers Research Committee for the United Nations (for five years she was its president), chairman of the advisory board of the Federal Reformatory for Women, vice-president of the International Boys Camp, trustee of the Starr Commonwealth for Boys—all demanding considerable dashing about the country, lecturing, raising funds, etc. That, it seems to me, is a more satisfying way of life than retirement to a life of ease and pleasure.

In cases like this we see clearly at work the principle of a worthy goal arousing the emotions that release energy.

So the way to summon to our aid all those powerful construc-

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tive emotions which drive mankind to its chosen end is to make sure that we have a goal worth achieving.

You remember Clara Barton, founder of the American Red Cross? She was a frail little woman, often in poor health, and terrified of bullets, but even when she was ninety her first-aid kit always stood packed and ready for use at a moment's notice. For over forty years men wounded in battle and disasters of all kinds died in her arms, and men were operated on with no other anesthetic than her hand to hold. What gave such a woman the power to go through flood, hurricane, fire, battle, massacre, ministering to the dying and disabled?

It must have been some goal in life worth suffering for. It must have been emotions so strong that they charged a frail body with energy far beyond that of most strong men.

What drives a Magellan, certain of destruction, out on an unsailed sea, confronting unimaginable terrors, if not some irresistible emotion? What drives a Lindbergh on man's first solo nonstop flight across the Atlantic? Not reason, surely. Reason would keep them safely at home. It is passion.

As to the genesis of the emotions, there are two theories, both of which have been in circulation at least since the time of Aristotle without either theory winning a decision. One camp holds that action precedes emotion, the other that emotion precedes action. It has been crudely put thus: You see a bull, are afraid and run. Or: You see a bull, run and are afraid. There's been a lot of laboratory experiment, argument and evidence on both sides. But all that we can be sure of to date is that action and emotion are so closely linked that it is as impossible to separate them as to separate body and mind.

If you feel an emotion, you will act.

If you act, you will feel an emotion.

If you are angry, you will strike; if you strike, you will feel anger.

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"Action and feeling go together," said William James, "and by regulating the action, which is under the more direct control of the will, we can directly regulate the feeling, which is not."

Which, to the problem of fatigue means:

If you feel tired, act energetic and you will soon feel energetic.

And never, by any chance, say, "I'm tired." Say, "I feel swell"—even though it's a whopper.

"Assume a virtue, if you have it not," Hamlet's advice to his mother, is not a counsel of hypocrisy. The assumed virtue soon becomes a reality.

When you feel depressed, act cheerful—and soon you will feel cheerful. Square your shoulders, step out, smile; soon you'll find yourself feeling quite cheery. The influence of the body on the mind is as incalculable as the influence of the mind on the body. The mere posture of the body induces a mood, even though it be consciously assumed.

It takes an emotion to fight an emotion. Reasoning, wishing, willing, will not banish the unhappy emotions. But turn another emotion loose on them, back it with everything you've got—action, habit, a goal worth attaining—and you can lick it every time.

What now of habit in the conquest of fatigue?

"Habit is second nature? It is ten times nature," asserted the Duke of Wellington.

Habit is not so glamorous a word as magic. We'd all rather be able to pick an ace of spades from a deck of cards than form the habit of rising at 7:00 A.M. But Thurston or Houdini or Dunninger would tell you that all magic is merely laboriously formed habit. And any psychologist will tell you that we are mere walking bundles of habits.

Every smallest action of ours is registered by the molecules of our nerve cells, wears a path, eventually a highway down which we must walk willy-nilly. We become scientists, drunkards,

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saints, criminals, scholars by many separate, seemingly insignificant acts which form an unbreakable chain of habits.

Why form good habits?

Because we *are* our habits.

Because the man who has strengthened his morale through the formation of good habits will stand like a rock when softer men go down like a house of cards.

Because the more we turn over to habit, the more will we be freed for the exercise of our higher faculties. Automatism makes no demand on our mentality. It is almost effortless. The more of our lives it takes charge of, the more energy is released for important action.

✓ Once there was a young man who felt himself full of faults. He determined to overcome them so that he might achieve the goals he had set himself. He wished to accomplish great things in life. He wanted to make money and, when he had made enough to live comfortably, to devote himself and his fortune to the service of his fellow men. He decided to organize his whole life and all his capacities to that end.

He went about it methodically. He made a list of the thirteen virtues he conceived to be necessary for a successful and happy life. They were Temperance, Silence, Order, Resolution, Frugality, Industry, Sincerity, Justice, Moderation, Cleanliness, Tranquillity, Chastity, Humility.

He knew it was beyond human might to attain virtue merely by resolving on it. Only the breaking of bad habits and the building of good ones, day by day, would accomplish it. So he resolved slowly to acquire the *habitude* of virtue.

He was nothing if not practical. He prepared a little book in which he allotted a page to each virtue, ruling it off into squares for the seven days of the week. He knew he couldn't hope to practice all thirteen virtues every day of the week so he assigned a week to each virtue, letting the other twelve take their chances

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that week. Each day that he committed a fault against the virtue for that week, he gave himself a black mark in his little book.

He went through the course complete in thirteen weeks. Then he started all over again—four courses a year. After many years he had so strengthened himself in these virtues, keeping his book almost free of black marks, that he went through the course only once a year, and late in life only once in several years.

He aimed at moral perfection. Though by his own admission he never achieved it, yet he wrote at the end of his life that to this device "he owed the felicity of his life—his long-continued health, the early easiness of his circumstances and acquisition of his fortune, with all the knowledge that obtained for him some degree of reputation among the learned, the confidence of his country, and all that evenness of temper and that cheerfulness in conversation which makes his company still sought for."

Nothing, he said, but some such arbitrary device as the one he adopted will enable a man steadily to improve his conduct; and for lack of such an artifice many who make high resolves find the difficulty of breaking bad habits and of learning good ones so great that they give up the struggle. Virtue can't be attained in a single leap, but only by daily small efforts.

No man ever started from a lower point on the road to success than this man. No one ever raised himself higher by his own unaided efforts.

But for that determination to build himself up slowly by the forming of good habits—and but for that little book—he might have been a nonentity. Instead he was Benjamin Franklin, one of the richest men of his day, discoverer of electricity, inventor, scientist, statesman, philosopher, writer and ambassador to France. And of all the ambassadors we've sent to France none

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ever made a more profound impression on that luminous and cultured nation than this self-made scholar with his wisdom, his wit, his wide-ranging knowledge and culture.

"Am I Napoleon or am I a louse?" Raskolnikov asks in Dostoevski's *Crime and Punishment*.

The answer is "Neither."

Napoleon could say, when told by one of his generals that he could not possibly gain a victory because circumstances were against him, "*I make circumstances.*" With him it was literally true. But a louse has practically no control over its environment.

We may not be Napoleons, but neither are we lice. Some people feel a close kinship to that louse, feel that they have no power over their destiny, that they are incapable of making the effort to conquer the forces against them. These are those whom Dubois calls the pusillanimous. They are too easily discouraged. That, usually, is because they sit at the foot of the mountain, footsore and weary, and look up at seemingly unscalable peaks. They don't start walking. They must make their little book and write down in it each day their failures—with perhaps a red star for their successes. I have known children made over by this device of a card hung above their beds, with blue, silver and gold stars to mark their progress. Adults though we are, we still like our gold stars.

Few of us will accomplish this self-re-education "as if by magic." With more of us it will be a slower, but never a discouraging process, if we will believe in our ultimate victory, if we will examine our philosophy of life to see if it is a good one, if we will begin in the forming of helpful habits, in the cultivation of vitalizing emotions and by leading a Balanced Life.

Gradually we will release those submerged stores of energy which all of us possess.

How much energy? A limitless amount.

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Nature is never niggardly. She gives everywhere the too much rather than the too little. A thousand seeds, a thousand eggs where only a few are needed. She makes sure of survival.

And nowhere more than in human energy. She has crammed us full of the life force. It is we ourselves who hold it down by our faulty strategy of life. There is energy enough in the weakest of us to keep us going at top speed for a lifetime. We have only to set it free by the methods psychiatry prescribes.

Such limitless energy presupposes a healthy body, a healthy mind and a normal life. Men can be brought to the end of endurance, to the last trickle of energy, in a thousand ways—by a crisis of physical overwork, by a life of dissipation, by malnutrition, exposure, disease. But these are not the causes that are sapping the energies of most men. The causes are, for most of us, emotional. And we can oppose them with the full force of our character, certain that through this re-education of ourselves we shall become the masters of our fate.

We have now to consider the laying out of a program for a Balanced Life. Work, enjoyable work, or, at the very worst, work which we can endure for the sake of the leisure it makes possible in which to do the things we do enjoy, is an essential part of every program. Those who are so unfortunate as not to have to work for a living find themselves so fortunate as to be able to work for higher ends than do most men—for the service of their fellow men and for the cultivation of their own minds. There is no greater privilege; and most people of leisure (they are, of course, mostly women) don't appreciate it. They should think of their boundless leisure as Franklin thought of his. They must include a heavy assignment of work—study, social service, politics, charities—in their programs.

As long as they remain people of leisure they will be tired. There must be more work than rest or play in a life if it is to be balanced. A job is the *sine qua non* of mental soundness. And

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by a job we mean a vocation of worthy purpose, suited to one's abilities, capable of growing as the individual grows, never ceasing and worth society's paying for. Without that means of integration with the world, the human being feels a sense of futility than which nothing is more calculated to bring on fatigue.

Then comes the question of what we shall do with our leisure time. How to get the most out of it isn't the easiest problem in the world. Most people make no attempt to plan their leisure—they just let what will, happen. It's haphazard, a big scramble. And when it's all over, nothing much *has* happened. A few vacations they remember with pleasure, some pleasant traveling, half a dozen great plays they've seen, three or four great dancers and conductors, a few friends they've snatched out of the hurly-burly—but there they are, in their fifties or sixties, with parties getting fewer, golf getting harder and really nothing much to do with their evenings.

Well, let's change all that.

Let's find out how we can make this leisure time of ours the richest, happiest part of life—and the means of releasing more energy with which to do more work.

*What Do You Do between 5 P.M.
and 11 P.M.?*

ONE DAY a man rushed to a window on the eighteenth floor of the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York, clambered out to an eight-inch slanting ledge and teetered there for eighty minutes while police and firemen spread nets 175 feet below and friends at the window implored him not to jump. Finally he yielded and climbed back into the room.

Four months later he actually did fling himself from the window of the Pennsylvania and was instantly killed.

After his first attempt at suicide, he explained to his wife and friends, "I just couldn't stand it any longer. I'm not a young man but I've got plenty of go left in me. Seven years ago I retired from business. Seven years of idleness! I can't face it! Retiring was the biggest damn fool thing I ever did!"

Leisure—and nothing to do with it.

Dr. Gerald Dorman of the New York Life Insurance Company said to me: "Men who retire unprepared don't live long. Leisure is too great a shock to them. But those who, before they retire, cultivate an avocation which can become a vocation, have no difficulty adjusting to their new way of life. Without a strong interest to replace his work, a man accustomed to an active life soon ceases to be interested in living. He will not even get up in the morning. But if before retirement he has cultivated a genuine interest in politics, delinquent children, the Boy Scouts, the Travelers' Aid or some other form of social service or has developed skill in some art or a craft, he will make the transition smoothly. Failing this, he can at least count upon

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an early death to put an end to his boredom. His unbalanced life finally catches up with him."

We can't balance the books in the last hectic moments before bankruptcy—they must be balanced as we go. Every week, every day, if possible, we must provide for:

1. Our work
2. Our avocation
3. Our social life
4. Our physical welfare

Our leisure time must be distributed among the latter three. One-third of our lives, at least, is leisure time—according to popular opinion, the most precious time we possess. The goal of humanity has always been leisure. Heaven, in any language, is the place where there is no work. Man sweats chiefly to obtain this leisure. He fights for a forty or thirty-five-hour week so that he may have more leisure. We all fight for more leisure. Leisure for what? When we have it, what do we do with it?

Chiefly we kill time. We have a strange obsession about leisure. Being devoted to the pleasure principle, man believes that in this hard-won leisure of his he should make as little effort as possible, mental or physical. He goes to the shows that demand the minimum of cerebration. He reads the detective stories and adventure magazines that require the least concentration. He tries to ease off the strain of the day with alcohol. He endeavors to dope his unquiet emotions and to distract his mind with a monotonous round of card games, the radio, TV, the newspapers, crossword puzzles, the movies. He is seeking *rest*. What he is actually doing is to tire himself by the best-known scientific methods—by mental vacuity, trivial pleasures and dissipation. He is merely lulling a troubled and restless mind into temporary forgetfulness. He is pulling none of the stops which release energy.

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The mind, like nature, abhors a vacuum. When we come to the end of the day's work and at last achieve that coveted leisure, we should not sink to lower levels of activity but, if anything, live even more intensely and vividly than before.

The trouble is that most of us confuse relaxation with rest. We are still under the sway of that medical misconception of a past generation which held that neurasthenia was a weakness of the nerves and that rest was the cure. On the contrary, as has been shown, work is not the cause of nervous exhaustion and fatigue; and rest is not the cure.

We are tired not by what we do, but by what we *don't* do, by all those neglected interests and excitements out in the world which we're missing. Relaxation, not rest, is what is needed. And relaxation means constructive activity. The cure of fatigue is increased activity, either in the form of work or play.

Not that we haven't a good word to say for rest—absolute rest taken either in sleep or just sheer indolence. But usually people can say for themselves all that is necessary, and more, on that head. Complete rest is essential, but often not in the quantities we think necessary. The mind is like the body in this respect. A muscle may be rested either by ceasing to use it entirely, or by using it in some other way. In all exercise, in every physiological process, we have alternating, rhythmic periods of contraction and relaxation, of work and rest. That is what produces a strong and elastic muscle. If the work is done without those periodic rests, the muscle becomes stiff and weak. With no work at all to do, it becomes flabby.

So in the mind, continuous, monotonous work produces cramp and weakness, but work alternating with rest produces a firm and elastic mind. But much more of this rest than most people realize should be of the change-of-activity kind. It should be in the form of play.

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Play differs absolutely and forever from work in that, although it may even be more strenuous, mentally and physically, more absorbing and exciting than work, it is completely lacking in a sense of responsibility. It must have no ulterior motives such as the achievement of money and power.

Most human beings must work or starve. When they lose that incentive, they must put another, equally strong, in its place—or die of boredom. If their work is drudgery or if it does not consume all their energies (and few jobs do) or if it does not employ all their abilities, then, too, they must seek outside interests. We must lead balanced lives or see our energies slowly slip away.

The man who flung himself from the eighteenth floor of the Pennsylvania Hotel is not an isolated case. If they don't actually commit suicide, a large number of men who retire age quickly and die. The mainspring is broken—the movement runs down.

Edgar Guest, whose homespun poetry was bringing him in an income of \$100,000 a year, retired at fifty. In no time at all he was flat on his back, calling for doctors, nurses and medicines. Not a single doctor could find anything wrong with him, and that made him wild, for he knew he was a very sick man. Finally his wife told him what was wrong. He *was* dying—dying of boredom, and he'd better get out of bed under his own power before they had to call in the undertaker. Guest seemed delighted at this news and got up at once and set to work. He's been at it and in the best of health ever since. He knows better now than ever to retire again.

Youth and the excitement of youth keep us going till around forty. Then most people begin to complain of a lack of energy, to long for the abundant vitality of their youth and to feel acutely the limitation of their powers. They believe they overdo. As a matter of fact, it is because they have gradually curtailed their

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activities and drawn in their interests that they have begun to feel a loss of drive.

Yet actually they are on the threshold of a richer life than they have yet known—"the last of life, for which the first was made." A tonic and "a good long rest" will only confirm them in the belief that they are slowly but surely disintegrating. What they need is a deeper draught of life. If they only knew how much energy they still have in them after "a hard day's work," and that listlessness and fatigue will give way to excitement and energy as soon as they begin to do the things they really want to do!

We must find those passionate interests, whether we're ten or whether we're eighty. However long we have been without them, however little we may believe we are capable of developing them, we'll find, if we'll give ourselves the chance, that we can be as passionate as a boy with his first bicycle. There is no such thing as a human being so limited in intelligence, so dulled with routine, that he can't find interests which will make him alive to the tips of his fingers, to the ends of his hair. We may have to work all our lives at something we don't like; we can play at what we love best.

Just dabbling in some hobby isn't at all what we're talking about. We're talking about *the thing you really came into this world to do*. The thing you'd like to play at, in this world or the next. The thing that the necessity of earning a living may so far have cheated you of. The thing you can do better than anything else—perhaps better than anyone else. Yes, you must become something of an expert at it so that you can say, "I could earn my living at that if I had to." Many a man has worked himself out of a job he hated and into one he loved by cultivating a "hobby" to the point where it became a career.

A chap named Ditmars, a reporter on the New York *World*, conceived such a passion for snakes, devoting all his spare time

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to hunting and studying them, that he became the foremost authority in the world on herpetology and finally Curator of Reptiles of the New York Zoological Gardens—Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars.

Gauguin was a successful French banker who took up painting as a pastime, becoming what is known as a Sunday painter. Eventually he sacrificed career, family, fortune, to the passion which made him one of the greatest of modern painters.

Rousseau, a French customs collector, retired on a small pension, began painting pictures of such originality and haunting beauty that he soon ranked with the great masters of the nineteenth century.

I could name a hundred men and women who became writers as an avocation while working on other jobs or during enforced leisure. Will Sydney Porter was a teller in the First National Bank in Austin, Texas. For certain embezzlements he was sentenced to five years in Ohio State Prison, and there, to while away his time, he wrote short stories—and came out of prison O. Henry.

Hawthorne and Whitman were both government clerks for a living and writers for love. Keats was a pharmacist's assistant. Thomas Browne, S. Weir Mitchell, Conan Doyle, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Arthur Schnitzler, were all physicians. Joseph Conrad was a ship's captain. Anthony Trollope was a post-office inspector, Disraeli a statesman, Dickens a parliamentary stenographer, William McFee a ship's engineer, Anne Morrow a housewife and aviator.

The same holds true of musicians. Some of the most famous have practiced music only as an avocation. Borodin was a hard-working doctor for whom music was a pastime. Yet, working only in his leisure hours, he became one of the half-dozen greatest of Russian composers. Hector Berlioz, also a busy doctor, produced many beautiful scores such as his *Symphonie Fan-*

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tastique. Charles Ives was an insurance agent who, in his leisure time, wrote such masterpieces as *Like a Sick Eagle* and *Third Symphony*, the 1947 Pulitzer Prize Winner. John Aldin Carpenter was vice-president of a ship-supply company who, after office hours, composed such charming scores as *Skyscrapers*, *Krazy Kat* and *Birthday of the Infanta*.

"Hobby" is a totally inadequate word for these interests. One-fifth, or one-quarter or maybe one-third of your life is going into it. It's not just something to keep you quiet and more or less contented in your leisure time, but something to place beside your wife (or husband) and your work as a reason for living; something that is going to balance your life, keep you a normal human being and help you build up to that peak of energy which will make you the man or woman you want to be. No more frayed nerves; no more nerves sticking out the ends of your fingers.

Choosing an avocation, in the event that it hasn't already been determined for you by a passion so strong that you've never been able to escape its clutches or an interest from childhood that you've had to keep under all these years, is no light matter.

It must do a lot of things for you, this avocation. If you are an introvert, it must help you to become an extrovert. If you are unco-operative, it must help you to be co-operative. If you dislike people, it must help you to like them. If you are physically below par, it should help you to build up. If you are intellectually stagnant, it should arouse you. If you lack culture, it should contribute to that. If your work is confining, it must take you out into the world and make you active.

And finally, it must suit your age, the amount of time you can give to it, your abilities and your pocketbook. No small order.

In fact, *one* outside interest will scarcely do it. You may need an avocation for culture and other activities for health and social contacts. There *are* avocations which combine all three of the

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qualifications necessary for a balanced life, but most people need at least a sport in addition to an avocation.

A recent book written to help you choose an avocation is the author's *The Best Years of Your Life*. This book covers the ground thoroughly, describing a wide range of avocations, and if your blood pressure doesn't rise when you glance over the list of things you might be doing at this moment, the things you've missed so far in life, you're not the man I think you are.

You may, of course, hit on your avocation by accident. Through a clerical error, a certain Martin Salañá was invited to join the children's art class of the Denver Art Museum. On arrival, he turned out to be not a gifted child, but an elderly, bearded, retired cook, age seventy-eight. He soon found the children's art far too sophisticated for his taste and struck out for himself. He had, like Grandma Moses, an inexhaustible fund of childhood memories, not of New England but of Mexico, and he was able to bring them to life on canvas with a primitive charm and a gaiety that rivals Grandma's own. Today, working hard to make up for lost time, he stands an excellent chance of becoming the Grandpa of American art.

So suppose we now consider a few of the many activities which people have found bring the greatest rewards in happiness—interests which so stimulate our faculties that we constantly discover within ourselves new supplies of energy with which to pursue them.

Collecting Is Adventure

There is nothing in the world that human beings, in their magpie way, haven't thought worth collecting; nothing. I don't recommend teeth, but a lot of people have gone in for them and found them fascinating. You can collect anything from stamps to Titians.

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But whether you collect silver or skulls, etchings or lethal weapons, it is not the possession nor the showing of them that is going to give you your biggest thrill. There are people calling themselves collectors who merely pay other people to collect for them or who buy what comes on the market. There is only acquisitiveness in this—not adventure. It is putting your own knowledge and love to work, going on your own two feet, discovering with your own eyes, pitting your wits against other wits, that makes collecting one of the major passions of mankind. Your true collector is first and last an adventurer. He will have nothing in his collection that hasn't a story behind it, *his* story of how he won it against seemingly overwhelming odds.

Here is a typical success story of a collector, a boy with a passion for stones who grew up into a man with a passion for gems, which are just a sort of precious stone. Back in the 'sixties, when he was a lad, he used to wander through the plains of Hoboken and along the railroad and subway cuts in New York, filling his pockets with stones. When he was still only a youngster, he sold a collection of these minerals to the University of Michigan for \$400. That was his first collection, and whatever else may be said of it, from the point of sheer bulk and weight it was the most considerable he ever made. It contained 4,000 specimens and weighed two tons! All out of a small boy's pockets.

He lived to make the greatest collections of gems of our time, a dozen of them, one of them the finest in the world. That is the magnificent collection of gems in the American Museum of Natural History which bears the name of J. Pierpont Morgan. But it wasn't Mr. Morgan who had the fun of making it, but a young man who traveled from Mexico to Russia, California to Hungary, adventuring among murderers and thieves, Czars and spies, Barney Barnatos and forgers of gems, descending into

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amethyst mines and delving into Oriental loot, filling his pockets and his hat and sometimes his boots with sapphires and pearls, emeralds and rubies.

This young man was Dr. George F. Kunz, one of the foremost gem experts in the world, who discovered more gems than all other discoverers of gems during his lifetime. He was an old man when I met him, but he would still rise from his bed at midnight, as he did once when his wife accidentally struck a diamond ring and he saw it glowing in the dark, to spend the rest of the night in experiments—on this occasion to discover that this was one of those rare diamonds which phosphoresce when they are struck or exposed to a strong electric light.

One need not be rich to be a gem collector. Dr. Kunz's own particular passion was semiprecious stones, and these, he held, were within almost anyone's reach. In the course of writing a series of articles with him for the *Saturday Evening Post*, I often heard him tell of people who had made extraordinary collections with only the most modest funds.

"Gems have been discovered in every state in the Union," he told me once, "and frequently by amateurs. A friend of mine, Mr. Stephenson of North Carolina, discovered and collected very fine emeralds in that state. One of them, indeed, has only one rival in the world, the famous Duke of Devonshire emerald. The Stephenson emerald weighs nine ounces and is eight and one-half inches long; the Duke is only a quarter of an ounce heavier. Would anyone have thought of discovering emeralds in North Carolina?"

"One of the great freshwater pearls of modern times, the Tiffany Queen, weighing ninety-three grains, was picked out of a brook by a New Jersey carpenter. Thereafter, \$300,000 worth of pearls was found by the natives in the brook. The rivers of Wisconsin, Ohio, Iowa, Illinois, Arkansas, Tennessee, have all yielded pearls to the amateur, some \$15,000,000 worth.

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"Elijah Hamlin, an amateur, discovered tourmaline mines near Paris, Maine, and his nephew, infected with the craze, devoted all his spare time to gathering these marvelously beautiful specimens, eventually bringing together a collection so fine that part went to the American Museum of Natural History and part to Harvard. Henry Ward Beecher was not a rich man, nor was Oscar Wilde, both of whom I knew, yet they both made small but interesting collections of semiprecious stones.

"I never knew anyone who had a better time out of life than Heber R. Bishop, who was a jade fanatic—and jade is not a gem but a disease. Once bitten, a man is never quite normal again. There is more of the history, romance, adventure, crime and passion of the race behind jade than behind any other gem. Time and time again, Bishop set forth on his travels to the far ends of the earth in search of some incomparable bit of jade, always, at that moment, the most coveted bit in his entire collection, and through hairbreadth adventures and labyrinths of Oriental intrigue, he finally completed the glorious collection which now occupies several rooms in the Metropolitan Museum of Art."

A Poor Man Collects Sculpture

George Grey Barnard was never a rich man and he was usually a very poor one, for if he ever managed to get any money, he always quickly disposed of it in ways known only to an artist and a collector.

Barnard, one of our famous sculptors, died in 1938, at the age of seventy-four, while in the midst of his most ambitious work: the Rainbow Arch, a monument to peace one hundred feet high by sixty feet wide. Yet his own work never absorbed him more than the collections he made of the great sculpture of the past. He has to his credit a collection of almost seven hun-

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dred pieces of Gothic sculpture and painting which is equaled only by what the combined efforts of the Louvre and the Cluny museums in Paris could accomplish. And again, it was knowledge and passion which enabled him, singlehanded, to do what only a whole nation could beat him at.

He discovered that French farmers had always had a way of obtaining any stone they might need for repairs on their out-buildings by despoiling the ruins of the nearest deserted abbey. The fact that the fragment might be an incomparable twelfth-century crucifixion didn't for one moment deter them. So Barnard went methodically through French farms, snooping into stables, barns and cheese houses, picking up priceless pieces of Gothic art—a slab from a knight's tomb which was being used to support one side of a barn; a twelfth-century head of Christ serving some menial purpose in a chicken house—a collection which was valued at \$2,000,000 but which Barnard sold to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., for \$650,000 in order that it might be presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

And then, only a few months before he died, he opened the Old Cloisters as a twelfth-century chapel filled with still another magnificent collection of Gothic and Romanesque art, the equal of his first. Two great collections in a comparatively poor man's lifetime!

True, George Barnard was a sculptor, but most of the great collections of art have been made by men who were not artists, but merely lovers of art, and who, like Barnard, paid in knowledge and enthusiasm rather than in money.

You Can Start with Fifty Cents

"I love antiques—but they're so expensive. I can't afford them," I have heard people say.

I know all about that. There's not a word of truth in it.

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I was talking recently with an acquaintance who goes in for Americana.

"I buy antiques because they're cheaper than reproductions," he said.

He is Lurelle Guild, well known as a commercial artist and designer. When he was a very young and poor man, he was stricken with a love of early American furniture. He began, for a dollar here and fifty cents there, to pick up odd pieces in barns and attics. Soon he had a roomful, then he had an atticful, then a cellarful. He began selling off at prices far beyond what he'd paid, and by investing constantly in better pieces, he soon built up a notable collection.

At one time he lived in an Early American house near Darien, Connecticut—a tavern built in 1690 in Stratford, Connecticut, which was taken apart and set up, board for board and nail for nail, on its present site.

"With the money I had to spend, it was either that or a cheap modern bungalow," he told me.

Around the house he set up a complete Early American village: a church with pews, a schoolhouse with the old desks and blackboards, a post office with letters bearing the stamps of the seventeenth century, a blacksmith's shop with the old forge and anvil, a stable, a country store.

He still owns the village and constantly adds to its treasures. The print shop now contains the wooden printing press on which Ben Franklin served his apprenticeship as well as many of the old lithograph stones of Currier and Ives and some of Cruikshank's steel engraved plates.

Ford did much the same thing at considerably greater expense and so did the Du Ponts at Winterthur in Delaware, where hundreds of rooms contain the most valuable collection of Americana in the world, estimated at \$20,000,000. But they were rich men.

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Today Mr. Guild lives in Connecticut in an Early American mansion fairly bursting with antiques. Around it he has set up nine old houses, covering every style of Early American architecture, from the humble salt-box house to the elegant mansion of the wealthy sea captain, all transported from great distances and reassembled here.

His collecting has always been a source of revenue.

"A hobby can easily reap a profit," he tells me. "I have a separate collection of Americana dealing with trades and industries. I am an industrial designer. What do I do? On the old looms I weave textiles in the handcraft manner and sell them to manufacturers for styling their lines. I copy old lighting fixtures in our blacksmith shop and sell them for mass production. I print old textile and wallpaper designs in our printing shop by the early hand-block method, and have sold them to a number of wallpaper companies.

"The designs for the 'gift ware' we make for the Aluminum Company of America are inspired by originals in my collection as is also the line of cooking utensils called 'Hallite,' which the Museum of Modern Art displayed as examples of beautiful 'modern' design. Of course, I really collect because I'm crazy about it—but I can't help making money out of it.

"I believe that anyone whose heart is in it can start with a bellows or a pair of andirons and gradually work up to a whole village, just as I did."

As I said, there's nothing you can't collect, from books to buttons, from death masks to mustache cups, from rugs to tear bottles, from intaglios to toys, from miniatures to moths.

Stamps, of course, head the list. But people have made reputations for themselves by collecting sea shells or even spider-webs. The collector who uses his wits for money is at no disadvantage in this game. And it is certainly a whole lot more exciting to be a collector like Kunz or Barnard than one like

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J. P. Morgan. Those who did the foot and head work for Morgan had all the fun. Morgan merely snapped out, "Get it," or "I'll take it," usually not even seeing the treasure until the day of delivery. One man of no means whatever assembled a notable collection of autographs, worth \$50,000, by the simple expedient of rummaging through junk heaps. A busy lawyer made a lifetime avocation of collecting Lincoln papers, the finest such collection ever privately owned. A dentist, never paying more than fifty cents or a dollar for an item, made a collection of dime novels which the New York Public Library now houses in its Rare Book Room.

There's nothing in the line of collecting that love and hard work won't accomplish, except perhaps the Venus de Milo—and I'm not even sure about the Venus.

One can't, of course, become a collector overnight. The poorer one is, the more knowledge one must possess; but fortunately knowledge is cheap. Schools, libraries, shops, colleges and museums not only give exhibitions in practically any field in which you may be interested, but likewise lectures and courses, open to the public. The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York gives series of lectures and courses in many fields with the object of training the amateur collector so that he may be saved from costly mistakes and the wiles of unscrupulous dealers and fakers. Some of these lectures, given by outstanding authorities, assist the tyro to distinguish old silver, old laces, Oriental rugs, antique tapestries, antique furniture, textiles, Chinese porcelains, etc. Many institutions throughout the country provide similar facilities.

If Your Passion Is Gardens

A friend of mine had just returned from a motor tour of the South and reported such gardens there as surely bloom nowhere

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else under the sun. No doubt it takes money to develop such gardens as he described: Bellingrath Garden at Mobile, Alabama, and Runnymede, Summerville, Oaks, Edisto, Middleton, Cypress and Magnolia Gardens in Charleston, South Carolina. Bellingrath has kept fifty gardeners tending its miles of rare and beautiful tropical plants, but that's no more than one expects of a millionaire hobbyist. And besides, Bellingrath has admitted the public, sometimes as many as six hundred a day, at one dollar per person.

And then there's Magnolia Gardens. I should unhesitatingly say that no man ever had a more authentic vision of what heaven may be than the Reverend John Grimké-Drayton. Frequently one man's idea of heaven is another man's hell, but no one could take exception to the Reverend Drayton's idea of the hereafter. And, in so far as was in him, he made it manifest on this earth. At Magnolia Gardens, Charleston, South Carolina.

In his guidebook to the United States, Baedeker marked only three places with the double star: Niagara Falls, the Grand Canyon and Magnolia Gardens.

This heavenly garden, planned and planted by one man, has restored men to health: it has restored men to reason; it has restored to men their souls! They have gone there a thousand, ten thousand a day for the benediction of its beauty. If there should be no immortality after death, this man has made his own immortality here on earth.

Out in the part of the country where I live in summer there is a group of squatters' shacks by the roadside, flimsy affairs of discarded lumber, barrel staves and corrugated iron. Yet every one of these ugly huts is wreathed in flowers grown from the castoff seeds and bulbs of well-to-do neighbors—morning glories hurrying to hide a cracked pane of glass, sunflowers flaunting their brazen faces to distract the eye from gaping cracks, petunias tumbling out of window boxes, sweetpeas clambering

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over unpainted shingles. I don't know the people who live in those houses—but I should like to.

I once spent a week end with one of the richest women in the country, who, that week end, was feeling more than usually poor. (The feeling of poverty is, I'm convinced, an occupational hazard of millionaires.) The living room was filled with orchids which she'd just gathered from her greenhouses.

"The last of the orchids," she said sadly. "I mean the last I'll ever have. I can't afford to keep the greenhouses up any longer."

That was some years ago when greenhouses really could take a nice slice out of even a millionaire's income. Today all that is changed. Today *anyone* can have a greenhouse.

The prefabrication boys have gotten into the act. Ten or fifteen years ago a greenhouse was strictly in the luxury class, costing \$15,000 to \$20,000 just to build. Today the prefabricated jobs cost anywhere from \$350 to \$1,750. You can put one up in the country, the suburbs or even in town—on the roof, on a balcony, on a penthouse terrace, in a picture window. You order it in the style and size you want and then can either set it up yourself or have it set up for you, which about doubles the original cost. You can work in a greenhouse every week end of the year, growing the most astonishing things, from out-of-season strawberries to out-of-bounds orchids and out-of-this-world begonias.

I know a bachelor who, in a hothouse window in his small apartment, grows all the flowers he showers on his lady friends. I can't tell you his name (he's a banker and a little bit sheepish about it), but I can tell you this, that he gets more fun out of giving a girl camellias, lilies of the valley, yes, even orchids, than any man I ever knew. None of your common orchid-colored orchids, either: rare white and chartreuse and green lady's-slipper varieties.

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Another indoor gardener planned her dining room around a garden. She conceived an all-white room with an all-white garden at one end in front of a picture window. From floor to ceiling, tier on tier, were rose sprays and stalks of white narcissuses, cyclamens, Chinese sacred lilies, freesias, azaleas, crocuses, morning glories, tulips, slipper flowers—whatever white things were in season. At night spotlights outside the window showered it with moonlight. When you become an expert you will think up things like that. Somebody has to.

If you go in for gardening, indoor or outdoor, as an avocation, you will no more be satisfied with the results of a package of zinnia seeds dumped into a border or a few potted plants in the window than would a collector of birds' eggs with a common robin's egg. You will want your garden to be something people will come miles to see. You will deliberately set yourself more and more difficult tasks; eventually nothing but the almost unattainable will satisfy you. You will be a connoisseur.

Soon you will be taking in seed catalogues, poring over garden books and magazines, sending off to faraway places for rare specimens, joining garden clubs, hobnobbing with the other fanatics, and, if you are a bit of an exhibitionist (as who isn't?), you will have plenty of opportunity of getting into the limelight with prize-winning specimens.

I caught a glimpse the other day of a sign on some public building—perhaps it was a club or a Y.M.C.A. Anyway it was a good sign. It read: "What you do between 5 P.M. and 11 P.M. spells success or failure." That's a good sign.

Well, what *do* you do between 5 P.M. and 11 P.M.?

Let me offer a few more suggestions.

I HAVE a friend, an actress, who, when she married, found herself, for the first time in her life, with a lot of free time on her hands. She was new at this job of being a lady of leisure, and somehow it didn't interest her. (What a lot of yawns there are in the word *amuse*!) She cast about for something to fill the long, empty days stretching out before her.

She decided she'd like to decorate her apartment. But she didn't know anything about interior decorating. Very well, she'd learn. She took courses at the Metropolitan Museum and Columbia University. She haunted antique shops, went to exhibitions of antique furniture and to auction sales, read voraciously.

At the end of a year she "did" the apartment; and a very creditable piece of work, too. Then once more she was out of a job. What next?

Next they bought a place in the country, an old Dutch colonial house in Pennsylvania. She was a year doing the place over, restoring and decorating. That experience gave her an idea.

All around that part of the country city people were buying country houses and not knowing how to restore, landscape, furnish them.

So she opened a shop in the village to help them solve their problems. She knew all about old houses—heating, plumbing, enlarging, restoring, decorating. She scoured the countryside for antiques, she stocked wallpapers, chintzes, carpets, all of which she sold; but mostly she sold ideas. Soon she had a thriving business. She had a marvelous time.

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She still is having a marvelous time. And there was a *bad* moment when she thought she'd have to learn to play bridge!

The woman of leisure (by which is meant any woman who hasn't a full-time job on her hands, either in business or the home) possesses the most priceless thing in the world—and often doesn't know what to do with it.

The Greeks had a word for leisure. It was *schole*. *Schole* to them meant leisure; to us it means school. What a difference in viewpoint! In their plentiful leisure they created such beauty and amassed such wisdom and knowledge that we're still living on it. We cannot equal today the beauty in architecture and sculpture, poetry, drama and philosophy which they produced.

At a dinner given William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet said, "There is no culture in the hearts of people unless the very utensils in the kitchen are beautiful."

Yet the homes of most women of leisure are *not* beautiful; or if they are, they have called in an interior decorator.

Culture may be an avocation. What better use of leisure? It may begin in cultivating our taste in interior decoration and go on to cultivating our taste in the higher arts. It may be employed in creating beauty in our character and personality or in our surroundings.

Mend Your Speech a Little

It is only recently that Americans have realized the importance of a good voice—but, good Lord, *how* they've realized it! After enduring centuries of ridicule for his voice, suddenly, bang! the American becomes voice conscious. All is to be changed. At once. Overnight. The way we do everything.

Radio brought about this transformation, and talking pictures—and I give a lot of credit to Ronald Colman and Charles Boyer. After being exposed to that sort of thing for a few

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decades we could no longer bear the sound of our own nasal twang and of our slovenly diction. We decided to do something about it.

Speech instructors set up shops on every corner not occupied by a United Cigar Store.

Schools and colleges added speech departments.

Hospitals installed speech clinics.

Businessmen took courses in public speaking.

Special speech schools for stenographers, salesmen and professional people were opened.

Soon automobile salesmen were being given the same speech courses as college students; beginners' classes at universities were attended by prospective engineers, physicians, businessmen, homemakers, farmers and mechanics; adults and foreigners were going to night schools; even policemen were forming groups for speech instruction.

All of a sudden we realized what the English have always known, that speech makes the gentleman. As we rise in the world, our speech must rise with us or we'll find ourselves ostracized, considered faintly ridiculous or patted on the back and called a "rough diamond." We may be sure that Lincoln did not deliver the Gettysburg address in the backwoods dialect of Kentucky and that Benjamin Franklin did not assail the ears of Louis XVI with the argot of the Boston water front.

It isn't easy to change our voice habits. It can't be done overnight. But it can be, it is done every day by those who have no intentions of staying where they were born—on the wrong side of the tracks.

It is done wholesale in Hollywood. Boys and girls flock to the film colony photogenic as an Alp but with voices that rasp the sound track, a common enunciation, an unendurable diction or a foreign accent. They put them to school and soon turn them out with the voice and speech of those to the manner born.

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The place to acquire good voice and diction is at your mother's knee. If mother's knee has failed you, then you'll have to learn English as if it were a foreign language. Indeed it *is* a foreign language to most Americans.

Today voice training is big business. From coast to coast the teachers of phonetics, of conversation, of grammar, of diction, of breathing, of voice production, dot the land like comfort stations.

And most of them are quacks.

In this racket anyone who has ever used a stage entrance, failed for the ministry, taught elocution in the little red school-house or addressed an audience of more than six people qualifies as a "professor" of speech. Not that excellent instructors are not available, at high and low prices, at private schools and studios and even free at adult-education centers.

Finally there are the language courses on phonograph records. The Linguaphone Company puts out an American English Conversation course which takes you from the phonetics of the language through Talks on English Speech, Brush Up Your English, and American Dialect, right up through the reading of the classics by such masters of the language as William Lyon Phelps, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Raymond Massey, winding up with the inimitable Shavian record, Spoken English and Broken English, every word of which is pronounced by the master himself.

We can't rise above our speech level. If we expect to mingle with important people, if we wish to be socially acceptable, we must acquire good speech—by osmosis if we can, by special instruction if we must.

I know a brilliant surgeon, the discoverer of a revolutionary operation, who came to this country from Europe when he was fifteen. Although he is recognized in his profession as an outstanding surgeon, he suffers from a terrific inferiority com-

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plex, conscious that he still speaks with the accent of the Ghetto. He subscribes to the opera, collects art, sends his children to the best schools, does everything to advance himself socially except the one thing that would do it—acquiring cultured speech. To this day he has never dared to get up before a convention of surgeons and read a paper on his discovery.

It is stupid to go through life with a voice that can't go where we want to go, meet the people we want to meet, and, every time we hear a cultured voice, makes us feel like dropping on all fours.

From good diction we can go on to public speaking. Once only orators made speeches. Today everyone is expected, with or without a moment's notice, to get on his feet and "think out loud." For that some training is advisable to help us speak in public as unself-consciously, as easily and persuasively as we speak in private.

The trouble with most of us is that we're repressed. We're afraid to speak up—afraid we'll make fools of ourselves. We're not the fools we think we are, as we'd soon find out if we would let ourselves go.

An actor friend of mine told me that once at a rehearsal of the original stage production of *Kismet*, Otis Skinner, famous father of Cornelia Otis Skinner, became infuriated with a young man who refused to let himself go in the big, gorgeous way Skinner liked.

"I belong to the repressed school of acting," remonstrated the tight-lipped young man.

"My God! What have *you* got to repress?" bawled Skinner.

You can see what an excellent avocation public speaking would be for those who are timid, inhibited, indecisive, for those who are lonely, taciturn, grouchy—for all introverts. I'd pause a long while before I decided to pass this one up as an avocation.

Good diction is the beginning of culture. From there one

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may go on to other cultural fields such as the appreciation of the arts.

Mad about Music

Music, I suppose most psychiatrists would agree, is one of the best all-round avocations there is. And they don't mean listening to it; they mean producing it—whatever the neighbors may think.

The value of listening to it has been known for so long that it was undoubtedly among the first methods employed in the cure of nervous disorders. Primitive man used it to exorcise demons and it is still used to quiet raving maniacs. But the value of ourselves producing music, of whatever caliber, has only recently been understood.

Talent isn't necessary. Anyone can learn to play some musical instrument. The idea is not to render a Brahms concerto in Carnegie Hall, but to entertain oneself and perhaps a few friends at home. It doesn't have to be the violin—it may be the kitchen pots and pans. Literally one may be a virtuoso on pots and pans. One of the delights of my life, dearer than the tapping of Bill Robinson's feet, has been to hear Jack Powell perform with drumsticks on kitchen kettles and pots, chairs and boilers, leaping like a blackface Puck from table to stove, sink to cabinet, and drawing music from everything he touched. Not long ago a lifetime prisoner, Frank Grandstoff, was permitted to be guest of honor at the Centennial of Big Spring, Texas, where a cantata of his by that name was performed. He had tapped out its rhythms on his toilet bowl in solitary.

Just because you'll never play the violin or the organ is no reason why you shouldn't play the ukulele or the harmonica—and in six lessons, as the advertisements say. The harmonica was good enough for Lincoln, Hoover, Coolidge—why not for

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you? It was good enough for Borrah Minevitch, one of those harmonica-mad newsboys you see all over town. Minevitch is an excellent example of making a hobby into a career. He organized a group of harmonica players, all ragamuffins knowing absolutely nothing about music, into a band which has played the music of Bach at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York and the music of Gershwin at Queen's Hall in London. You don't even need an instructor for this simple instrument. A book of instructions comes with every fifty-cent harmonica.

Ben Franklin, who no sooner thought of a thing than he invented it, developed a device for playing the musical glasses, which yielded such charming music that Beethoven wrote a number of compositions for it. You can run to the kitchen this minute, and set up the scale by pouring water into drinking glasses, and then draw melody from them by tapping with a stick. I know a woman who entertains her friends at dinner parties by playing any tune you may call on her musical glasses.

If you're a little more ambitious, there are plenty of instruments easy to master which you can get a lot of fun out of—the accordion, guitar, drums, mandolin, xylophone, ocarina, flute, trombone, etc.

My own secret sin is the accordion. No man or woman lives who has less knowledge of or ear for music than I—and yet, do you know? I think I could learn to play the accordion. There is something nostalgic and Grand Canal about it that stirs me to the pit of my soul. Until you've tried, you can have no idea of the ecstasy of picking out "O Sole Mio" with one hand.

If I can, you can.

And though you may never be summoned to a command performance at Buckingham Palace, you may play at your own parties and perhaps someday join an amateur orchestra.

It's not difficult. Anyone who can play a musical instrument acceptably is in demand by the hundreds of amateur orchestras

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throughout the country. Scarcely a profession, city, college, school or industry but has its own amateur orchestra or glee club or band. Doctors have formed symphony orchestras in almost all our large cities. Communities as small as Queens on Long Island and as large as Philadelphia have symphony orchestras of fifty to 150 musicians drawn from every walk of life, every class, every age. Of the performance of a certain high-school orchestra on Long Island, Franco Autori, associate director of the New York Philharmonic, said, "This is one of the most incredible things I've ever encountered in my life." A Staten Island Symphony Orchestra composed of dentists, exporters, businessmen and housewives has a ten-year-old girl as piano soloist.

If you suspect yourself of even the slightest latent musical ability—or even if you don't—it's not a bad idea—indeed it's a splendid idea—to take a musical-aptitude test. Carl Seashore, originator of the intelligence tests for the army and of the "gifted-student" program of education, developed a series of musical tests which, in an improved form, are now available on phonograph records. The Johnson O'Connor Research Foundation in New York, in years of testing for tonal memory, a pure aptitude, has found, in thousands of tests, that there is an incredible amount of musical talent lying around unused and thereby causing ulcers of the mind. Comparing rank amateurs with no musical experience whatever with musicians with ten years' training, they found that one person in every six of the first group scored higher than the average, musically trained person. Such individuals owe it to themselves to use their gift in some more constructive way than merely listening to music. People have been known to submit reluctantly to the Seashore Musical Tests only to discover that they were riddled with talent. One lady of sixty-four, who had gone about all her life with tunes rattling around in her head, found that she pos-

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sessed real musical ability, began writing down these fugitive tunes and soon had a number of compositions published.

Why doubt yourself when musicians do not doubt you?

The Institute of Avocational Music announces in its literature: "It is never too late and you are never too old to get satisfaction in some form of musical expression. Study for the fun of it. We have the right teacher for you in all price ranges, in all musical categories and for all degrees of musical skill even if you have never had a lesson."

Is this a mere money-making scheme? A sucker's game? A come-on for the gullible? Listen.

The Institute of Avocational Music is a nonprofit organization backed by some of the greatest names in music—José Iturbi, Artur Schnabel, Alexander Smallens, Joseph Szigeti, Lucrezia Bori, Harold Bauer, Myra Hess, Gregor Piatigorsky, Rudolf Serkin, Efrem Zimbalist. Is it at all likely that these men and women are talking through their hats or trying to make a fast buck?

Perhaps You're an Artist—and Don't Know It!

"England's Famous Bricklayer Steals the Show," read the headlines—and no one had the least difficulty in identifying the famous bricklayer as England's famous Prime Minister, author, orator, historian, military leader and Knight of the Garter, Sir Winston Churchill. The show he had stolen was the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts where five of his oil paintings were hung.

Churchill discovered his talent for painting when he was over forty and at once flung himself into it with the usual Churchillian ardor. Probably the most heavily burdened man in the world over the past half century, he finds painting the best possible method of relaxing.

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"Change," says this lord of energy, "is the master key [to energy]. A man can wear out a particular part of his mind by continually using it and tiring it. The tired parts of the mind can be rested and strengthened, not merely by rest, but by using other parts It is not enough to switch off the lights which play upon the main and ordinary field of interest; a new field of interest must be illuminated. . . . To be really happy and safe, one ought to have at least two or three hobbies, and they must all be real."*

The old master himself, of course, has five or six.

Painting is the fastest growing avocation in the country today. Art stores actually sell more materials to amateurs than to professionals. Professional art schools have been forced to open their doors to Sunday painters and recognized artists admit them to their studios. Even more fervently than musicians believe that we are all musicians under our skins, do artists believe that we are all potential artists.

"Anyone can paint," says Grandma Moses. "All they have to do is to get a brush and start right in, same as I did."

"Age has nothing to do with being an artist," says Morris Kantor. "Work is what counts. If anything, an older person has an advantage. The technique of sculpture particularly is easily acquired and then it is spiritual and emotional qualities that count."

Janet Scudder, sculptor and painter, whose works are in some of our principal museums, made a crusade of converting people to painting.

"You," she wrote, meaning everyone, "can almost surely paint and you should try. Don't read any books about how to paint. Don't study painting with anybody. Draw, of course, in any

* Reprinted from *Amid These Storms* by Winston S. Churchill; used by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons. This work was published in England by the Odhams Press Ltd. under the title *Thoughts and Adventures*.

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class that is handy, but avoid all instruction about painting. Painting—" and this is also Churchill's opinion—"is a great voyage of discovery and you should follow it alone."

The urge to create is in every human being. It is the great drawback of civilization that creative work is left almost entirely to the unusually gifted. In primitive societies every individual has a chance to develop the gifts we all possess. The Mexican peon makes pottery and baskets as beautiful as any artist could design. The artists of Java have no monopoly of beauty; the very peasants turn out batiks so lovely that European artists copy them.

A few years ago, I visited the caves of Lascaux in southern France, unearthed after some forty thousand years. There, with hands more accustomed to the club than to the brush, cave men, clad in the skins of beasts, had covered the walls with paintings of the hunt—of the wild horse, bison, reindeer, rhinoceros, fleeing and fighting, killing and dying. These prehistoric men, without instruction, traditions, rules or formulas, yet painted the very essence of the bull, the haunting beauty of moonlight, the ferocity of the beast and the courage of man with a beauty and a vitality that only the great artists of today, after a lifetime of study, can achieve.

That same longing to reproduce the beauty of the world about us is in all of us.

It isn't so much that we haven't the ability to create beauty—we have—as that we never discover it. When we do discover it, it is more often by accident than by intent.

One day a doctor, the medical director of physical training at McGill University, needed a small statue of a runner crouching at the starting line for an exhibition. He looked at all sorts of statues, but none satisfied his trained eye. So he bought a tub of clay, took it home and went to work. At least he could make a figure of a runner that would be correct.

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It was not only correct—it was so beautiful that it was accepted by an art school. Dr. Robert Tait McKenzie was thirty-three when he thus discovered he was an artist. He became one of our foremost American sculptors. His beautiful statues, mostly of athletes and soldiers, are today in museums all over the world.

Art remained, all through his life, his avocation only.

The amateur has two problems: where to go for instruction and how to get a showing. (There's absolutely no sense in painting a picture no one will ever see!) If your community offers no teaching facilities, you might consider the Famous Artists Schools, the largest correspondence school in art in the world, with students in practically every country not behind the Iron Curtain. Half of its students are studying to become professionals and the other half are amateurs who intend to remain amateurs. The twelve famous artists who conduct this school have worked out a system of teaching which they practically guarantee will, in three years' time, make "a successful practitioner of commercial art or a satisfied amateur" out of anyone who can hold a pencil or brush. It isn't likely, is it, that such top-flight artists as Albert Dorne, Norman Rockwell, Ben Stahl, Peter Helck, Steven Dohanos, etc., are fooling either themselves or the public?

As for exhibiting, more and more communities are holding showings, with prizes, for their talented amateurs. Of course, if one is a famous-name amateur it's no trick at all to get hung and even to be auctioned off at a high price. The Urban League in New York annually holds an exhibition of, and later auctions, the paintings of such famous amateurs as Eisenhower, Katharine Cornell, Ezio Pinza, Joe Di Maggio, José Ferrer, Bea Lillie, Fannie Hurst, Joe Louis, etc.

Exhibitions are often organized by professions. Just as they form their own orchestras, so do doctors, musicians, teachers,

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etc., put on their own art exhibits. Doctors, whether because they know it is good for them or because they have more soul than the rest of us, are particularly addicted to painting and sculpture as avocations. Every year the American Medical Association holds a formal exhibition of the work of its members. There is a national American Physicians' Art Association as well as local ones in most large cities, such as the New York Physicians' Art Association. The New York Bar Association annually exhibits the work of its lawyer members—makes a big thing of it—reception, cocktails, prizes. The New York Philharmonic Orchestra holds its annual exhibition in Carnegie Hall. Communities with a lot of local pride, like Greenwich Village in New York and Easthampton on Long Island, see to it that their amateurs get a showing even if it has to be out in the street or on somebody's front lawn, pinned to a clothesline or propped against a picket fence.

If the arts seem too ambitious for you, consider the crafts which demand taste rather than talent, skill rather than a brilliant technique, fantasy rather than creative imagination. The results—a lovely bit of jewelry, a handsome book cover, a needle-point chair seat, a beautiful vase or a suit length of tweed—are no less satisfying to their creators than is a painting or a statue.

And, of course, there is photography—which by this time must be a close second to stamp collecting as the national craze. Whether it is stills or motion pictures, prints or transparencies for projecting, it is a craft (some say an art) which demands the eye, but not the hand of the artist. But whatever avocation you choose, you must aim at becoming something of an expert. There's nothing to be gained by dabbling.

Now from the arts suppose we turn to mechanics. Here we hit the male element of the population in its most vulnerable spot.

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Women Don't Understand Machinery

There are plenty of glittering generalities about the differences between men and women, but among the few which psychologists have been able to prove are these: that in general men have more independence, a greater sense of humor and more ability along scientific lines. (Most of all I regret the sense of humor.)

This greater facility for the sciences is the reason so many men turn to scientific avocations. Countless are the men who, outside of business hours, go in for research in chemistry, radio, television, biology, astronomy, weather forecasting, invention, even archaeology.

And when it comes to mechanics, men are "naturals." They have their workshops in cellars and attics, barns and outbuildings—in the very living room itself, if they aren't cut short in their prime. No place is sacred from their batteries and models, their labyrinths of wires, their dynamos and boilers. They will tap any socket, despoil any household utility, in their frenzy to harness power. They set up power machines in their back yards and broadcasting stations in their dining rooms.

But no men are madder, in the true sense of mania, than the railroading fans. They begin with toy engines in their childhood and wind up owning a miniature railroad, complete with locomotive, coaches and tracks, to take their guests from the house to the swimming pool. If you are looking for an avocation which will grip you with relentless clutch, never releasing you except to death, I can recommend nothing more highly than some phase of railroading. The American male, from the cradle to the grave, is the predestined prey of the iron horse.

You may own and operate a miniature railroad on your own estate—if you have an estate—as did William Gillette who, in

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the overalls, cap and yellow cotton gloves which are *de rigueur* for the well-dressed engineer, tootled his guests around his farm in Connecticut; or you may merely collect the railroad paraphernalia of other days—lanterns, bells, oil cans, flags, tickets, signals, etc. You may get the fever so badly that you fall to, as many another man has, and build your own miniature locomotive; and if your heart is in the right place, it will be one that runs by real steam, not by any of these new-fangled storage batteries.

The mania for mechanics is not confined to choo-choo cars. In fact, first place goes to airplanes and then, in order of popularity, come railroads, racing cars, speedboats, sailboats. Magazines with astonishing circulations cater to these fanatics. Blueprints and specifications for making models are drawn up by graduate engineers, parts are sold in hobby shops throughout the country and clubs are formed for the purpose of offering facilities for constructing and testing models and for holding meets.

One of the largest and most solemn of these clubs is The New York Society of Model Engineers, with headquarters at the Lackawanna Terminal in Hoboken, New Jersey. In 1947 this organization initiated a project which would include the building of over one and one-fourth miles of track, occupy a half acre of space, use 30,000 man-hours of work per annum and require six years to complete. A broad-gauged organization, it welcomes to membership and to its huge arena in the Terminal Building, model makers of boats, airplanes, etc.—anyone, as its literature states, “who is over 21 with a mature interest in model building”—but it damn well better be mature!

If you decide to take up model building as your avocation, you won't be alone. Millions of Americans (all male) hold that life offers nothing sweeter. You'll find plenty of cronies to hobnob with. All you have to do is to join the nearest model-

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engineers club—there is at least one in practically every large city in the country, and no clubs in the world are more democratic. One of these clubs once counted among its members a half-dozen millionaires, a janitor, a carpenter, several truck drivers, two artists, a sprinkling of doctors and a goodly number of lawyers. None of them paid the slightest attention to who was who or even knew what the other members did for a living. They were too busy with the really important questions of railroading to have any time for that nonsense.

Model railroading claimed for its own King George VI of England, King Boris of Bulgaria, Wallace Beery, Vincent Astor (who built a miniature railroad on his place at Rhinebeck)—and, at one time, a large section of the student body of Princeton.

Another phase of the mania is traveling far and wide to view the great locomotives of the past, the forgotten railroads which still fuss around the sleepy countryside, carrying one or two passengers a day, the permanent exhibitions of various types of engines, cars and coaches such as the Franklin Institute exhibition in Philadelphia, locomotive plants like the one at Schenectady and other shrines of locomotivedom.

This, of course, scarcely scratches the surface of the Elysian fields which will open up to you once you are inoculated with the virus of railroading.

There is nothing in the world that the model makers will not attempt to reproduce, from the Empire State Building to the *Liberté*, from a circus to an eighteenth-century drawing room, from Shakespeare's Globe Playhouse to the "Spirit of St. Louis," from a jet bomber to *Old Ironsides*. Anything that will sail, fly, run, soar or just go round and round is first choice for most of these monomaniacs. But there are those who are totally and haughtily indifferent to motion, their sole concern being to produce a miniature so perfect in every detail that even

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the microscope can detect no difference between it and the original.

Of these is Dr. Philip Norman. Dr. Norman, a busy New York physician, has set up a miniature shipyard in his laboratory where he builds replicas of the old river boats which, as a barefoot boy, he watched chugging along the Red River of Louisiana.

If the paddle wheel of the original had 233 pieces, so has Dr. Norman's five-foot model. If the original boasted a carved-wood figurehead, so does the replica. So you can see that it can easily take him two years or more to build one of his models—which museums clamor for—and sometimes get. His copies of the *Valley Queen*, the *Cotton Palace*, the *Robert E. Lee* and the *U and I* have won prizes and honors and trips to Europe.

Practically all professional model makers, who now drag down their \$20,000 to \$60,000 for some gem of modeling, started this work as an avocation, but were so carried away by it that they turned professional so that they could devote their entire lives to it.

That Smudge on Your Nose!

There is another germ, almost as virulent, which claims its thousands of victims: printer's ink. If printer's ink is in your blood, if an itch for journalism lurks under your skin, if you yearn, you know not why, to write, draw, set type, print, edit, then this is the field for you.

There are groups of amateurs in almost every community who write, illustrate, edit and print all types of publications for circulation among their members. If you revel in the smell of newsprint fresh from the press, the smudge of ink, the click of type, the scissors and the paste pot, if you have ever yearned to be an editor, a proofreader, a reporter, a student of journalism,

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a writer or a cartoonist, then join some such group of printers and publishers and really have the time of your life.

Or you can have your own private press, write your own copy, set your own type, print your own magazine or books. Many colleges and adult-education centers have evening courses in bookbinding, open to all. There need be nothing frivolous about such a pastime. It may lead to the most serious consequences—possibly the invention of a new type, the designing of covers and jackets for books, novel ideas in make-up, or a complete book with hand-set type and hand-tooled cover.

There is, for example, Mr. Arthur Rushmore, formerly head of the Manufacturing Department of Harper and Brothers, publishers, in New York, whose avocation is the creating of beautiful books. In his own home he has installed a composing room where, to date, he has set by hand the type for over one hundred books, including the limited edition of Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Conversation at Midnight*. Those printed on vellum sold for \$50. He designs the covers, the end papers, the jackets—everything from manuscript to finished books. This he did while still active in business and continued to do when he retired.

He began by setting up small books to be sent out to his friends as Christmas gifts and later set up books as long as 200 pages. Fun? A lot of fun until someone bulldozes him into setting up a book for low commercial purposes, promising a profit. That takes all the fun out of it for Mr. Rushmore. It's no longer recreation, but work. He does his darnedest to keep it from being profitable.

A man could start such a hobby, Mr. Rushmore told me, for as little as \$50 to \$100 if he wasn't fussy just at first about his types. Of course, if you go in for a lot of fancy imported types, you can be into the thousands in no time at all. But you could do the thing in a nice way for a few hundred dollars, buying a

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secondhand press for around \$75 to \$100 and perhaps \$300 to \$500 worth of types and gadgets. After that it's up to you: go commercial and print handbills, if that gives you a thrill, or bring out a limited edition of some favorite author on vellum.

Ink in Your Blood

There's a school of thought today which holds that Anyone Can Do Anything. No believer in the universal genius of practically everybody, I nevertheless maintain that:

You never know what you are capable of doing until you try.

Everyone possesses a number of undiscovered abilities.

Most human beings use only a fractional part of their resources and achieve only a minimum of what they are capable of achieving.

A great deal of energy put behind a very small talent will accomplish more than a small amount of energy put behind a great talent.

Hard work alone will make almost any intelligent person a successful practitioner of one of the arts—not an artist, mind you; a practitioner.

That being so, what is to prevent your becoming a writer? Nothing!

Nothing, that is, if you are willing to work unreasonably hard with little or no cheering from the side lines. Most of the words that pour from the presses of the world are not the product of talent, as their perpetrators would be the first to admit, but the product of blood, sweat and tears—principally sweat.

Writing courses are available everywhere—in adult-education centers, college extension courses, correspondence schools

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and writers' conferences, a project which many universities offer in the summer. The Writers' Conference of the University of Kansas states: "Anyone who wants to translate the wish to write into the habit of writing is eligible."

And then—who knows?—you may turn out to be one of those who *does* have talent. A lot of people have discovered late in life that they possessed a genuine gift. A lady named Trollope, mother of Anthony, started writing at fifty and published 114 books before she died. A minister (name of Douglas) began writing after he retired—and wrote *The Robe*. A chap named Sabatini sat behind an office desk for ten years before he finally put pen to paper and produced *Scaramouche* and *Captain Blood*. The longest novel ever published, *Sironia, Texas*, was written in his spare time, by a dry-goods wholesaler, age fifty-seven.

Anyone who wants to write, will write and, by heaven, *does* write can usually get into print. There are plenty of publications for which specialized knowledge is more important than writing skill.

So if you want to write, go ahead and write. A professional would be the last one to discourage you. He knows how little talent he himself possesses. He knows how much sweat goes into every paragraph he writes. I myself harbor no illusion that I am a born writer. I am a born rewriter.

If at this point you are still undecided as to just what vocation you'd like to take up, I suggest that you read a few books on the subject. Some cover many avocations—*The Home Crafts Handbook* by Roy E. Morris, for example, every chapter of which is written by an enthusiast and an expert; or the aforementioned *The Best Years of Your Life*, which devotes a complete chapter to each of a dozen or so of the most popular avocations—painting, writing, music, photography, collecting, mechanics, community service, politics, adult education, etc.—

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with full details as to where instruction may be had, the cost, etc.

Nothing in this project for banishing fatigue is more important than the choice of an avocation. Believe Churchill, if you do not believe me! Nothing relaxes body and mind like the pursuit of some new interest. It is not enough, as he points out, to switch off the light which plays on our main field of interest. We must turn it on a new area of interest. When the light goes off in the office, it must go on in the playroom.

THE Three Horses:

Avocation
Social Life
Sports

You have to ride them all, not singly, but like a cavalryman, all three at once—and all your life. Oddly enough, that's the easiest way to do it. You're almost sure to come a nasty cropper if you leave that great horse, Sports, in the stable for six months or a year and then take him out for a brisk canter. Men who try that sort of thing fall dead on the golf course every day.

When a psychiatrist lays out a program to balance your life, he tries to work all three in every week—if possible, every day. You should no more go without exercise for a week than you'd go without sleeping or eating for a week. You can't catch up on it over a strenuous week end or during two weeks' vacation in the summer or two months in the winter.

Today industry is tremendously interested in the emotional well-being of its employees. Big companies, like the Standard Oil Company, the New York and the Metropolitan Life Insurance companies, have staffs of personnel directors, doctors, psychologists, psychiatrists, social workers, athletic instructors, etc., to investigate the problems of their employees and help them solve them. An unhappy, maladjusted, chronically tired employee is a liability.

- As soon as the first symptoms of emotional disturbance appear, the employee is asked to report to the company doctor or psychiatrist. Usually the condition can be described as a bad

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case of nerves, manifested in unprovoked or exaggerated emotional outbursts, tears, hysteria, quarrelsomeness, resentment, a chip-on-the-shoulder attitude, etc. Investigation most often reveals that the individual's life has narrowed down to a program of living to work rather than of working to live. Their work, they believe, uses all their energy. There is none left for outside interests.

The psychiatrist does some explaining and persuading and then lays out a program for a balanced life: so many hours a week in the company gymnasium with instruction in a favorite sport or playing on one of the company teams—hard ball, soft ball, handball; so many evenings a week in recreational and avocational activities; so many in social activities and community service. Companies situated in or near a big city draw on an inexhaustible supply of facilities, most of them costing nothing: social clubs which offer dancing, amateur dramatics, games, lectures; adult-education centers where the subjects taught number in the hundreds—folk, tap and social dancing, languages, painting, photography, handicrafts, music, sewing, cooking, etc; organizations like the Y.M.C.A., Y.W.C.A., Y.M.H.A., Catholic clubs, etc., where, for a nominal fee or free of charge, all sorts of social, recreational and educational facilities are available. Smaller communities have their own resources.

A program of expanding interests, not rest, is the prescription the doctor usually gives these patients. Once started on such a program, the nervous wreck soon finds the kinks dropping out of his tightly knotted nerves. Often in a few weeks he has made such an adjustment that he can scarcely remember when life had been anything but a round of enjoyable activities.

As simple as that?

As simple as that.

It works for the \$50,000 executive as magically as for the

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\$2,500 clerk. It works for the housewife as well as for the career woman. It works for the octogenarian as well as for the college student.

I know of a young woman who, at the age of twenty-four, took her fifth degree, a Ph.D. She held, among others, a Bachelor of Music degree and a scholarship entitling her to study under Percy Grainger. She was highly proficient in singing and playing the piano, in interpretive dancing, tennis, swimming (she was a lifesaver at a pool during the summer) and public speaking—to mention a few of her attainments. Where, you ask, does a girl get the energy to do all these things in addition to carrying a full academic program? The answer is that she gets the energy to do one thing by doing the others. Energy grows with use.

On the question of social activities we shall say only this: that if they don't appear spontaneously in your life, then the best way to acquire them is through an avocation, community activity, or a sport. A social circle that isn't constantly widening is constantly narrowing. Meeting congenial people is most easily done on the basis of some genuine mutual interest. During the war people came together (and discovered they liked one another) who would never have met in peacetime. The many activities of the Red Cross, the American Women's Voluntary Services, Air Raid Wardens and other wartime organizations created a bond which carried over into private life. In peacetime many avenues of approach are opened up by educational, political, religious, and cultural organizations.

Sports and avocations are other common meeting grounds. Games can't be played alone. Hobbies bring people together in clubs and forums. Take up public speaking, dancing, amateur dramatics, political campaigning. Join a club—bridge, handicrafts, athletics, social, business. It's merely a matter of getting into circulation.

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Sports for most people constitute a Problem.

This is how they put it.

"Sports—fine! I live in the city. A couple of times a week in the summer I can get in a game of golf. If you can tell me how I can play golf all winter in the city, I'll appreciate it."

Or: "My sport is fishing. I fish for two weeks every summer. Then I wait for the next summer. Thanks, I'm not interested in dancing."

Or: "I have sports all summer long. I live in the suburbs—on the water. I sail, swim, fish. Have to give it up in the winter, of course."

Then there's the other school of thought: the alibi makers.

"I get enough exercise in the day's work. . . . I don't care enough about having a good physique to work at it. I'd rather take life easy. . . . I'm too old to exercise. . . . I don't believe in exercise. People live just as long, or longer, without it."

That's *their* point of view.

Let's take it from a broader point of view.

You may have no desire for bulging biceps. You may not care if you have a bay window, three chins and grand piano legs. It may not even disturb you that you puff and pant going upstairs. But you *do* care if you have plenty of energy. Very well then—exercise is necessary.

A sedentary life allows *all* the muscles to deteriorate—not only the biceps that look so handsome on the athlete (but which you, of course, don't envy) but also the internal muscles. They must be exercised or they will degenerate and so lower your vitality. There *is* such a thing as an energetic mind in a sick body—but why aim at that?

Sir James Mackenzie, the well-known heart specialist, warns us that a life without exercise allows the heart, which is a muscle, to deteriorate to a dangerous degree. When an emergency arises, the heart is not in condition to meet it. Any unusual ex-

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ertion, such as climbing stairs, running for a train, even eighteen holes of golf, is often too much strain to put on the untrained heart. They call for extra supplies of blood which the weakened muscle can supply only by beating faster. But the trained heart will meet this unusual demand by contracting, not more often, which is bad, but more strongly, which is good.

The heart, like any other muscle which has been allowed to deteriorate, can be reconditioned. Lindhard, by conditioning a man, increased the amount of blood pumped per beat by his heart from sixty-two centimeters to 103—a considerable increase in efficiency.

The efficiency of the untrained heart is rated at 7.3—of the trained heart at 28.2. Four times as efficient. Would you like a heart four times as good as the one you have? Or even twice as good? On that count alone, exercise is necessary.

If you are the motor type, all this exhortation is wasted on you. If you like to hit things, throw things, run instead of walk, jump instead of sit, act instead of talk, then you'll get your sports in spite of hell and high water.

But if you'd rather walk than run, and talk than act, then you may have to use pressure to get started. Occasionally is not enough. When you happen to feel like it is not the time. When you happen *not* to feel like it is the best time of all. Three times a week is the minimum. First comes effort, then habit, then pleasure. Soon you wouldn't give it up for a box seat at the World Series.

Most people, I believe, would like to include some sport regularly in their lives if it didn't seem next to impossible. They go in for sports during the summer, but come the winter, no golf, no tennis, no boating, no swimming, no fishing, no camping—then what? The city man gives up. And he doesn't take it too hard. Good time to rest.

Worst time in the world to rest. Spasmodic sports are al-

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most worse than none. Well, then, he'd like to know, what is he to do about it?

You don't need to give up sports because it's winter or because you live in town. Why have a one-sport mind? Golf is a great game, but men exercised their flexors and their levators before golf was ever heard of, and had a grand time doing it.

Maybe there are some sports you can't get in big cities like New York—but I don't know of many. Riding? Parks and indoor rings, in some communities the armories, offer riding day and night. Skiing? You can get instruction in many large and some small cities, often with champions to initiate you into all the intricate stems and turns. They can make an expert of you before you ever hit the trails. Within so short a distance of many cities that you can get there and back on a week end or even a Sunday, one good snow opens up the trails. Skating? You can skate indoors or out, in parks or artificial rinks. Tennis? You can play indoors all winter, in private clubs and on public courts. You can play any kind of ball you ever heard of, from volleyball to indoor baseball and basketball.

Rich man, poor man, housewife or professional woman, you can get practically any sport you want in a big city all winter long. Where? At private clubs, gymnasiums, hotels, Y.M.C.A.s, Y.W.C.A.s, Y.M.H.A.s, adult-education centers, public and private swimming pools, community centers, schools, colleges, church-neighborhood houses, settlement houses, public playgrounds, riding academies, professional schools, shooting galleries, skating rinks, bowling alleys, Turkish baths, armories. Don't overlook the armories. Many have tennis and badminton courts and some are open to the public at a moderate price.

There are plenty of indoor swimming pools in New York City, plenty of tennis and badminton courts, plenty of squash, racquets and handball courts, plenty of dancing schools teach-

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ing anything from ballroom to interpretive dancing—and the same is true of any large city. Even small cities often offer excellent sports facilities. Even if your fancy turns to archery, fencing, jujitsu, acrobatics, fly casting, wrestling or boxing, you'll have no difficulty finding a place to indulge it and plenty of expert instruction. For every sport mentioned a whole army of experts and enthusiasts will rise up to prove that it is the one sport in the world to make a man of you.

Magazines such as *Cue* and the *New Yorker* as well as local newspapers often list week-end activities for those with special interests—expeditions of nature-study groups or camera groups, outdoor art classes, hikes to places of special beauty or historical interest.

We are emphasizing the big-city angle of sports and the winter angle because for those who live in the country, in small towns and suburbs, sports the year round are not a problem. It's only the man to whom the countryside is inaccessible who needs this advice and encouragement.

The Little Feathered Bird

Badminton! There's a game! Thrilling to watch, thrilling to play. As English as cricket or rugby (it is named for the country seat of the Duke of Beaufort in England), it came to us via Canada. But to see it at its best, you must see it played by Malaysians. In Singapore, 10,000 screaming, frantic *aficionados* will literally claw their way into a tournament to watch a match such as only the Malaysians, with their incredible speed of foot and lightning reactions, can put on. The audience often reaches a pitch of frenzy not surpassed by the spectators of a jai alai game in Mexico or of a bullfight in Spain. The Malaysians are, of course, the world champions.

In America it is strictly an amateur sport with no profes-

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sional games or exhibitions. Like tennis, it has its Davis Cup, its national and international tournaments (which the Malaysians always win) to the number of forty or fifty major tournaments a year and frequent exhibition matches. We now have some 200 clubs in the American Badminton Association, many with their own facilities, others using local gyms and armories. There may be another game equally suitable for everyone, without distinction of age, sex or previous condition of servitude, but if so, I don't know it. At the club (in an armory) where I played several winters, there was a gentleman over sixty and his wife who played several hours four or five evenings a week, and were so good that only the best of the younger fry could take them.

The thing about badminton is that it can be as easy or as tough as you want to make it. You can have a good time out of it the first time you try, and a better game every single time you play. It takes more speed than strength and more skill than speed. Don't get the idea it's a sissy game. I've seen truck drivers break down and weep at their impotence against that little feathered bird. If you think it's an easy matter to hit a little bunch of feathers traveling seventy miles an hour (as it does when hit by an expert), just get out and try it—just try it, I say.

Racquets—For the Filthy Rich

Things are always being taken away from the rich and given to the poor and I, for one, like to think that there is one thing that can never be taken from them—the game of racquets which, together with court tennis, is strictly the sport of millionaires—and likely to remain so. These two games are pretty well limited not only to the rich but to the rich in certain localities. In the United States racquets is very select, being limited to New York only, and in New York to the Racquet and Tennis Club,

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with a completely millionairish membership. Any sport in which one may easily break six racquets in a game is definitely not for the proletariat. But compared to court tennis, playing racquets is like going slumming.

Court tennis is the aristocrat of court games. It dates back to the old French *jeu de paume*, which dates back to Egypt. It can be played only in a "specially built, covered building of peculiar construction with a specially marked-out floor, the main walls, lower, inner walls with sloping roof (penthouse), various openings such as the *dedans*, grille and winning gallery, a projection in the main wall called the *tambour*," etc., etc. There goes the first million. Next, since it takes several months merely to learn to score, few amateurs ever do learn and professional scorers must be employed. Then—but why rub it in? It's definitely not for *hoi polloi*. Still, it's nice that millionaires have one game they can call their own.

Turning from the sublime (and somewhat ridiculous) to the world of reality, we have the great old standby of indoor sports—tennis. Many cities provide both indoor and outdoor courts, some in armories, others in hotels, clubs, gymnasiums, schools, parks and playgrounds. In a city with the climate of New York, the outdoor courts are playable nine months a year. Who says they can't get sports in the city the year around?

The Squeak of Leather

One summer I spent a month in the Canadian Rockies. I rode the trails with the man who built many of them. In the course of our acquaintance I saw this Westerner eat, drink, sleep—but always on horseback. No doubt he can walk and sit at a table like other men; I have to take that on faith.

One day I said to him, "Whatever do you do when you have to spend a winter in New York"

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"I ride," he said. "Every day. In Central Park. Early, before the Whoops Sisters are out."

I had always considered the Park beneath me—too effete. Since then I've decided it's plenty good enough for the likes of me.

Too many riders, even among the experts, are like that. They love to ride through woods and cross country, but scorn the city parks. They shouldn't. Before the Whoops Sisters are out it's glorious.

And there's another side of riding many people overlook. The best place to learn the fine points of equitation is in the ring. In taking up any sport it should be your firm determination to become an expert. And the place to become an expert rider is in the ring. Riding can be a lifework. One of the best horsemen I ever knew, a man who held an unofficial world's record for the high jump at 8 feet 2 inches, told me that he never got on a horse that he didn't learn something new. Horses are like that.

You can devote a lifetime to learning to ride—and then you'll know only one kind of riding, and have plenty to learn about that when you pass in your chips. There are plenty of indoor rings in the big cities, with excellent instruction. Learning to jump beautifully takes years—but you'll get plenty of thrill out of it at your very first fence.

All Down but Nine

Kegling it's called and over twenty million people in the United States are mad about it. If it grows in the next ten years as it has in the past ten, every man, woman and child in the country will be a kegger. Among indoor games bowling occupies the same place that baseball does outdoors. It is the Number 1 participant sport.

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It's no longer a man's game. It's everybody's game. High-school students and housewives, cooks and society leaders, all go in for it with equal abandon and intensity. There's little of the tilted derby, cigar-in-the-face, beer-drinking atmosphere of the 'nineties about the game today. It's politer than French, swanker than opera, more popular than the latest Hollywood star. The snootiest girls' colleges, the most exclusive country clubs, the highest of high churches and the most de luxe private estates have their alleys. And it can be played for forty cents a game at the alleys around the corner.

At the national tournaments the number of contestants runs into five figures. In the 1953 tournament in Chicago, 8,180 five-man teams competed. Even when you confine yourself to the feminine angle of this tournament, you're still talking in five figures: 5,000 five-woman teams or 25,000 women. Today between six and seven million women bowl regularly in the United States.

Though it's a man's game by tradition, it's a woman's game by nature. Women over seventy, women over eighty, can toss off their four or five games an evening—and beat young things in their twenties. Mrs. McCutcheon, an instructor now in her sixties, rolled ten perfect games in a period of twelve years. For all her white hairs, in rolling some 8,000 games she had a 201 average, a record beaten by only a few men. In seventy-odd exhibition games she came within one pin of perfect scores. She is now an able-willing-and-ready instructor in one of the largest bowling centers in Chicago.

Turning to the men, we find that the highest score for perfect, or 300-point, games recognized by the American Bowling Association was made by Hank Marino with eleven perfect games, for each of which he received a gold award. It took him thirty-five years to win them.

When I first lifted a ten-pound ball, I thought I was licked.

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In a week I was calling for twelve-pounders, and now a sixteen-pound ball is a mere powder puff.

So you see, sex and age are no alibis. Run, don't walk, to the nearest alley and take a shot at those tenpins. The thrill of seeing all ten of them crash to earth with the devil's own racket is equaled by few of life's excitements. It's a sport that seems to release a lot of hell-raising emotions in a nice way. Psychiatrists recommend it highly.

The Hike

Country man or city man, old or young, summer or winter, you can always *walk*. Personally, I can't say a good word for just plain walking—walking because it's good for you. For me it's no good without an objective, just as pulling weights or lifting dumbbells in a gymnasium is definitely not my style. Some people like it. Let them pull and grunt till they topple the Empire Building. I'm still not interested.

But walking when it's a means, not an end in itself, is something else again. Like walking with a dog you're training to retrieve, walking with a gun to bag pheasant or partridge or rabbit, walking with binoculars to study birds, walking with a net to catch butterflies or a rod to catch fish. Then added to the exercise you have the excitement of the chase or of developing a specialized interest.

Scientists lean heavily on amateurs for checking on animal and bird life. The Audubon Society has amateurs everywhere counting the birds in their vicinity in December and June. By careful observation and by banding birds in their part of the world, amateur scientists help map their migration. Some of the finest collections of butterflies have been made by men who had only their spare time to devote to them. Fossils that a museum curator would give his right arm to have found have been

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discovered by amateurs in their weekly forays into the near-by countryside.

I met such a man some years ago in Yucatan, a cotton broker, who was investigating Mayan ruins. Archaeology was his avocation. He was over seventy, but no tick's bite was too sharp, no pyramid too dizzy, to deter him from the joyous pursuit of his chosen avocation. He had already made something of a reputation by the discovery of important Indian relics in the West. His bubbling enthusiasm deducted at least twenty years from his actual age.

Once upon a time there was a small boy of ten who could never have enough of ants. He soon discovered that he knew things about them that were in none of the books. He kept on studying them all through college, all through his career as a physician. He eventually became one of the greatest formicologists who ever lived: August Forel.

As far as ants were concerned, Fabre was an out-and-out amateur—his job was teaching school. As far as bees were concerned, Maeterlinck was a rank amateur—his job was writing plays. Yet he wrote an essay on the bee that is as authentic as the encyclopedia and a thousand times more entertaining. Audubon had no business fooling around with birds—he was supposed to be tending shop. Yet he painted hundreds of pictures of birds that are the amazement of ornithologists and the envy of artists.

Even the astronomers do not scorn the tyro. From all over the world come snapshots of meteors and tornadoes, earthquakes and eclipses, which help them in their studies of cosmic phenomena. All of which goes to show what an amateur can do if he starts walking and keeping his eyes open.

Those who had practically abandoned walking for life had reason to regret it when they were inducted into the armed forces. Forced marches of twenty-five and thirty miles in train-

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ing camps, grueling treks through the deserts of Tunisia, the mountainous country of Sicily, the mud and sleet of Italy, probably caused a greater sum total of suffering than actual wounds. It was then that the men who had gone soft swore, so help them God, that when they got back home, they'd keep the physiques they'd won the hard way.

If you still insist (but I can't imagine a nature so obdurate) that there's nothing in the way of sports for the urbanite that really interests you, I still hold a trump card.

Down the White Slopes

If you've never had the thrill of skiing (I should say no age under sixty need discourage you), you've got something to live for. In the good old days before the war, just going on the ski train, with all those towering Norwegians and photogenic Swedes, looking, with their skis, like an army with spears, all those clumping boots, brilliant caps and mittens, hot cups of coffee, "*skoals!*," accordions, drinking songs, and the final white and happy landing with a thrilling exhibition of slalom racing or ski jumping, and Burger Ruud or Torger Tokel* perhaps breaking a world's record in an inhuman leap from the top of the world—that alone, even if you didn't trust yourself on a hill the first time out, was enough to make a better man of you for the rest of the week.

Back in the 'nineties the women of Norway took up skiing, and it revolutionized their entire lives and that of the nation. Quiet, domestic little creatures suddenly became wildly audacious athletes, fearing no height, undaunted by darkness or vast solitudes. Sparrows became eagles—and once they felt their wings, they forsook the fireside and began to take that active

* Killed in action in Italy, March 3, 1945.

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part in public life which has made Norway such a forward-looking nation.

When war came, the magnificent resistance which Norway put up was tremendously aided by its ski troops. Men, and women too, who had skied all their lives to and from school or work or merely as a pastime, were organized into ski troops and took a heavy toll of the Nazi invaders.

That's what one good sport can do for a nation.

The skiers of this country were likewise organized into Mountain Troops, led and instructed by those record-breaking champions of jumping and slalom racing who made the prewar meets one of the most thrilling spectacles to be seen anywhere.

Skiing, considerably dented by the war, is back bigger and better than ever. Instead of the prewar ski trains, busses are now used. Anyone, including those who have never even seen snow, can go on these all-expense, week-end ski trips and have fun. All you do is look over the "Reports on Skiing Conditions" and the ads for the various ski resorts and week-end trips in the newspapers, pick your resort and head for the nearest ski-bus station. You don't even need skis. Everything is provided, even to a typewritten list of the clothes you'll need, beginning, "Long winter underwear" and winding up, "One pair snow goggles (not sun glasses)." If you have none of the clothes or equipment required, the ski club running the tour will sell or rent them to you, including poles and boots. All you need is ambition.

These all-expense tours include transportation to the resort and to the slopes, instruction, lodging, food and, to top off, an evening around the open fire with cocktails, a steak dinner, finally round and square dancing, ping-pong, bowling, movies and a late snack.

If you live within week-end-distance of Steamboat Springs, Colorado, you're lucky. Steamboat is the skiingest town in

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the country. There not only does everyone over the age of three ski, but they won't go far socially or financially if they can't also jump, slalom, enter the quarter-horse skijoring races and do a bit of snow sculpture on the side. Steamboat Springs looks down its nose at such effete resorts as Sun Valley and Aspen, where skiers have to be imported. In Steamboat, skiing is in the curriculum of every grade school and on every student's report card. Any first grader who can't do a stem Cristy by Easter is automatically "left behind." Howelsen Hill is flood-lighted at night and businessmen and housewives report for lessons five nights a week. Newsboys deliver their papers on skis.

As a result of this concentration, five of the sixteen top skiers representing the United States at the 1954 F.I.S. world ski championships were from Steamboat. The American world record of 316 feet was made at the 1951 Winter Carnival on Howelsen Hill.

Skiing is available, not the year round, but for what anyone but a monomaniac would consider a reasonable portion of the year, in many areas throughout the country. Easterners can choose from dozens of resorts in New York State as well as in Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire—right on up into Canada. The real ski fanatic, of course, takes his vacation in winter instead of summer, spending every minute of it at one of the resorts where the snow never melts, the tows never stop, and the big meets offer spectacular contests with champions from all over the world breaking records. Anyone who thinks man has reached his limits physically has only to look over the record for any sport during the past fifty years to see that, on the contrary, he has continued to improve steadily. In ski contests, in the United States alone (and we hold no world records here—we leave that to the Norsemen) we have advanced from a jump of

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37 feet in 1887 (it seemed all but miraculous at the time) to 316 feet in 1951, made by Ansten Samuelstuen. The official world record, held by Sepp Weiler, is 320 feet and the unofficial record, made by Tauno Luro in 1951, is 456 feet—more than twelve times what it was sixty-seven years ago.

Correction: My opening remark was to the effect that no age under sixty should deter you from taking up skiing. No sooner were the words off the typewriter than a fellow from Santa Monica, California, proved me a sissy. Fred Nash, age seventy-one, who had never so much as waxed a pair of skis, set out one morning for the slopes of Sun Valley, Idaho, a pair of brand new skis and other gear over his shoulder. On arrival he enrolled in the novice class, and kept falling down and picking himself up until, at the end of twenty-five days, he was, if not an expert, at least a respectable kick-turn executant, schusser, downhill runner and, as he himself summed it up, "a man who hadn't missed a thing."

Sports at Eighty

But, you still insist, you are too old for that sort of thing. Sports at sixty, at seventy? Yes, sir—sports at eighty!

Every day the newspapers report the exploits of octogenarians who refuse to take their age seriously. One day it is:

"OCTOGENARIAN OUTRUNS 4-HORSE-DRAWN COACH. Charlie Hart, 84-year-old athlete, made his annual run from Windsor, England, to Twickenham today, covering the 15¼-mile course in four hours and beating a stage coach drawn by four gray horses."

The next it is: "ICY SWIM IS LED BY 2 MEN, AGED 77 AND 79. Several thousand persons bundled in furs watched as two men, pushing 80, plunged into the icy Pacific off Vancouver today (Jan. 1) purely for "the kick we get out of it." Sixty-two mem-

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bers of the Polar Bear Club followed them in for a New Year's swim."

Or: "HAZEL WIGHTMAN, 65-YEAR-OLD TENNIS CHAMPION WINS AGAIN. A white-haired grandmother who has been competing in tennis tournaments for over 50 years, and who has won 43 national championships, a record no other woman has touched, today ran away with the Women Veterans' Doubles title."

Only lately I read of a certain "Lolo" Muñoz, said to be the oldest working buckaroo in Elko County, who, over eighty, was still a top-notch roper and brander, a fancy dresser and a formidable smoker and drinker. And not long ago *Life* told the story of a lady named Mrs. Forrest Burright, age sixty-five, who was born in the infield of a race track and who still sleeps in a barn at the track with her husband bedded down in the next stall. Mrs. Burright has, during most of her sixty-five years, spent eighteen hours a day training and driving trotting horses. During the first six months of her sixty-fifth year, she drove in twenty-six races at Chicago's Maywood Park, a record equalled by few of the men at the track. "I can still race both of my kids right into the ground," she admits with no false modesty.

Well, you say, that's all very well for people born in barns and raised on ranches. I, unhappily, was born in a hospital and raised on the streets of Chicago, since when I have sat at a desk eight hours a day for the past forty years.

Then let me tell you about Dr. Graeme Hammond.

Dr. Hammond, a prominent neurologist, had also spent forty years—and more—at a desk when he celebrated his eightieth birthday by running four miles around the track of the New York Athletic Club instead of his usual three-mile sprint.

Don't get the idea that Dr. Hammond was an old fool likely to drop dead of heart failure on the track. He knew his heart, the old doctor. *You* might drop dead, but not the doctor. He

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could do this because he'd done it all his life. At eighty he had the physique of an athlete who has never been out of training—tall, slim, straight, with supple muscles and a ruddy complexion. He still did a full day's work every day and then ran his three miles. At fifty he fenced on the Olympic team. He held the National Championship for many years. Before that he was a wrestler, before that, for ten years, a bicycle racer, and before that, in college, he was on the crew and the football team. As he grew older he merely changed his sports to suit his age; he never gave them up.

For those readers who are expert alibi makers, let me cite one final case that even they can't shrug off—the case of Miss Sadie North, age seventy-seven, of North Carolina, where an active life at any age is something of an anomaly. Miss North includes among her activities the following :

- rising at 5:00 A.M. to do her housework.
- cutting the grass, trimming the hedges, growing fruit and vegetables, canning and preserving, cooking and cleaning.
- painting her seven-room frame house, inside and out, at regular intervals.
- teaching herself anything she needs to know such as the touch system of typing or riding a bicycle, which she took up at sixty.
- weaving rugs and tapestries, knitting, making straw baskets.
- playing the violin and organ; taking the latter apart, cleaning and reassembling it.
- baby sitting and practical nursing, her sole sources of income.
- singing in the church choir.
- riding bicycle over tough mountain roads to teach first-aid classes.

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—teaching swimming and diving to teen-agers in spite of a broken hip.

Are you willing to admit that you, probably a verdant sixty, have less guts than this little old lady of seventy-seven?

You can't, having retired to a swivel chair these twenty years, step out and, in a burst of high spirits, begin throwing trained wrestlers about. But you can, starting gently, gradually work up to a full program of exercise suitable to your years. At practically any age you can play medicine ball, and, if you're quite elderly, you can always dance. Doctors particularly recommend dancing for older people because it's gay, pleasurable and brings them into contact with young people.

If you keep up sports all your life, you'll be in an enviable condition at any age. If you even begin to go in for exercise (gradually, of course) at any reasonable age, you may hope to build up to something pretty good.

There are grand old men of sports as there are grand old men and women in any field. Look at Connie Mack, who, when pushing ninety, was still active, still manager, treasurer and president of the Athletics, still looking forward to one more pennant.

Look at Amos Alonzo Stagg, who, in his eighties, was still the active football coach of the Collège of the Pacific. When he was seventy he was automatically retired, according to rule, from the University of Chicago. They thought he was through—but *he* knew better. He went to the College of the Pacific and it looked as though he were just beginning.

In 1941, with the young men being drained off from business and industry into the armed forces, came the call for older men to take their places. Those who had retired and begun to slip peacefully into their dotage were unable to rise from their arm-chairs, but those who had remained in harness or, having quit,

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had kept mind and body active through outside interests and sports, came back to save the day. Ford is an outstanding example, but every industry and business in the country can point to such cases. Old sea captains were rooted out to officer the Lend-Lease ships, executives were hurriedly summoned back to fill the jobs left vacant by younger men who had replaced them years before.

This much you may be sure of—that if, at the end of the day, you feel absolutely “all in,” the one thing you need is a good physical workout. The first thing you must do is to relax—and you can’t relax by drinking a lot of cocktails or playing solitaire. But you can relax by doing something so active, so absorbing, that the mind is swept clean of destructive emotions, and for an hour, two hours, you are conscious of nothing but the exhilaration of the game. Wanging that ball, crashing through those pins, flying over those jumps, will give you something you’ll never get in an armchair.

It’s impossible to relax physically and at the same time retain a strong emotion. Psychologists have performed many experiments which prove this. Their subjects, told to relax and retain their emotion, discovered that they couldn’t possibly do it. They even found it difficult to worry when they relaxed the wrinkles in their foreheads. The internal as well as the external muscles contract into hard knots under the influence of emotion, and nothing relaxes them more quickly—certainly not resting—than exercise, particularly exercise involving interest and pleasure.

Here’s where we have hurry and worry, boredom and fear, by the tail. They can’t possibly retain their stranglehold on us if we keep up a full program of physical activity.

You liked sports when you were young, liked to feel your blood racing, your body moving easily and rhythmically, bathed in healthful perspiration. Now you make only a few necessary

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motions, yet the pleasure of the body in its own activity can be as intense now as in youth. Why deny yourself?

With all the emphasis at their command, psychiatrists today say to you, "Lead a Balanced Life! Include at least one sport in your program."

Now is the moment to get out pencil and paper and lay out that schedule for a Balanced Life—a tentative schedule at least. At first, while we're getting started, the schedule should be a bit rigid, and rigidly adhered to. Then when the habit of a Balanced Life has become easy and agreeable to us, we can make it more flexible.

Tomorrow is the day to start on the schedule. Not full sail, perhaps; but to take the first steps, to find out where we're going to bowl or play badminton, where we can study French or take a course in writing—and when. When we have all the necessary information on hand, we can make our final schedule. We may, as we go along, make changes in it, but never, if we value our energy and our success, must we abandon it.

However, that's the least of my worries. Once launched on this delightful new way of life, nothing in God's world will induce you to give it up. It's too darn much fun.

Now, turning for a moment from the psychological angle, let us see what physical aids to this psychological program for a rebirth of energy the medical man has to offer. Let us see "what the doctor ordered."

SOME years ago a minister of the gospel attempted to prove that "the soul is above the need of material life" by going on an exclusive orange-juice diet. He stayed on it for a year and was carried off to a sanatorium in a state of collapse.

Sounds screwy, doesn't it? Yet what this man did is merely an exaggeration of what a lot of people do all the time. We don't actually try to live on orange juice, but on the whole we act as though we were disembodied spirits. Beyond calling in a doctor when we are definitely ill, we do little or nothing to keep the body in any sort of condition. The minister expected to prove that the body needs no food, no care, but can draw its energy direct from the ultimate source of all energy, the universal cosmic rays.

We don't really believe that—but we act as though we did.

That's going the old philosophers one better. There was a time (it still exists for some people) when man was held to be two utterly and completely separate entities, a body and a mind. The mind was so infinitely superior to the body that it was considered the part of wisdom to neglect and abuse the body.

Even Aristotle, arguing that we share growth with the plants and perception with the animals, but alone are the possessors of reason, concluded that we should therefore devote ourselves exclusively to the cultivation of this higher faculty. Many intellectual workers today act as though science hadn't advanced an inch since the fourth century B.C. They seem to think that the mind is something apart from the body—would, in fact, flourish in a vacuum.

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Science is against them. It holds that mind and body are one and the same thing, coexistent and inseparable.

Psychologists and psychiatrists today deplore that the study of man must, for convenience, be divided into departments: the departments of physiology, of psychology, of neurology, of medicine, of psychiatry, etc. It is a purely arbitrary, artificial and quite unscientific division. Mind cannot be studied apart from body.

As the mind influences the body, so the body influences the mind. We are, to a certain extent, what we eat. Rats fed on a diet of rich French foods are very different animals, mentally as well as physically, from those fed on the mutton and sprouts of merry England. The man who eats properly, exercises regularly, rests and recreates adequately, is a very different human being, emotionally, from the man who does none of these things.

In seeking to bring our powers to peak performance, the psychological approach is the most important, but the physical cannot be neglected. A normal and healthy physical life is the basis of energy. Though youth may burn the candle at both ends, making a lovely light, middle age cannot—and youth can't do it long.

It would therefore be wise to consider some of the physical aids to establishing energy on new high levels.

Perhaps you are one of those people who can easily do a psychological somersault and by tomorrow morning be facing in an entirely new direction. Perhaps for you simple explanation and suggestion are enough; you no sooner think of a thing than you do it. Nothing could be more fortunate. Yours will be one of those as-if-by-magic cures. Tomorrow or the next day you will be a different man.

But perhaps, on the other hand, you are of a more deliberate temperament. You need time to think things over and get started. Ideas do not have such dynamic power to move you

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quickly. You fully intend to do this thing but you must go at it in your own way. It can't all be done in a minute.

No one could say fairer. Your return to abundant energy will be slower but nonetheless sure. In either case certain physical aids to the development of energy may prove comforting and helpful. Indeed, no one can afford to overlook them, not even those who can make a swift psychological about-face.

These physical laws for the sound body which is to house the sound mind come under four headings—diet, sleep, sunlight and fresh air, and exercise, with a few first-aid measures thrown in.

Tomorrow evening—or some other evening in the near future—you may be, in spite of your best efforts, just as tired as on any other evening during the past few years. You will come home from the office jittery, feet dragging, stomach empty, irritable and drained of all desire to do anything but eat your dinner and go straight to bed. What can you do *at once* to pull yourself together and induce a more wholesome frame of mind?

Before we suggest what you can do to recover your energy, let us look at what you've already done to lose it.

You are a typical American businessman. So you got up at 7:00 A. M., wolfed your breakfast, raced for a train and arrived at the office tense already with worry over the problems of the day. Trouble began arriving in your morning mail and over the telephone. Other people were discouraged and worried and you had to pour enthusiasm and vitality into them. By eleven o'clock you had already used up so much energy in emotional and physical tensions that you began to feel all in.

You went to lunch. You ate too much and too fast. You never for one minute stopped thinking and talking business. In the afternoon you felt logy from overeating and smoking. By four o'clock you were punch-drunk. You staggered home and immediately sat down to another hearty meal. If now you eat

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that dinner and carry out your firm determination to loaf aimlessly around for a while and then go to bed, tomorrow won't be another day for you, but just the same old day endlessly repeated.

For you've been wrong all day on practically every count, physical and mental. You know the psychological diagnosis and cure. Let's look now at the physical diagnosis.

First: You ate more than you needed and probably the wrong things.

Second: You had little or no fresh air and sunlight.

Third: You took no real exercise.

Fourth: You had no respite from work; you probably did not sleep well the night before.

These four physical considerations are the four legs on which good health and energy rest.

First, the question of diet. America, even during the war years, was overfed—even most of indigent America. I'd be willing to wager that there are more overfed and overfat people among the underprivileged than among the rich, practically all of whom are watching their calories like mousers. The fatties remind me of the story of one of the kings of France, a meager fellow, who, faced with an angry mob demanding bread, addressed himself, smiling, to the ample matron in their forefront.

"Which of us, Madame," he inquired, "looks as though he needed bread most?"

The day laborer may overeat if he wants to—though, using up calories at the rate he does, he'd have a hard time doing it. He can drink, he can smoke, and his active body will get rid of the toxins as rapidly as they accumulate. Heart pumping strongly, lungs expanding deeply, excretory system working regularly, skin perspiring freely, all make it possible for him to absorb a lot of punishment. But not the man who sits all day in an office.

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"Never eat as much as you want" is the way one doctor put it. "Always go around feeling a little hungry—or rather, with a good appetite. You'll feel better, and look better, pulling in your belt than letting it out."

"I believe that a man can eat practically anything he wants in practically any combination," said another doctor, "if only he will eat only half as *much* as he wants."

Some years ago at Yale a dietary experiment was performed. They got together half a dozen or so human guinea pigs—students who were willing to try anything once. They were put on a diet which cut down by one-fifth the average total calories to which they were accustomed and their protein calories to almost one-half. They weren't happy on this diet, and, to a man, were convinced that they were slowly dying of starvation.

What happened?

One student who, at the beginning of the experiment, could raise a pair of dumbbells 185 times, at the end of six months could do it 500 times. He had increased his physical endurance three times.

Another who, at the start, could rise on his toes 300 times, was able at the end to do it 3,000 times. *He* was *ten* times as good. The others increased their physical endurance similarly.

Not only that. At first, in the listlessness of despair, these young men pretty well gave up studying. In view of the early graves to which they were destined, they considered that intellectual snobbery ill became them. But soon came such a surge of energy that they one and all had to be restrained from studying until rosy-fingered dawn, etc.

Overfeeding, it appears, is cutting the energy of many sedentary workers from one-third to one-tenth of what it might be—overfeeding particularly of sugars and starches. And overweight people take note: Mortality increases one per cent for every pound of overweight.

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During the war, many a fatty who had gone around for years complaining that diet didn't reduce him, suddenly found himself or herself slimmed down to elegant proportions by the enforced abstinence from butter, sugar and cream.

So rule Number 1 is—whatever you're eating, eat less. (Of course, if you're underweight, you'll know better than to notice this.)

And rule Number 2 is—don't eat when you're tired and emotionally upset. A dog knows better than that. If an animal is frightened while eating, the food remains in its esophagus for one hour waiting for a calm stomach. Most animals will not eat while being watched. Being watched worries them and worry, they know, is indigestible.

Second: You had little or no fresh air and sunlight. If you keep that up you'll soon look like a plant grown in the cellar. The universal cosmic rays alone won't keep you alive—but they'll do a lot toward it.

On week ends fresh air and sunlight can certainly be worked in. During the week, if you can possibly be bullied into spending several noontimes eating less, talking business not at all, but taking a walk instead, or into walking to the office in the morning, you'll get your quota of fresh air and sunlight. I know very busy men who walk two or three miles to their offices every morning. I know one businesswoman who for three years, winter and summer, rose at 6:00 A.M. and took an hour's walk before breakfast. I admit that's pretty Spartan. But why not half an hour of getting away from it all at noontime? Not the couch in the office which some old gentlemen of the nightshirt era still cling to for sleeping off a heavy midday meal, but a light lunch and a brisk walk is the rule for the energetic businessman today. I know a high-pressure business executive who all his life has eaten crackers and milk and fruit every day for luncheon. At seventy he is no less Spartan. If you can go

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like a ninety-horse-power machine on that, I see no reason for meat and potatoes.

Third: You had no exercise. On this question we have said enough—or have we? If there's a single man in the audience who hasn't raised his right hand, so help him God, that he's going to get at least one sport regularly into his life (or those dumbbells, if you insist), we still haven't said enough. Let me add only this: however brilliant you may be, you'll be more brilliant if you take the exercise that is the only possible means of getting rid of the poisons which slow so many people down.

Food is the source of energy, but it must be transformed into the chemicals which the body uses as fuel. The transformer consists of the vital organs—stomach, intestines, heart, lungs, etc. If these are flabby, they will not sufficiently transform the food into energy but let it accumulate in the form of fat and heat. There's *one* bad leakage of energy.

Then the organs for the elimination of poisons (colon, liver, lungs, kidney, etc.) must be kept vigorous through general bodily exercise or poisons will back up in the system, thus decreasing our energy still further. You can't think very brilliantly, no matter how high your I.Q., with poisons seeping into every crevice of the body, stupefying every nerve center.

So if you eat like a day laborer, you must exercise like a day laborer.

Fourth: You probably don't sleep well. It isn't so much the quantity of sleep as the quality of sleep that counts. It was old Kant who foisted the eight-hour day on us. *He* needed eight hours' sleep (or thought he did) and so, he concluded, the rest of the world needed eight hours' sleep. Also, like him, they should work eight hours and recreate eight hours—all very neat and German.

True it is that few persons need more than eight hours' sleep; but many need less and don't know it. I have known so many

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energetic people and heard from so many doctors who got along beautifully on six or even five hours' sleep a night that I'm convinced that eight hours' sleep is a pure convention. Certainly there is no medical rule for it.

Sleep is an individual matter, and few of us have taken the trouble to find out our own requirements. We inherit our eight hours with our religion and our politics.

But if we could get another good one or two hours a day—365 or 730 hours a year—out of ourselves, maybe some of us could use it to good advantage. Do you remember how Dr. Brill discovered early in life that he needed only five hours' sleep? He certainly made good use of those extra three hours per diem—or 1095 hours per annum. Five hours' sleep was the least, he believed (though he said it might be all prejudice) on which he could get along. If for three or four nights running he got only three hours' sleep, he began to feel a bit seedy and made it up first chance he got by sleeping six. Then he was at top form again.

Cutting down on sleep isn't easy at the start. (To me it's like cutting out my very heart.) It's breaking a life rhythm and a lifelong habit. But if you go at it gradually and stick to it for a month or more, you may very possibly discover you've been sleeping some of the best years of your life away and now can make up for lost time. Seldom do people deliberately try to ascertain what is the minimum of sleep on which they can get along comfortably. We indulge in more sleep than we need because it's a pleasure and a luxury. But a life of luxury isn't a life of achievement. Those who have accomplished the most in the world have done with far less sleep than eight hours.

You might try it. At first it will go hard with you, but once the routine is established, the new rhythm of life caught, you may find that six or seven hours' sleep is quite as satisfactory as

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the conventional eight. But if those extra hours are used for whoopee, expect the worst—and don't say I didn't warn you!

In the fifty years from 1900 to 1950, twenty years were added to human life—as much as in all the preceding 2,000 years! In 1900 the life expectancy (of Americans) at birth was forty-eight years. Today it is better than sixty-seven for men and sixty-eight for women—and steadily increasing.

Twenty extra years, if they are old, feeble years, are not to be desired. But if they are active, youthful years, then do you want them?

A new breed of doctors has recently appeared to help us make these extra twenty years not just some more old age tacked on to the end of life, but vigorous, youthful years spliced somewhere into our forties, delaying the onset of old age until the seventies and of senility until eighty or ninety. These geriatricians, although they can add little to the individual's length of days—a few years at the most—can and do keep us feeling younger longer. Today men and women in their sixties are as young as their grandparents were in their forties.

Many of the rules for health and longevity laid down a generation ago—and sometimes even today—were more moralistic and faddist than scientific. Books advocating all sorts of totally unscientific regimens are written by cultists or pseudo-scientists and are swallowed whole by gullible millions who start right in eating yogurt and wheat germ, practicing yoga, sun-bathing, sleeping outdoors, denying themselves meat, tea, coffee, tobacco and alcohol and living on "health" diets on the theory that all this self-torture will add years to their lives.

"All these faddist ideas are rot," asserted a medical authority on the board of the Life Extension Examiners. "Tea, coffee, tobacco, alcohol—in *moderation*—never cut a day off anybody's life. It would be easier to prove that they added a few days, especially alcohol. A drink is a wonderful relaxer. Diets?

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Nonsense! Eat sensibly, that's all—a little of everything. Leave the table feeling a little hungry rather than a little stuffed. Meat? Research today indicates that we need more than was previously thought. The idea that everything we like is either fattening or immoral is nonsense. There's only one rule—moderation. A lot of people have died of just one hearty meal too many, one drink too many."

On his seventy-fourth birthday Henry Ford was asked these questions and gave these answers:

"How do you keep so fit?"

"I keep active and I have an intense interest in many things. I have no aversion to work, you know."

"How much do you weigh?"

"One hundred and forty pounds—haven't varied a pound for years."

"Do you exercise?"

"I certainly do. I ride a bicycle and I run, particularly upstairs. My heart never goes a beat higher. On a long walk, I start off at a run, slow to a walk, then run again. A good system. I like to race, too—with schoolchildren these days."

"Not too much for the heart?"

"Not for me. I've always kept in good condition. I believe a lot of heart trouble is due to overeating, particularly sweets."

"What time do you rise and go to bed?"

"I get up about six-thirty but have no set time for retiring—usually around ten-thirty."

"When do you expect to retire?"

"Not till I have to."

He meant it. He never did retire completely although he turned the active administration of the company over to his son, Edsel. Then Edsel died. Did Ford retire still further and call in a younger man to carry on? He did not. He immediately assumed full control of the company and launched a program for

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supplying B-24 bombers for the Army Air Forces. At eighty he launched a one-man campaign for postwar prosperity and free enterprise. Eighty, for a man who never turned in his chips, is not too old to start a new career.

And now from Mr. Ford, let's turn to you. You waiting patiently, at the end of a hard day, to be told what you should do to get yourself in hand before eating dinner. You know how you got that way. What can you do to snap out of it?

Well, first of all, take a bath.

But you've had one bath today!

Yes, but not this kind of a bath. This is a different kind of a bath from what you've ever taken before in your life.

The famous Dr. Eichler used to open every lecture to his students with the words which became medical history: "Gentlemen, don't forget water. It may rust pipes and run down breeches, but it is the foremost medical remedy!"

And the medical gentlemen needed telling. It is only in modern times that the therapeutic virtues of baths have been fully understood, although the ancient Greeks and Romans had glimmerings.

Although bathing, for sundry and various purposes, from bodily cleanliness to spiritual purification, has existed since man acquired a comparatively hairless skin, the daily bath remained, until the dawn of the twentieth century, an unimagined catastrophe. And even now, the Saturday-night bath is the utmost extreme to which a large portion of the population can be pushed.

But we know today that when a man comes home fagged and irritable and in a darned-if-I-set-foot-out-of-this-house-tonight humor, the prescription is—a bath. What we are suggesting is an H₂O pick-me-up, the bath for refreshment, which should be taken before dinner to aid digestion.

This bath should be deep and warm (or hot) and very lan-

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guid—somnolent, in fact. The fagged gentleman should lie in the tub, submerged to the neck to soak the ache out of tired and stiff muscles, for ten or fifteen minutes, drinking a glass or two of water to induce perspiration and thinking of pastoral scenes—daisy fields and woolly lambs—until he feels a little drowsy. Then, if he has time, a cat nap in bed—let him tell himself that Napoleon could snatch five minutes' sleep on the battlefield—or, if he wants to come to with a rush, ten seconds under the cold shower and plenty of lusty towel work will do the trick. . . . Theater? Bridge party? Dance? Let's go!

"We never take out of a cold bath the thoughts we take into it," said a famous lawyer.

You'll find after such a bath that you will be in a better frame of mind and body to enjoy your dinner. No longer keyed-up and irritable, but relaxed and even amiable. Your dinner will digest properly and that in itself will make your whole evening happier. If not this evening, then some evening very soon, if you continue these H₂O cocktails, you'll really feel like tackling something pretty big. (My own private definition of energy is the ability to put into immediate effect everything we want to do—in fact, the impossibility of not doing it.)

Baths can do more for our energy than just pick us up at the end of the day. We've simply never been told, most of us, what marvelous effects they can have on our circulation, muscles, skin, nerves—and therefore on our aliveness, our energy, our capacity for enjoyment.

The morning bath, for example. The average human being wakes up feeling totally unlike the lark. Here's where the stimulating bath comes in. This bath can't be lukewarm or cool. It must be hot or cold—or both. The best practice, if you can take it, is a hot bath with splashing, scrubbing and singing, followed by a cold shower with lusty shouting, finishing off with vigorous stamping and rubbing with a big, coarse towel. Those

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who take to the cold shower in the right spirit, yelling and fighting back, will profit by it. But those who shrivel up and turn blue and wish to heaven they were dead will get no more benefit than fun out of it. The blood should come with a quick, warm rush to the surface of the body—and if it doesn't, give up the cold shower. You're the wrong type.

If the cleansing bath is taken at night, then this morning plunge may omit all mention of soap and consist of a swift dash beneath the hot, then the cold shower. The sting of the spray, the sudden change from hot to cold, the speed of the whole thing, is as stimulating as a round of boxing. No slow coming to with coffee and the morning's murder—the lie-in-bed blues are over in a split second and you'll be complimented on your simply beatific breakfast humor.

Then there is the bath to soothe and dispel emotional tension. When you consider that baths (particularly the continuous bath) are among the foremost therapeutic measures in the treatment of the violently insane, you can see that they should prove highly efficacious in quieting our own jangled nerves.

This is the sort of bath for you when you're worked up to a high pitch of excitement and want to be soothed and prepared for rest. It consists in up-to-the-neck immersion in water of body temperature so that it feels neither hot nor cold and is therefore not stimulating. Motion should be reduced to mere breathing, and when the bath is over the moisture should not be rubbed from the body but merely blotted. No briskness, no conversation, no reading, no worrying—bed! Try it and see.

If you are a plain or fancy insomniac, using up untold energy by fighting for sleep, a few extra trimmings are indicated.

For the average insomniac, who does his worrying in bed and lies awake to do it, the neutral bath has it all over a pill. For this the temperature of the water is a degree or two less than that of the body, and one should never go into it with cold feet. They

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must be warmed first. This bath should be taken in a quiet, warm room and last for from fifteen minutes to half an hour. All those things which irritate the sensitive insomniac should be avoided—ticking clocks, glare in the eyes and drafts, which should be prevented by stretching a sheet across the tub. It helps to wet the face in cool water. Just at the end, the temperature of the bath should be lowered a few degrees, and the water should be blotted, not rubbed, from the body. Nervous wrecks find themselves sleeping like hibernating bears after this treatment.

The bath may not only help us to restore our energy temporarily, but to retain it into old age. There is the classic example of Diane de Poitiers, who kept King Henry of France in love with her from the day he first clapped eyes on her till the day of his death—when he was forty-four and she was sixty, thirty years in all.

Her amazing youth at sixty was, in her day, the sixteenth century, naturally ascribed to witchcraft. And the proof of it was this: *she bathed!* It was rumored that she practiced sorceries with water—but the truth of it was merely that she underwent a regimen so severe that few women today would have the courage to follow it. Every morning of her life she rose at 5:00 A.M., took a cold tub, kneaded her goddesslike body with a knotted well rope plunged continuously into freezing water, was massaged and then went out for two or three good hours' hunting. That over, she spent the rest of the morning in improving her mind. Thus reinforced, she was ready to go forth to rout a Catherine de Medici and to rule a kingdom. . . . That's what can be done with baths.

It sometimes happens, of course, that a man is so far gone in exhaustion that all possible physical first aids must be rushed to him at once—rest, special feeding, fresh air and sunlight.

The famous Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, author of half a dozen

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novels as well as of the Rest Cure, had such a patient, a woman.

"If you were a man, I think I could cure you," he told her.

"How?"

"I'd send you camping."

That was a generation ago—when women were refined females, not the hussies they are today. They didn't "go camping."

But this lady was so far gone that she risked the raised eyebrow and, aided and abetted by two guides and a female companion, set out for the wilds of Jersey. She was allowed no letters and no newspapers. She was given instead books on botany, from which she progressed in due order to rowing, fishing, swimming, shooting and finally wound up stalking the deer. She was cured—actually just as though she *had* been a man.

When a person is close to breakdown, there is still nothing better as a starter than some sort of active outdoor life. It makes it easier for such a man to get hold of himself if he can have vivid outdoor interests and healthy occupations rather than continue to struggle against a hostile environment.

He must not get the idea that this new life is an escape; he must see it as a way back. He must not think of it as aimless rest, but as a change of activities. He must not revel in the idea of mental vacuity and irresponsibility, but look on these outdoor recreations as a way of making new contacts with the world. Then the camping or the cruising with photography, sketching, botany, astronomy (with an opera glass, if need be; it was all Galileo had), hiking, fishing, cooking, shooting—all this is then not a rest cure, but a mind cure.

Physical measures alone, even the most drastic, will never cure. No doctor today claims they will. Even in the heyday of the Rest Cure they helped only temporarily, if at all. It is more nearly true to say that it is the healthy mind which makes the healthy body than the other way round. What is absolutely

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essential is self-mastery. Only by regaining this will the man or woman who weakly yields to emotional stresses and strains regain his bodily vitality. The individual who has this self-mastery, even though the body be sick and weak, will sweep ahead to victory while the strong in body but weak in spirit lag behind.

Who are the people we most admire?

Who are those we most envy?

The men and women of great vitality and accomplishment.

There is no denying that many of these individuals are gifted beyond the ordinary. But equally there is no denying that often they are no more gifted than others who have achieved little or nothing. Nor is there any denying that many of those who have accomplished much are not gifted at all, but are quite ordinary people whose mediocre capacities have been magnified many times by their incalculable energy.

That is true of those in the highest places. How much more is it true of those in the ordinary walks of life—those men and women, like ourselves, who don't desire greatness and fame but only a measure of success and happiness in their more limited circle of activities.

Look about you at those who hold dominating positions in the world today. Some of them undoubtedly have special gifts; but *all of them have the ability to get things done*. They have this one thing and little, if anything else, in common. Even the quality of their energy differs. One may be the bottled-lightning type, tingling, crackling, flashing. Another is a covered fire, quiet, contained, steady. One burns with a hard, gemlike flame; another like a volcano in eruption. Their energy may be largely physical or largely intellectual or largely emotional. But there can be no doubt that what has put them where they are is ceaseless activity of some kind—perpetual motion of mind or body, and often both.

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Study them. See if the one thing common to them all, strong or fragile, healthy or sick, old or young, male or female, is not their restless, driving, never-ceasing energy.

Profile of an Architect

He is a flamboyant old character well over eighty, who has been so long in the public eye he's damn near put it out. Of him Alexander Woollcott once said, "If I were suffered to apply the word genius to only one living American, I would have to save it for this man." He himself once modestly confessed, "Not only do I intend to be the greatest architect who has yet lived, but the greatest who will ever live."

He thinks as poorly of other men's achievements as he thinks highly of his own. Of Radio City he said, "It is the crime of all crimes. There is no excuse for it whatever." Of the Empire State he sneered, "Look at the Thing! It's an unethical monstrosity, a robber going tall to rob neighbors."

He is a master of the Insult Direct.

There's no greater mistake than to assume that the man who admits he's a genius doesn't know what he's talking about. This self-confessed genius has designed over 500 buildings which leading architects, who hate his guts, declare contain more beauty, sense and architectural TNT than anything ever erected in this country. They have influenced architecture in every part of the world.

At his advanced age his creativeness shows no sign of abatement. He every day designs exuberant and outrageous buildings which, however startling at first glance, in a few years are seen to be the right thing, as a camel, outlandish in a city, is the right thing in the desert. A house climbing a mountain like an outcropping of rock or suspended over a waterfall, a hotel floated

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on piles in a watery, earthquaky city, a museum wider at the top than at the base, a church as gay as a country club—these are the things he flings howling into our teeth and defies us to reject. At a 1953 exhibition of his work in New York, the most rabid proponents of modern architecture were startled by the ultra-modernity of the full-scale house erected on the museum grounds. He designed it in 1899.

Of his plans for the Museum of Non-Objective Art in New York, he said, "It will make the old Metropolitan Museum look like a Presbyterian barn. When the atomic bomb hits New York, it will not be destroyed. It may be blown a few miles in the air, but when it comes down, it will bounce!" Well, since his hotel in Tokyo withstood the earthquake. . . !

The young architects he trains pant behind him, never able to keep up with the wild parabolas of his imagination, the restless vitality of his conceptions. He looks mild, but he is a man of violent tastes. No umbilical cord attaches him to the past. His volcanic personality erupts at the drop of a dissenting opinion.

His private life has been as controversial and scandalous as his architecture. When he ceases to pursue violence, violence pursues him. The wife of another man with whom he eloped is murdered, with her two children and four other people, by a Barbados Negro who goes berserk. An ex-mistress prosecutes him under the Mann Act for kidnapping a "Montenegrin dancer." Divorced wives, exotic mistresses, prison sentences, arson, murder, fist fights, stabbings follow him as trees and houses follow the hurricane.

His life has been an equinoctial storm—and he has loved every minute of it. He is a character out of a melodrama, gusty, filled with the lust of life, sizzling with excitement.

Ladies and gentlemen—FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, by his own confession, premier architect, not of this age, but of the ages.

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Profile of a Statesman

He has three major handicaps. He is a Jew, he is old, he wears a hearing aid. He is proud of the first, ignores the second and enjoys the third. A windy political speaker, a vituperative Russian blasting the ears of the groundlings, and he switches off his aid and turns to the seething activity of his own mind.

When, at the age of seventy-six, he was appointed American representative on the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission, a colored mammy on his South Carolina plantation prayed fervently, "Jesus, prop him up!" Jesus did.

He started his career as a mucker in a gold mine, went on to clerking in Wall Street at \$5 a week, where he was a "here-boy-lick-these-stamps," made his millions and, not yet fifty, retired, money having ceased to interest him except as something to give away. He has devoted the past quarter century and more to being our foremost unofficial statesman, adviser to presidents in their gravest hour. Although he had prophesied the second World War twenty years before it came to pass, it was not until the war was almost lost that he was called back to public service.

"I'd crawl on my hands and knees to the White House if I thought I could do my country any good," he said.

The White House didn't entirely trust him. "Bernie is very stubborn," Roosevelt once complained.

"Oh, yes," retorted Senator Carter Glass. "On a proposition like two plus two equals four, Bernie can be as dogmatic as hell."

During the war he was adviser to the Office of War Mobilization, counseling on manpower, the rubber shortage, airplane production. Asked how he could put in such a gruelling day (often from early morning until midnight), he said, "As long as there's a German or a Jap left and a pretty woman to look at, I can stand the pace."

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In 1947 at the age of seventy-seven, he received in one season five honorary LL.D.s and a total of over twenty awards and citations, the biggest winner in the honors field in the country. When he speaks in public, all other speakers take on the quality of ectoplasm. In the late afternoon of his life, his words still ring out like a battle cry:

"We are here to make a choice between the quick and the dead," he said in his report to the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission, on which he was chairman of the American delegation. "Science has torn from nature a secret so vast in its potentialities that our minds cower. The search of science for the absolute weapon has reached fruition in this country. But she stands ready to destroy this instrument—to lift its use from death to life—if the world will join in a pact to that end. Yet punishment lies at the very heart of our present security system. There must be no veto to protect those who violate their solemn agreements not to develop or use atomic energy for destructive purposes.

"The bomb does not wait upon debate. To delay may be to die."

He is not a solemn man, this prophet, who has prophesied both wars. He is gay, he is young, he is intensely present, wherever and with whomever he may be.

Now in his eighties, he continues to make headlines—not always because of his wisdom. Often as not it is: INJURES LEG DISMOUNTING FROM HORSE . . . BACK IN HIS OFFICE ON CENTRAL PARK BENCH . . . KILLS 15 QUAILS WITH 13 SHOTS. And you go on to read: "Under the forsythia bushes, surrounded by pigeons, nursemaids, baby carriages and children, the six-foot-four diplomat receives callers (young Franklin Roosevelt, among others) and discusses the problems of the atomic age. . . ."

"For a 16-year-old genius, with all his reflexes intact, to kill

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15 quails with 13 shots is impossible. For a deaf old man——! The South Carolina bobwhite weighs less than half a pound, rises from the ground with a terrific whirring (which he can, of course, not hear as he never wears his hearing aid while out shooting) and is clean out of sight in five seconds flat. Four witnesses signed the report of this feat by this octogenarian.”

In more serious vein we have such headlines as:

STATES MOST IMPORTANT ADVANCE IN FIRST HALF OF THIS CENTURY WAS EXTENSION OF LIFE EXPECTANCY BY TWENTY YEARS, or——WILLS ENTIRE ESTATE TO ADVANCE PHYSICAL MEDICINE.

Ladies and gentlemen——BERNARD BARUCH, elder statesman.

Profile of a Great Lady

She's head and shoulders above most women, even most men, and this puts her extraordinary plainness on permanent exhibition. She is definitely not worried by that. She never faced a camera in her life (and she's probably faced more than any other woman alive) without a pleasant and ingratiating smile.

There's no bounce or jounce in her. She's as poised as a gyroscope in full révolution.

During one period of six years she engaged in six different businesses—not consecutively, usually all at once. She was lecturer, radio speaker, writer, editor, columnist and scenarist. She made a great deal of money at each of these jobs. In 1934, she received \$36,000 from broadcasts alone. She turned it all over to charity.

During the war she traveled widely—as a duty, but she couldn't help enjoying it. She flew to Great Britain to visit American camps and military hospitals; she flew to the Southwest Pacific Islands, Australia and New Zealand to inspect army installations and hospitals.

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This in addition to the heaviest social program any woman in the century carried.

This in addition to heading many philanthropic enterprises.

This in addition to running one of the most important households in the country.

This in addition to being a practicing mother, grandmother and great-grandmother.

Her sixty-fifth year was one of her busiest.

She wrote the second volume of her autobiography—a best seller.

She initiated a series of “television teas” with one of the most impressive panels ever assembled, including Albert Einstein, David Lilienthal and Robert Oppenheimer.

She was one of the five United States delegates to the General Assembly of the United Nations and Chairman of the Commission on Human Rights.

Today, past seventy, a widow living alone in a small apartment in New York, she hasn’t a single idle moment.

She still contributes a daily syndicated column to a newspaper, a regular monthly page to a national periodical, writes books, answers letters (a two-hour-a-day job), appears on radio and TV programs, lectures on the United Nations, goes on other extensive tours and gives much time to philanthropic works.

She has been called “the most active woman in the world.”

Ladies and gentlemen—MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, former first lady of the land.

Profile of a Businessman

He was listed by James W. Gerard as one of the fifty-seven rulers of America.

His business is newspaper editing. He is the chairman of the

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Executive Committee of one of the largest newspaper chains in the world, a chain worth many millions, and including nineteen newspapers. He also heads one of the largest newspaper-feature syndicates in the world and a world-wide news service.

His activities cover the earth, physically as well as intellectually. In a three-year period he twice circled the globe. The air and the stratosphere are both usual highways to him. He is as familiar a figure in Tokyo, Bombay, Rio, London and Cairo as in New York. His office is in his hat.

Over seventy today, he works as hard as he did at twenty-one. Early in life he discovered that he could work twelve hours a day without tiring. He's kept it up ever since. He makes everything his business, will pinch hit for anybody—a reporter, a cruise director, a politician, a sports writer, a salesman. He figures he can do almost anything a little better than anybody else. As an editor he takes an active part in politics, building and pulling down municipal, state and federal administrations, sitting in at national conventions, pulling wires and deciding destinies. He received a medal for electing La Guardia mayor of New York.

He has interviewed the great of the world: its Northcliffes, Churchills, Lloyd Georges, Stalins, Chiang Kai-sheks, Hirohitos, kings and presidents, dictators and maharajahs.

He started as a newsboy, carrying two paper routes in his out-of-school hours and working in a cafeteria, as well as writing school news for one of the big dailies. Eventually he bought some of the papers he's worked for. Among others, he bought the *Telegram*, the *World* and the *Sun*, combining them into one New York newspaper.

He hunts big game with as much gusto as he goes after a political scalp, plays a passionate game of poker, an eloquent game of craps, and is an enthusiastic, but not too fancy wing shot.

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The United Press, the successful establishment of which he regards as his most worth-while journalistic accomplishment, is today, on the basis of the figures, the greatest and most extensive international news services in the world. The United Press today serves 4,065 clients from 161 bureaus in 74 countries, although not serving as formerly most of the Communist and satellite countries. In addition to being chairman of the Executive Committee of the Scripps-Howard chain of newspapers, he personally edits his home-town paper and his favorite—the *World-Telegram and Sun*.

Ladies and gentlemen—ROY HOWARD, newspaperman.

Profile of a Musician

This little lady, frail and a cripple most of her life, could have been a brilliant pianist. Instead she abandoned her career to promote that of her husband, who was also her teacher. She insisted, as the only condition of their marriage, that he give up teaching to devote himself to composing. He became one of our greatest American composers.

After his death, when she was fifty-one, she set about doing for other creative artists what she had done for him. On her 200-acre farm in Peterborough, New Hampshire, she started a colony for harassed geniuses. To provide the money to support this colony, she gave piano recitals of her husband's music—over a thousand concerts in a thirty-year period, netting upward of \$100,000. The colony gradually grew to include 500 acres and twenty-five studios, with geniuses pouring in from all over the country—Elinor Wylie, Thornton Wilder, Carl Carmer, Lewis Browne, Willa Cather, Du Bose Heyward, William Rose Benét, Julia Peterkin, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Padraic and Mary Colum, Ridgeley Torrence, Aaron Copland

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—over 400 in all, many of whom, coming for the summer, returned the following year with a Pulitzer Prize, a Prix de Rome or a Juilliard Award.

All her life her friends periodically gave her up for dead. It seemed impossible that this little old lady, badly crippled, often racked with pain, frequently in hospitals, could possibly continue at the pace she was going. They were always visiting her at her winter home in California or in hospitals, and returning with the report, "She's failing fast. She can't last much longer now." And then would come the hurricane of '38 and the little old lady would rush back to the devastated colony, borrow money, buy power saws, order lumberjacks about and soon have the place in readiness for its summer quota of geniuses.

Or she would be carried to a hospital from a taxicab accident and her friends would leave her shaking their heads mournfully.

"This is the end," they would tell one another, only to learn a little later that the accident had rearranged the structure of her back as no surgeon would have dared to do and that she need never use crutches again.

When she was in her late eighties, with her sight dimming, her back giving trouble again, a friend, after visiting her in the hospital, announced, "Destiny has caught up with the grand old girl at last. A week—a month at most . . ."

Three months later the grand old girl was back in Peterborough, once more organizing and running her greatly enlarged colony and handling whatever threatened it as she had handled everything through the hurricane, two world wars and the worst depression in American history.

At sixty-seven she was awarded \$5,000 for "the most distinctive achievement through individual effort in the field of art, industry, literature, music, drama, education, science or sociology by a woman."

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In 1949, at the age of ninety-two, she came to New York to receive from the National Institute of Arts and Letters its Award for Distinguished Service to the Arts.

In 1953, at ninety-six, she received the honorary Doctor of Fine Arts degree from the Hartt College of Music. Yet she has never produced a single work of art—unless you call such a life a work of art.

Ladies and gentlemen—MRS. EDWARD MACDOWELL, patron of the arts.

Here we have five people of unusual accomplishment in different fields. They have not been selected because they are people of extraordinary energy. It would be impossible to select individuals of great achievement who haven't this energy. Any one of these five might have been beaten by a well-founded inferiority complex—Wright by his belligerent personality, Baruch by his race, Mrs. Roosevelt by her plainness, Roy Howard by his poverty, Mrs. MacDowell by her lameness. They were not beaten.

Let us look now at a few other men and women of accomplishment, running the gamut from geniuses and those in high places to those in the ordinary walks of life, those who cannot be said to have had any unusual abilities but who succeeded by putting all they had to work. It will be quite obvious, I think, that the genius, no more than the man of average ability, could not have succeeded without this energy.

We won't select a J. P. Morgan, still a power in world finance when he was seventy; a Ford, who, at eighty-one was starting a one-man campaign for prosperity; a Mellon, who, at his death at eighty-two, was still a big financial factor in the country. We won't select a Churchill, a Stalin, a Lenin, an Atatürk—a day in the life of any one of whom would look like a day's schedule for the Olympics. The energy of these men is notorious.

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No, let us look for a moment at a sick man—a man who had every reason to fail except the indomitable will to succeed, backed by his superhuman energy. He is dead—but his spirit lives on in the institutions he founded.

Profile of a Journalist

He was a blind man and, added to that, he was a very sick man, suffering from so complete a breakdown of his entire nervous system that the mere striking of a match could throw him into a spasm of pain that would prevent his sleeping all night.

He started as an immigrant boy without a cent or a word of English. Yet the writing, publishing, love and encouragement of English was to be his work in life. He became one of our great journalists.

When blindness struck him down, he was already a rich man. He went to live and work on a palatial yacht, for he had to be insulated from a world which impinged so shriekingly on his pain-racked body. From this yacht he continued to edit and direct the policies of one of the great newspapers of the world. To do this he maintained a staff of six private secretaries, all young, healthy, strong men, working at top speed. Yet he outworked and outwore them. Never were they able to produce enough work for him to do. Isolated on a yacht wherever it might be, he yet had to keep in momentary touch with the news of the world. An elaborate organization took care of this, sending him daily huge batches of papers, cables and clippings in five or six languages from all over the world.

True, he was a genius; but, as D. G. Mitchell has said, "There is no genius in life like the genius of energy and activity." His mentality was brilliant; but he had worked indefatigably to acquire his amazing knowledge on an unbelievable range of subjects; to master the languages in which he expressed himself so

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lucidly and fluently; to store his mind with the love of great literature and great music which were his passionate pleasures.

What is the source of such titanic energy in a body so shattered? An appetite for life so voracious that it can never be satiated. Enthusiasm, excitements, mental stimulations.

He is dead. But before he died he founded the School of Journalism of Columbia University and endowed the Pulitzer Prizes.

Ladies and gentlemen—JOSEPH PULITZER, late editor of the *New York World*.

Profile of Nationalist China's No. 2 Leader

You will remember a Chinese lady who came to the United States on an unofficial good-will mission. She was small and quite beautiful; one didn't realize how beautiful until she began to talk, when she became incandescent.

She stood before Congress and told them of the struggles of her people for freedom and democracy. She stood before a throng in Madison Square Garden and spoke of the things the Chinese and we have in common. She stood before an audience of students in her alma mater and used words—good English words—which they had to run to their dictionaries to look up. She spoke in auditoriums and on the air when she should have been sick in bed but preferred to be sick on her feet.

A short time before she had been invited to come here on a lecture tour. She wanted to come but her husband said, "No. You are worth more to me here than twenty divisions." The twenty divisions stayed home.

When, however, the war was going a little better in China, he thought perhaps Madame could be spared. She had a message she wanted terribly to bring us—that we and the Chinese were fighting for the same thing, that East and West had at last met,

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and never again must we be separated by isolationists in either country.

She is—or was—a lady of great wealth. A life of leisure would be for her the line of least resistance. Instead, all through the war she rose every morning at 6:30 and by midnight had turned in a day's work which would have set our own wartime first lady back on her heels. In her small person she combined the duties of a queen and a cabinet minister.

She was the active head of the war-work organizations of China, all of which she personally directed. She supervised the training schools and regularly lectured in them. She visited the military hospitals as an almost daily duty. She was official interpreter for her husband. As usual she wrote constantly, turning out speeches, pamphlets, and translations of Chinese history.

"When do you find time to write?" one interviewer asked her during the war years.

"When there is an alert. I grab my papers and pencils and rush with them to the bomb shelter."

After the bombing she went through the streets supervising the rescue work.

Today, exiled on Formosa, she fights as passionately as ever—but now for the conquest of Communist China. Reduced in circumstances—politically, financially, socially—she yet remains one of the most prominent women in the world. A reasonable woman in most respects, she is impervious to reasoning on two subjects: the failure of her mission to America to obtain aid for her husband's fight to save China from Communism and the humiliating decision of the Allies not to invite China to the peace table at San Francisco.

She lives for one thing: to see the Chinese Nationalists regain the mainland. To that end she founded—and heads—the Anti-Aggression League, an organization of 100,000 Formosan and Chinese women dedicated to the service of the armed forces.

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From her office in a quonset hut, she directs its manifold activities. Tiny, alert, poised on the edge of her chair, she issues orders as one accustomed to command. Generals stand at attention. Frequently she tours the back country, breathing hope and courage into the 7,000,000 inhabitants of the island. She it is who is chiefly credited with rebuilding the morale of a country whose people once talked of walking en masse into the sea.

Now in her late fifties, she looks a vivacious thirty-five—youthfully slim, without a wrinkle or a gray hair, needing no make-up but lipstick.

In peacetime she always manages to look as though she had nothing to do but "*faire sa beauté*." She is a beautiful piece of construction—all steel. She loves exquisite clothes and jewels and furs—and sometimes she gets a chance to wear them. When she goes into action with her battery of feminine charms firing from all guns, every other woman in the room fades to an old snapshot.

This charge of TNT. is, of course, MAY-LING SOONG CHIANG, Nationalist China's No. 1 Lady and No. 2 Leader.

Profile of an Industrialist

Of few persons not in the highest public office can it be said that they measurably influenced the course of the war. It can be said of our next man, who has been called "one of the great natural resources of a nation at war."

HENRY KAISER is a creative force, a man of such vaulting imagination that not even the best minds in whatever field he may be working can follow his wild flights. Invariably any new project of his is classified as "fantastic, impracticable and impossible." To which Kaiser replies that, if it is merely difficult, "he will do it quickly, but that if it is impossible it may take him a little longer.

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Kaiser starts with a dream. Then he makes a blueprint of the dream and starts building it on a cloud. In a few months it is turning out ships that are carrying death to the Japanese.

His appetite for doing the impossible was whetted on such projects as the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge which required piers to be sunk deeper than piers had ever gone before; the Bonneville Dam across the raging Columbia River; Boulder Dam and the Grand Coulee.

Before the Second World War (he was then approaching his sixties) he erected on the West Coast the largest cement plant in the world, the famous Permanente. Without the 5,000,000 barrels of cement turned out by the Permanente, we would never have had, at the moment we needed them, the great gun emplacements, airplane runways and underground storage tanks in the Pacific islands.

When our ships were being sunk faster than they were being built, Kaiser submitted to the navy a plan for building ships which he was assured was the most fantastic and impracticable notion he had yet conceived. With that endorsement in his pocket, he called on the President—and the President said really it seemed to him a very feasible, simple idea.

So Kaiser went to Richmond, California, and the Portland, Oregon, area and erected the largest shipbuilding units in the world. Almost immediately we began hearing the cracking of champagne bottles out there. A ship every 10.3 hours—Liberties, troop carriers, tankers, auxiliary aircraft carriers, escort vessels.

In swift succession we read these headlines: KEEL TO COMMISSION FOURTEEN DAYS . . . KAISER BUILDS A SHIP IN TEN DAYS . . . HULL 440 LAUNCHED FOUR DAYS AFTER LAYING KEEL.

As it slid down the ways, Hull 440 was no phantom ship. It was complete with "life belts, electric clocks, coat hangers,

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desks, inkwells, and signs in all the toilets saying, 'Water Unfit for Drinking,' " Said one of the workers, "We half expected to see a captain—prefabricated perhaps—pacing the bridge."

That was the simple, obvious notion which Kaiser submitted to the Brass Hats and which they turned down as "fantastic"—prefabricated ships. Of course it was fantastic—until Kaiser did it.

As soon as he saw that that was working out all right, Kaiser brushed off his hands and started east.

"Carry on, boys," he said to the young men who keep the promises he makes. "I've got a crazy idea I'd like to build some airplanes."

He built his airplane plant, Fleetwings, in Pennsylvania, and began turning out planes for the government. Then, in Fontana, California, he erected a huge steel mill (if he could make cement, why couldn't he make steel?), the first integrated iron and steel plant west of the Rockies. To swing this he had to run his head into more stone walls than even his head was accustomed to, but evidently he enjoys this on the theory that it feels so good when he stops. Next he built a magnesium factory in the Santa Clara Valley from which he assured a doubting government that he'd produce as much magnesium as the entire industry before the war. Anyway it's probably the most beautiful factory in the world.

His next wild leap into space landed him in the field of medicine. The doctors, the government, industry had been debating the question of socialized medicine for years. All of a sudden, in Kaiser's plants, they had his version of it—full-scale health care within the workers' means, a nonsubsidized, self-supporting project based on private initiative. For seven cents a day the workers in his shipyards had all the medical care they could use—super-modern hospitals, first-aid stations, last-word treatments, regular Mayo Clinics, high-salaried doctors and nurses

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pretty enough to make any man enjoy an occasional bout with ill health.

The doctors have been consistently against socialized medicine. Of Kaiser's plan for medicine for the millions they say, "The Kaiser plan is really the Hippocratic Oath in action."

His private world was no less turbulent than his business world. No detail of his home life escaped the full force of his concentrated attention. He it was, not Mrs. Kaiser, who planned the menu for a dinner party and the seating arrangements. He it was who decided what Mrs. Kaiser would wear and bought it for her. He, not she, continually rebuilt and re-decorated their home.

All this he accomplished with a maximum of noise and violence—shouting and desk pounding (those to whom he is telephoning a continent away can hear him at it), lapel seizing, even physical assault. He has figured in more than one episode of grabbing and shoving people around. He loves activity, almost any kind, for its own sake. "He doesn't want money," his friends will tell you. "He just wants to do things."

Even while he was fighting the war probably to a greater extent than any other private citizen, he was drawing up the blueprints of another dream—a postwar world in which there'd be no unemployment, a regenerated free enterprise, a low-priced car and a helicopter in every garage. Sounds crazy? So did those ships.

That *was* Henry Kaiser.

What *is* Henry Kaiser?

With the end of the war he could easily have been the biggest industrial failure America ever produced. With dozens of far-flung plants representing assets of over \$600,000,000, producing wartime supplies and equipment, it looked impossible for him not to be. Only Kaiser thought he could be a bigger suc-

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cess than ever. It took him only a few years to prove he was right.

Everything he created during the war has since grown bigger. Everything that was built for war has been converted to peace.

Fleetwings is today Kaiser Metal Products, turning out enameled steel home appliances and, for the defense against Communism, wings and fuselage aft sections for fighters and bombers.

The Kaiser Steel Corporation in Fontana is more than three times as big as it was at peak production during the war and no one can measure its influence in the industrialization of the West.

The Kaiser organization at the magnesium plant in the Santa Clara Valley is now the Kaiser Aluminum and Chemical Corporation, which processes more than two and one-half times more aluminum than the entire annual output of the United States before the war.

The Permanente Cement Company has expanded to become the largest in the world today with a capacity of 7,000,000 barrels a year. Kaiser Gypsum, a subsidiary, has developed one of the largest gypsum deposits in the world and built three gypsum products plants.

Kaiser Motors Corporation, taking over the bomber plant at Willow Run, has produced over 700,000 Kaiser cars.

The Kaiser Foundation has steadily expanded its Health Plan until it now takes care of half a million people who are served by thirty-five hospitals, clinics and rehabilitation centers and 500 doctors. It is presently completing more than \$10,000-000 worth of new medical centers.

To put it in a capsule: Henry Kaiser, in his seventies, is actively managing more than twenty different types of enterprises, operating 100 factories in fourteen states, turning out over 200

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different products totaling one billion dollars worth of business a year.

Singlehanded he has demonstrated that the communist economy can never stand up against free enterprise. A single Kaiser plant, with the largest private-industry power plant of its own in the United States, supplies as much primary aluminum in a year as did all the plants of Soviet Russia in 1950, and the total capacity of Kaiser Aluminum is *twice* that of Soviet Russia. So long as America can produce Henry Kaisers, communism cannot count on the collapse of the American economic system.

In his seventies Kaiser shows no signs of abatement. He is still the hurricane of '38 in full blast. A sixteen-hour day is normal for him. He often covers 10,000 air miles in a matter of days. He's incapable of relaxing even in his recreations. If he's racing one of his speedboats, he must beat everything on the lake, to which end he constantly builds faster boats. He's forever remodeling, adding to, redecorating his homes. He's been going on like this for as long as anyone can remember. No one knows when he sleeps. An associate who once shared a state-room with him stated that Kaiser tossed and thought, thought and tossed all night, every so often waking him to unfold some new project.

True, he no longer pounds desks, yells at telephones or offers to punch noses, but this is rather the result of hard-won self-control than of depleted energy. It is said that those meeting him for the first time these days are amazed at the calm and gentle manner of this once ferocious lion.

When you read the biographies of such men and women, when you even read in the daily press some account of their endless activities, you find the same words, the same comments, occurring over and over with monotonous frequency. "Energy . . . drive . . . power." "Eternally active . . . wide interests . . . many enthusiasms . . . still young in mind . . . an

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irresistible force . . . dynamic personality." Everyone recognizes the fundamental causes of success, everyone from the philosopher to the reporter.

"This world belongs to the energetic," said Emerson. And again, "Power first or no leading class. In politics and in trade, bruisers and pirates are of better promise than talkers and clerks."

"The longer I live," said Sir Thomas Buxton, "the more deeply I am convinced that that which makes the difference between one man and another—between the weak and the purposeful, the great and the insignificant—is energy—invincible determination—a purpose once formed, and then death or victory. This quality will do anything that is to be done in the world, and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make one a man without it."

Several seasons ago the press interviewed a prima donna who had retired more than twenty years previously. They couldn't believe their eyes, let alone their ears. She had once had a sensational figure. She still had. She had once worn ultra-chic clothes. She still did. She had once had extraordinary jewels. She still had. She had once been witty. She still was. She put on as good a show as she ever had before the footlights, tossing back her answers to the reporters barbed with wit. Even the men—especially the men—couldn't keep their eyes off her, any more than they could in the days when she wore little more than strings of pearls or seven veils. Between quips she answered long-distance calls from Hollywood producers desiring to film her life.

"Who could play *me*?" she demanded of the telephone. "Who could *sing* me? No one. Fantastic!"

"My age?" she repeated after the reporters. "For the duration of this trip I shall be seventy." (She was seventy-six.)

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"Men? They have never been anything but punctuation marks in my career—one or two, perhaps, exclamation points. Marriage? Marriage is for women who have nothing else to do.

"Careers? I have had half a dozen since I left opera. Directing the Chicago Opera Company was the best. I lost a million dollars of the directors' money in one year. It was worth every cent of it. Now I am making a four months' coast-to-coast lecture tour. Perhaps I shall supervise a picture of my life in Hollywood.

"Weight? One hundred and twelve pounds. Hasn't varied an ounce in fifty years. For thirty years I haven't eaten dinner. A cup of tea at 6:00 P.M.—that's all.

"My clothes? All from Molyneux. My jewels? There was none of this nonsense about costume jewelry in my day. With me an emerald is an emerald is an emerald, pearls come from oysters and diamonds are by courtesy of De Beers. My voice? I have none. I once had twenty—one for every role I sang."

It was obvious to all that although MARY GARDEN had retired from opera, she had not retired from life.

A man who learned to fly at an age when other men are giving it up was casting about for an agreeable way to celebrate his birthday. He decided that, instead of flying his plane himself, he'd hire a pilot and . . .

One morning the inhabitants of Dansville, New York, saw something drop from a passing plane and slowly mushroom into a parachute. Rising from the ground, it disclosed itself to be BERNARR MACFADDEN, celebrating his eighty-first birthday by making his first parachute jump.

Two years later, strolling along the Seine, I saw groups of bug-eyed Frenchmen gazing skyward and pointing out a suit of red flannel underwear dangling from a parachute. Again

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it turned out to be Macfadden (clad in red flannels against the penetrating cold of the Seine, into which he expected to drop), this time celebrating his eighty-fourth birthday.

For a later birthday he planned a jump into the Great Salt Lake. The man's in a rut.

When he was in his seventies, Fulton Oursler wrote of him:

"Bernarr Macfadden publishes twelve magazines that sell more than 15,000,000 copies a month. He continues to direct *personally* countless details of his publishing business and is forever pitching himself into new enterprises as well—a sanatorium, a boys' military school, a de luxe hotel with physical culture trimmings, a haven for children from three to eight years of age. He learned to fly at sixty-five. He pilots himself. He frequently fasts for one or two weeks at a time, existing only on water. He usually sleeps on the floor."

Over the years Macfadden has written more than forty books and founded everything from detective-story magazines to religions (Cosmotarianism, the happiness religion), from sanatoriums to military academies, and from physiocultopathy (healing through physical culture) to hotels at Miami Beach.

Although today, in his late eighties, Mr. Macfadden has relinquished most of his publishing enterprises, he continues to publish *Physical Culture Magazine*, personally supervising its contents and writing its editorials, and he is still the controlling force in his hotels, health resorts, schools and military academy. He claims he has discovered the secret of vitality and that he is as young today as he was twenty years ago. Since, on his eighty-sixth birthday, he had his pilot's license renewed, received his doctor's assurance that he had the blood pressure of a man of forty and could still tear a telephone book in half with his bare hands (albeit it was only the Staten Island directory, not the Manhattan book of his sixties), we are certainly not in a position to deny it.

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In 1948, being then eighty years of age, Bernarr married, for the second time, a woman half his age. Six years later they were legally separated, both alleging "cruel and inhuman treatment." Her complaint was that one night Bernarr flung out of the apartment, protesting it was "too fancy" for him and that she was trying to poison him. This contention was based on the fact that she provided for him a bed instead of a pallet on the floor and hamburgers actually made with meat instead of raw vegetables. These luxuries were undermining his health and strength.

One doesn't become the foremost physical culturist in the world and a millionaire to boot without some sacrifices.

Noel Coward in his autobiography, speaking of TALLULAH BANKHEAD, on the occasion of her accepting a part in one of his plays only four days before the opening, says: "Her vitality has always been remarkable, but on that occasion it was little short of frantic." She was letter perfect in the long part in two days and gave a brilliant first performance. "It was a *tour de force* of vitality, magnetism, and spontaneous combustion."

Lotte Lehmann said of ARTURO TOSCANINI some years ago: "One can imagine him as a man who, even as he grows old, would never weary of his burning drive, of his unremitting creative energy—never seek repose, give up, come to a halt. The Maestro is known as inexorable. He requires the utmost of others because he gives the utmost himself. He is like a man possessed. Outwardly completely under control, he vibrates inwardly at the highest nervous tension." Always the worst that he can say of any performance of music is "*Manca il fuoco!*" (It lacks *fire*.)

Such are the invariable comments of the press on those who command the headlines. Often the reader must wonder, "Where do such people get the energy to do all this?"

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The answer is that the energy they possess is the *result*, not the cause, of their activities.

Consider the extra-curricular activities of a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, William O. Douglas. In addition to his Supreme Court duties, Justice Douglas (now in his late fifties) :

1. Is a famous mountain climber. He has gone as high as 20,000 feet—Everest is 29,141. He has crossed the Himalayas (246 miles) at an altitude of 15,000 feet in fourteen days—a lot of altitude at a lot of speed.
2. He is a great hunter. No big game, he says—principally mountain lion. (A mountain lion is eight feet long and comes at you in great leaps and bounds. “A beautiful sight!” comments the judge.)
3. He’s an ardent fisherman, the all-day, stream-wading type.
4. He collects wild flowers, the wilder the better. Picks ’em himself, in person (in Lebanon, Persia, the Himalayas), presses ’em personally, then presents them to the Smithsonian Institute. To date he has donated several collections of 300 specimens each.
5. He’s a prodigious hiker—twenty miles a Sunday, *alone*, since no one else cares to walk twenty miles on a Sunday or any other day. In the winter of 1954, he challenged the editor of a Washington newspaper, who was advocating a four-lane highway through the glorious natural scenery of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, to walk the 189 miles with him. The editor didn’t feel up to that but suggested that a team of six or more newspapermen spell the Justice, who would walk the whole 189 miles in six days, while each of the others did fifteen to thirty miles a day. Douglas accepted the challenge. In the spring of

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- '54, in subfreezing weather, he pulled it off, only nine of the forty newspapermen surviving the ordeal.
6. He's a sunrise-to-sunset horseman, riding the parks of Washington, D.C., or the ranges of the Far West with equal gusto.
 7. He is an amateur photographer of professional caliber. He owns two thirty-five-millimeter movie cameras—a Contax (the lens of which alone cost \$685) and a Contessa; three sixteen-millimeter movie cameras, one an Eastman Special costing \$2,500; and about the same number and quality of still cameras. Often on hunting trips the Justice drops the camera only just in time to grab the gun.
 8. He lectures, illustrating his talks with his own pictures.
 9. He is an author whose writings have brought him as much fame as his professional career. He has written a number of remarkable books, among them *Strange Lands and Friendly People*, *North From Malaya*, *Of Man and Mountains*, *Beyond the High Himalayas*. Heavily disguised, he also writes for the popular magazines—detective stories and romances, for all anyone knows.

Where does the Justice find the time for all this?

Well, he spends only nine and a half hours a day, five days a week, nine months a year at his office—plus a certain amount of time writing legal books and articles and opinions on Supreme Court decisions. That leaves him evenings, week ends and summer vacations for his avocations—even as you and I.

A friend of mine, asked how he divided his time between two big businesses, replied, "I give my entire time to each of them."

More people than you have any idea of do exactly that in order to get everything in before they die.

The energy of such people does not flicker out and die as old age advances because it is not dependent on the vitality of the

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body, but on the vitality of the mind, which can be almost ageless. It is an axiom of psychology that with advancing years the dumb grow dumber and the bright grow brighter. If this alert habit of mind is carried into old age, energy will be carried with it. At eighty, the elder Cato began the study of Greek.

Suppose now we glance at a few cases of men and women, most of them not especially gifted, who show us what, with an exuberant interest in life, any of us might hope to accomplish, even in old age.

In the early days of aviation an Englishwoman took up flying as a pastime, that same year made a 9,000-mile flight from England to India and back in seven and a half days—then a record—and the next year flew to Cape Town and back—18,000 miles in twenty-one days—another record. She was sixty-two when she began flying and at seventy-one was still making solo flights.

THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD, "Britain's Flying Duchess."

In 1953, an American woman landed her plane at the Cairo airport where she was met by the Egyptian press. After the interview, the following Egyptian-into-English news release was sent out:

"She is an old American lady 61 years old and she like adventure. She said her exact life did not start until she get the divorce from her husband 30 or 40 years ago. She does not remember anything about this wedding. After the divorce she starts her adventure and she learn technical equipment of engineering. She does not like it, then she change it to learn geology. This lady came to Cairo about 1 week ago by little plane with 1 motor, and said: 'Thanks God I have get half way in my world-around trip.'

"She have sit in the Hotel Semiramis transept telling us of the dangers she have saw in this great adventure. The U.S. Government refuse to let her go before she write a certificate

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that her mind is okay. The wind was too much when she fly over the Atlantic and her plane was dancing in the air. But her love of adventure let her carry on and do not let [go] the drive stick. After 13 hours and 30 minutes she arrive to Gander in Newfoundland, Ireland. She went through to the bar and take a big mug of whiskey to give her rest in her nerves.

"A person asked her: 'Why do you not try to go over the Atlantic before Lindbergh, to be the first?' She said: 'True,' without thinking. 'My plane is more smaller than his. But it is more strong and more fast. And if I was know that Lindbergh was take the chance before me, I go before him. But I am sorry. I just learn to fly shortly after a little months ago.' "

This lady, as the news release indicates, was a graduate of M.I.T. in engineering and a geologist. It did not mention that she once sailed a seventy-three foot ketch around the world and later copiloted a four-engine converted bomber across the Atlantic. When not flying and ketching, she writes books on geology (used by New York State), on navigation (used by the United States Navy) and on her adventures (used by practically everybody). A book concerning her ketching adventures is named *Who Called That Lady the Skipper?*, and another about her flying experience (announced in the release as *I Am Fly When I Like Fly*) is titled *I Fly As I Please*.

One thing at least they got right in that release—MRS. MARION HART was sixty-one years of age.

Not long ago a resident of Groton, Massachusetts, gave notice she was quitting her job as public-school bus driver because her dressmaking business had expanded to a point where she could no longer handle both. Her bus job required that she leave her home at 7:40 A.M., round up several dozen children over a seven-mile route and return them to their homes at 2:00 P.M.—inconvenient for the patrons of her dressmaking establishment.

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MRS. MARION CLAPP, who retired from bus driving on her eightieth birthday.

One recent fall a retired schoolteacher bought an acre of land in New City, New York, drew up the blueprints for a house, obtained a building permit and forthwith set to work to build a home for herself and her brother, age eighty-two and too old to work. All winter, bundled in sweaters, shawls and mittens, she poured concrete, raised framework, laid floor beams, put on siding, tacked on roofing. She left her son's home on the 9:30 bus every morning and worked until picked up by the home-bound bus at 4:00 P.M. . . . All one winter, all one summer. Then it was finished.

"We want a home in the country so we can have an open fire in the winter and a garden in summer," she explained.

Anyone who loves an open fire and a garden that much certainly isn't through with living. "Life," said Rousseau, "consists less in length of days than in the keen sense of living."

MRS. AGNES TAYLOR, retired schoolteacher, age eighty-four.

At a recent anniversary dinner at Norwich University, one of the speakers said, "My being here tonight is largely due to my good judgment in selecting for a grandfather a man who, at ninety-two, is not only a trustee of Norwich, but still the active president of the company he founded seventy years ago, still comes to the office every day, including Saturdays, usually walking over a mile each way, still makes regular trips to company activities extending into Texas and the Southwest, the South and even Canada and England."

He went on to touch on highlights in his grandfather's career.

In 1915, at the age of fifty-four, he had learned to fly, was commissioned to active service at the outbreak of World War I and throughout the war patrolled Massachusetts Bay for German submarines. His plane was one of those pusher-type crates

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seen today only in the Smithsonian Institute. His first engine was one of 500 ordered and condemned by the British as unsafe. Forced landings were routine, seventy miles an hour was his maximum speed. He had to carry a passenger on every flight since the plane wouldn't balance without one, and he had to sit out in front where he got plenty of good fresh sea air. His doctor warned him that all this would have a terrible effect on his heart. So he went right on flying and in 1918, at fifty-seven, received the Navy Gold Wings, by far the oldest man ever to be given that honor.

Purely as an avocation, he made a lifelong study of air transportation. He invented and developed the picking up of burdens in full flight. He recently gave well over a million dollars to Norwich University to establish a full-scale department of aviation.

DR. GODFREY LOWELL CABOT, of the Boston Cabots, who are popularly credited with speaking only to God, age ninety-two.

We have mentioned Bernarr Macfadden, still flying at eighty-six. We can go ourselves one better. At the meet at San Diego airport celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of powered flight, a resident of Los Angeles, who, like Macfadden, received his pilot's license at sixty-five, celebrated his birthday by taking a jet plane off the ground, flying it at 500 miles an hour, landing it safely and immediately taking off on a second and a third flight.

JAMES MONTEE, once a driver of horse-drawn stage coaches, age ninety-one.

I could also tell you a tale, as tall as the Empire Building and just as true, of a woman who began her career at the age of sixty-one. She looked in her mirror one day and saw "a fat, stiff dumbbell." She started at once to remedy that by studying first in a Viennese dramatic school, then at Heidelberg, becoming a doctor of medicine and a dietitian. Degree in hand,

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she set out on an extensive lecture tour, including the World's Fair of '93 and many American cities. Aged eighty-one, she returned to Copenhagen for postgraduate work, followed by further lecture tours. In 1935 she came to New York to negotiate for a farewell tour. She was then one hundred and eleven years old, spry, talkative, intelligent. She played the piano extraordinarily well (she had studied under Liszt) and smoked cigarettes continuously. When she died, at the age of one hundred and twelve, in 1936, in a hospital in St. Louis, the doctors pronounced her the oldest patient ever treated there. This was DR. MARIE CHARLOTTE DE GOLDIÈRE DAVENPORT.

But this is too fantastic a tale to do more than lift our eyebrows. Methuselahs do not particularly interest us.

I have asked a number of these human dynamos to what they attribute their tireless energy. Often they couldn't put a finger on it, but talk to them awhile and you invariably find they are driven by insatiable interests and enthusiasms.

I asked an advertising man.

"I'm over fifty," he said, "and there's never been a morning in my life when I haven't leaped out of bed at 6:30 as though shot from a cannon. Why? I can't wait to get at all the things I want to do that day. Not only business—all sorts of things. I have a lot of curiosity and very little discrimination. I'm just as much excited about a game of squash as about a big account. I get just as much worked up over judging at a dog show, going fishing, breeding Kerry Blues, playing badminton or squash, as I do over getting a new client."

I asked a woman doctor.

"I'm sixty-eight," she said. "I still work nine and ten hours a day, and I have never in my life been tired. I never went away for a *rest*. I used to run a rest cure, and I saw that all those people had one thing in common—a lack of self-command. It was their minds, not their bodies, that were sick. After that,

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I couldn't go on with hydrotherapy, electric treatments, *rest*. I took up psychoanalysis. . . . I have never married, and with many women that would cause an inferiority complex, but I have always been proud of my position as one of the pioneer women doctors in America and considered *Dr.* at least as good as *Mrs.* before my name. And then I've been mother to so many sick and unhappy people that that has satisfied the maternal instinct. I can imagine no work more fascinating than the practice of psychoanalysis today."

I asked a counsel on public relations who continued to be increasingly successful all through the depression.

"I work very hard—and at the end of the day I'd like to start another day at once. It's hard to have to give up the pursuit of an idea even for a few hours. My work has such tremendous variety that really no other interests are necessary. And yet I might have been a very tired man, for my family wanted me to be a farmer and sent me to an agricultural college. Nothing could be more contrary to my nature. I loathe physical activity of any kind—I have to hire people to exercise me. My passion, outside of business, is entertaining. I love to gather an interesting group of people together and get them talking. I do it about four nights a week. Outside of that, my chief recreations are lecturing and writing books on my subject. I don't think I've ever in my life been bored."

I asked a psychiatrist.

"I work fourteen to sixteen hours a day. The only reason I quit then is because I have so many other things I want to do. Languages, for instance. I've taught myself Chinese and Egyptian well enough to be able to read them. And there's always Shakespeare and art and philosophy, on all of which I lecture just for the pleasure of it. For fifteen years now I've lectured for fun, often four hours straight, without ever tiring—and I'm not a young man. Of course, we get slowed down with age,

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but even then there is no need to tire. It is by expanding our interests that we are energized for our work and have a greater fitness for living."

There is no strength in men, there is no beauty in women, without this energy. One cannot even be a gentleman or a lady without it, according to Emerson.

"Whenever used in strictness and with any emphasis," he says, "the name [gentleman] will be found to point at *original energy*. In a good lord there must be a good animal, at least to the extent of yielding the incomparable advantage of animal spirits. The ruling class must have more, but they must have these, giving in every company the sense of power."

He refers always to gentlemen as "the energetic class," the men with "busy names."

And the same for ladies. He defines a lady as "an elemental force, astounding by her amount of life—every day radiating, every instant, redundant joy and grace on all around her. . . . The courage which girls exhibit is like a battle of Lundy's Lane, or a sea fight."

The loveliest women of all times have possessed this elemental force. Cleopatra had it: "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety." "Some never grow ugly," said Lord Byron, "for instance, Ninon de Lenclos." Diane de Poitiers had it, Pompadour had it, Mary of Scotland, Nell Gwyn—all of them possessed the spirit and gusto of immortals.

An authority on feminine loveliness, judge of many beauty contests, a prominent artist, once announced that, in his opinion, there were very few beautiful girls in America. Now we're noted for our bumper crops of beautiful girls, so why, we'd like to know, was Mr. Montgomery Flagg so supercilious? Because, he said, bodily perfection has little to do with beauty. What *he* wants, what any artist wants, is an *inner energy*—*passion* is the word he used.

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"By this I do not mean merely sexual passion; 'feminine vitality' expresses it much more precisely. Endowed with this vitality, women glow with an incandescence of spirit that can be felt, if not actually seen. Without it, no classic perfection can interest me, either as an artist or as a man."

Languorous your beauty may be, indolent she may appear; the moment your back is turned she is off in a cloud of dust, attempting the impossible—if she is a woman worth having.

The women who have this quality in a high degree attract the lightning. Storms rage around them. Their lives are not soft. But they have the lust of life that makes them enjoy the fray. They seize the thunderbolts in their bare hands, defy the winds and emerge from every encounter in high spirits and with a keener zest for life.

Over fifty years ago a musical-comedy queen was the toast of London. She had only four notes in her voice, but those uncanny. She married Lord Hope, who gave her the Hope Diamond. But May Yohe soon tired of diamonds and courts and ran off with the handsomest man in the army, who stole all her jewels and deserted her. And so it went on, a lifetime of ups and downs—right down to scrubbing floors and being a W.P.A. worker at \$16.50 a week—but May loved it all, every minute of it. All her seventy-two years she was a charming and vital person, filled with the joy of living.

The French have a saying: "*Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait!*" "If youth were wise, if age were potent!"—the implication being that then we'd really have something.

Today, in every sphere, we do have this magical combination—men and women who, having acquired the wisdom of age, have retained the vitality of youth. During the Second World War four men who possessed these two qualities to an extraordinary degree appeared on the historical scene. Old men with youth in their veins. Old men whose insatiable curiosity,

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boundless enthusiasm, far-ranging interests, unappeasable lust for life, gave them the wisdom of age with the vitality of youth. Three of the four were over sixty, one was very near it.

These four ruled the world. A brief character sketch of each will show why. As we run through these thumbnail sketches let us ask ourselves :

1. Did they worry?
2. Were they bored?
3. Did they have a sense of inferiority?
4. Were they timid, fearful?
5. Were they vacillating?
6. Were they oversensitive or overemotional?
7. Were they lacking in "that good sort of stoicism"?
8. Were they frustrated, inhibited, neurotic?
9. Were they interested in all sorts of things, trivial as well as important?
10. Did they lead a balanced life, including an avocation as well as a vocation? Did they have, and enjoy, many social contacts? Did they include sports or other exercise in their daily program?

That way we'll understand why these four men, chronologically old but young in spirit, ruled the world during the most tremendous upheaval in history.

THE four top men on the totem pole were Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek. They governed their nations at home and directed the war abroad.

All four possessed terrific energy, great endurance, immense resiliency.

Blood, Sweat and Tears.

To take first the eldest statesman, now in his eighties.

Churchill is the man of "blood, sweat, tears"—and smiles. During his life he has indulged in a fantastic number of careers. Some of his activities he was forced, during the war, to abandon, but the war once over, he returned to most of them. He is no longer a war correspondent, a lecturer, a journalist, but he is still a political leader, a military and naval strategist, a statesman, an orator, writer, historian, biographer, bricklayer and painter—and good at all of them.

When he was in North Africa someone said to him (according to one account, it was General Sir Bernard Montgomery), "I don't drink or smoke and I'm one hundred per cent efficient."

"Yes?" chuckled Churchill. "Well, I do drink and smoke and I'm two hundred per cent efficient."

Blood and sweat are his specialties. The laughter comes next and the tears a long way after. He looks jolly and he is jolly—when he's not grim or determined or furious or vengeful. One would think, at first glance, that he didn't have the sort of face to express any very wide range of emotions—it is so round, pudgy and childlike.

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"Don't you think my baby looks like you, Mr. Churchill?" a proud mother once asked him.

"Madam," he beamed, "all babies look like me."

And another time he remarked, "My face is divided into two parts. My features are in the lower half and my brains in the upper half."

But with this face, inadequate though it may appear, he can register every emotion from gleeful good humor to the most withering scorn (one had only to hear his pronunciation of the word "Nah-zies" to see the loathing on his face); from the proud and tender way in which he says "our island home" to the fierce, the utterly grim determination of his utterance, "We will never give up!"

Blood . . . He does not recoil from blood. He was, from his earliest years, in every war he could get into. He entered the army in 1895 to fight with the Spanish forces in Cuba and has been in every major British war since. Like any good soldier, he exults in the battle.

During the First World War he was assigned to take Clemenceau on a tour of the front. Looking up at the screaming death overhead, the old Tiger said, "*Quel moment délicieux!*" And Churchill, grinning, replied, "A most delicious moment!" From such men did young Winston learn the art of being a prime minister.

A British friend of Churchill's remarked, "Winston is *so* enjoying this war!"

The man who doesn't fight with gusto and a lust for the kill is not a born fighter. A man who fought and won two world wars, certainly was not a general who intended to die in bed. Churchill not only intended to win these wars but to exterminate as many Germans as possible in so doing.

Sweat . . . He works late into the next day. Waking in a world whose destinies one is guiding, how can one's first

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thoughts be for eating, bathing, dressing? Propped up in bed, he puts in a call to Cairo, Washington, Ottawa. A word with Eden, Eisenhower, Nehru, continents away. Then the newspapers—and the mail! The speech he wrote to deliver today to the House? Right there on the table, Mr. Churchill. He reads it through. Between snatches at his breakfast, he rehearses it, savoring every word, expressing dissatisfaction by grunts, satisfaction by chuckles and even gastronomical noises. He whispers it over until he has it almost by heart. One doesn't become the foremost orator of one's time without taking a little trouble.

His secretary sits at the foot of the bed, pencil poised, ready for letters, telegrams, memoranda. There may be a sculptor hammering away at a huge block of marble from which will gradually emerge that round face with the high, domed forehead and the massive jawl.

The Cabinet meeting, Mr. Prime Minister! He leaps from bed, dashes under the shower, dictating through the door left ajar. He has been known to emerge wrapped in a bath towel to deliver the peroration of a speech and to dash through the corridors of a hotel clad only in his shorts, bawling for his secretary.

A day in the life of a prime minister is a mosaic of split-second engagements. Cabinet meetings, press interviews, conferences with foreign diplomats, military councils in wartime, hydrogen-bomb conferences in peacetime, speeches. To each problem he brings a concentrated and unfatigued attention, a clear, sure judgment, giving it all the time needed, as though it were the one appointment of his day. He can't help it—at the moment he is convinced it is the most important matter in the world. . . . And so late into the next day.

Tears . . . He feels deeply. His speeches and actions leave no doubt of it. But his reaction to misfortune is never passive—not grief but wrath, not tears but blows. Never, like the

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Germans, will the British come whimpering. The Germans have before, and again now they try to touch our too easily touched hearts with their plaints. Never, we may be utterly sure, will a tear stand in the eye of Winston Churchill for the griefs of Nazi Germany.

And smiles . . .

"Heard the latest about Churchill?" they ask you in London. "Someone called him 'a pillar of the Church!' 'Well, not exactly a pillar,' he said. 'Let us say rather a buttress supporting it from the outside.'"

It is not only the wit of the man that makes for smiles. He has no objection to being laughed at as well as with. That cigar, for example. They say the fellow doesn't know a good cigar when he sees one, that he is a chewer rather than a smoker, that he works on a cigar from both ends. With boxes of the best Havanas within arm's reach, he reaches out for a two-for-a-quarter cigar. Smoking and chewing, he gradually consumes it, thus destroying some eight a day.

When he does something that is not on the program it is with all the gusto of a boy playing hooky. His American lecture agent tells of a picnic Churchill suddenly decided to have en route. The agent overheard the directions he gave.

"Now, waiter, I want you particularly to see that the beef comes flush to the edge of the bread. Like this." He reached for pencil and paper and made a drawing to scale to indicate the exact thickness of the bread and of the beef. Getting interested, he proceeded to make careful scale drawings of practically every item in the big hamper. A picnic or a battle—either is attacked with the same lusty enthusiasm.

"Churchill's recreations," said Bernard Shaw, "are civilized—painting and bricklaying, not hunting and shooting."

Whenever he travels he takes his painting equipment with him, ready to dash off at any free moment to paint a landscape.

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"When I get to heaven," Churchill once remarked, "I mean to spend a considerable portion of my first million years in painting."

He's not fooling. He studied with Sir John Lavery, has had one-man exhibitions, one in Paris, under the name of Charles Morini, at which he sold a number of paintings at good prices. In 1953 he had five paintings in the Royal Academy of Arts exhibition in London, making a total of thirty exhibited there since 1947. He is no longer an amateur, having sold paintings to the Hallmark Company for Christmas cards. In his studio he keeps several hundred canvases, for the most part records of people and places he has loved—a friend's room, a still life of whisky and brandy bottles, the pyramids (he got so excited painting that one that he fell off his camel), a view of Marrakech and the Atlas Mountains (he sneaked away from the Casablanca Conference to get that one), landscape records of his travels all over the world.

He has been a professional writer for over half a century. He has more wordage to his credit than most professionals—history, memoirs, biography, autobiography, essays, orations, romances—oh, yes, in his youth, romances. His chief source of income all his life has been his writing. He is today a very wealthy man—and he has made every penny of it himself.

Writing is for him recreation. Ordered by his physician to go to Chartwell for a month of "complete rest," when he was near a serious breakdown in 1953, he at once plunged into the latest volume of his six-volume history of the Second World War, keeping four secretaries busy transcribing from his dictation into a recorder. The doctors might confine his body; they could not confine his mind. He plans at least one more lengthy work—his analysis of the tragic outcome of the war.

When he received the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1953,

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he wrote the donors a beautiful letter full of noble prose. But it was said he had hoped for the Nobel Prize for Peace.

Nor does this complete the list of his far-ranging interests. Tropical fish—we mustn't overlook his tropical fish. He keeps hundreds in his Chartwell pool and personally feeds them. Firearms—naturally. He's forever trying out new guns on a nearby shooting range. Building—chiefly cottages on his estate. The French language—which he speaks very fluently and incorrectly. Racing—he breeds and runs his own race horses, or did until recently when “the Almighty having more important work for him,” took from him his greatest horse, Colonist the Second. As for bricklaying, his country place bears witness to his ardor and expertness, laced as it is with specimens of his handiwork.

A few years ago, Alexander Korda, motion-picture producer, revealed that he still hoped to do a picture around the Jubilee of King George V.

“I still have the script for it,” he said, “and it's a *magnificent* job. The scenarist? Winston Churchill.”

His great difficulty has always been *not* to do things—and to get all the things he can't resist doing into a sixteen-hour day. An American executive would be horrified at his schedule—getting up at noon, for example, and going to bed at 2:00 A.M. He, in turn, is horrified at the American executive's shocking waste of time in such matters as getting to the office at 8:30 A.M. “You must hire a deputy to do that for you. You stay in bed and have your secretary come to you. Be in touch with your office by telephone but don't get there before 11:30 A.M. You must positively take a nap, get right under the covers with all your clothes off, sometime between lunch and dinner. Then you can work till 2:00 A.M. That way you'll get two days' work into one.”

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That's the way he's done it most of his life. He feels underemployed when he's not overemployed.

He is sociable right up to the last second that he can possibly steal from sleep. A friend—or a mere acquaintance—asked to dinner, has a hard time getting away. One more drink, one more cigar, remember the time . . . ? Have I told you the story . . . ? He follows them to the door, buttonholes them, gives them one more laugh. He likes people.

Crossing a New York street, looking to the left for traffic, he was knocked down and seriously injured. The moment he was out of danger he sent for the young man who was driving the car to "apologize for having stepped in the path of his car" and to present him with an autographed copy of one of his books. A man like that has no trouble getting himself liked.

Other men are dwarfed by high office. Churchill magnifies the highest. He is never an official, a stuffed shirt, a figure-head. He is always, first of all, a *man*. If all Britain could be shrunk to the size of one man, that man would be Churchill. All he has ever asked of life is to serve England, "our island home."

Yet this is the man whom the British, in their hour of triumph, relegated to obscurity. They distrusted him. He was too brilliant, unexpected, in a word, *dangerous*. Only in time of danger do the English call on a dangerous man. And since so few Englishmen are dangerous they must sometimes turn to a half Englishman like Churchill.

His dismissal from public office cut deep.

"I wielded [the chief power in the State] in ever-growing measure for five years and three months of world war, at the end of which time, all our enemies having surrendered or being about to do so, I was immediately dismissed by the British electorate from all further conduct of their affairs."

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There is no doubt that his re-election to office after the Socialist debacle was balm to his soul.

If he doesn't die of a carelessly caught pneumonia, the impossibility of staying in bed till he's well and eight cigars a day, he'll probably be advising on the affairs of the British Empire till he's ninety.

He is one of the few men who, while still mortal, has become immortal.

In Person

Franklin Roosevelt had a passion for doing things "in person." It might be only a tree to be selected for Hyde Park, it might be a Stalin to meet, he wanted to do it in person. This was not so much due to his desire to control as to his love of activity—seeing things, going places, setting things in motion. The psychiatrists have a word for him—"the motor type." Also they would certainly label him "extrovert." He himself said, "I am the least introspective man in the world."

One had only to see him in action at a press conference to realize how much he enjoyed being with people. What would be a grueling cross-examination for most men became for him an exciting fencing match. Since his mind was more agile than those of the reporters, he usually came off the victor.

He lived completely in the moment. The past to him was just so much background. He considered his past career merely practice for the future. All during the war he was planning a futuristic postwar world, complete with an ever-normal granary, international control of essential raw materials, a world police force, no passports, full employment—a regular Bel Geddes World of the Future with everything running on conveyor belts.

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Concerning the man who, for twelve years, held the most difficult job in the country the question was often asked, "Did Roosevelt through?" To which the answer of every knowledgeable citizen would have been a hearty belly laugh. If he didn't take on the job for another four years (twice as long as has been thought any man could shoulder it), he would certainly do something equally arduous. And this man was cripple a large part of his life.

In a single day he might grapple with the French situation in North Africa, the administration of occupied territories, the Russian-Polish borders, our relations to the French, Czechoslovak, Greek, Yugoslav, Norwegian underground or to the governments in exile, the railroad strike, plans for the invasion of Europe, Lend-Lease to Russia, aid to China, a new tax bill, the National Service Act—and not one of these problems wore the same face that it wore the day before.

It seems impossible that any man should not worry himself into his grave over such decisions. Not to do so required among other things a very special temperament. Mr. Roosevelt possessed that temperament.

He had the rebound of a new rubber ball. If he worried, he never showed it—and it is doubtful if he ever did. His day might sometimes leave him a trifle haggard. A night's sleep wiped out all trace of strain. He had a firm good humor. He was almost never cross or temperish as the prime minister, who can be heckled too far, sometimes is.

His resiliency was due chiefly to his lively and indiscriminate curiosity. Show him a model of a ship and his mind would rebound with startling swiftness from a question of military strategy. Dangle a new stamp before him and he would forget completely the knotty problems of the coming conference in Teheran. Childlike—and invaluable.

Nothing could be easier than never to stop working. Th

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hard thing was to leave it, to take that swim in the White House pool, to find the time for those massages. But he did it. He even managed to work in his favorite sports—a week end of fishing, a two-weeks' yachting trip. It wasn't that he knew he must—he simply couldn't resist.

Even ill-health and a crippling disease could not deplete his inexhaustible energy. When rumors concerning his physical unfitness for office were circulated to block his first nomination to the Presidency, his obvious overwhelming vitality quickly scotched them. When the question of a third term came up, the whispers of failing health, supported by a haggard face, thinning hair and loss of weight, again cropped up. He at once undertook a gruelling campaign and returned to Washington twelve pounds heavier. He thrived on political warfare. He invariably returned refreshed from fatiguing travels.

While Churchill is painting during his first million years in heaven, Roosevelt will be collecting stamps. He started at the age of eight and became our No. 1 philatelist, with a collection valued at one million dollars—which is a lot of stamps. He was not one bit less eager about it than he was as a boy. He had an album always within reach and wherever he went his current favorite went with him. On his trip to Africa he left out an extra change of clothes so that he could take along his latest favorite.

He was always finding new philatelic angles. When war broke out and strange places began breaking into the news, it never ceased to delight him to be able to give admirals and generals odd bits of information about places that were only pin dots on a map to them. During the war his angle was collecting stamps from the letters of the men on distant battle fronts. Give him half an hour with his stamps and he was ready to face even the battling eyebrows of John L. Lewis and, over Congress' dead body, to take on the labor leaders one by one.

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Stalin Means Steel

The Russian leader gave himself this name not because, as in Hitler's case, any name would have been an improvement over the original, but to express his belief in the power of the sword, the plowshare, the factory and the human will to remake a nation.

Throughout his life this man of steel worked a minimum of sixteen hours a day. His office hours—they do things this way in Russia—were from noon till 4:00 or 5:00 A.M. with an hour off for supper at midnight. During these hours he cut through the problems of a nation at war with the ease of a hot knife going through butter.

People seldom felt the need to see Stalin twice. He gave any matter all the time and attention it required the first time. During this discussion, even if it lasted three hours, four, the telephone did not ring, secretaries did not dash in and out, dispatches did not arrive, visitors did not clamor. Stalin was seldom in doubt, wasted no words, drove straight to the point, discussed it with complete realism, settled it without acrimony and passed on to the next. On only one topic, reported Mr. Harry Hopkins, who had one of these four-hour interviews with him, did Stalin lose his admirable imperturbability—when Hitler's name was mentioned. Then his hands clenched, his voice rose, and red flares lighted in his eyes. He had a very special and personal hatred of Hitler.

Through revolution Russia attempted to achieve what other nations have built in slow centuries of evolution. The dynamos that generated the power to do this were Lenin first and then Stalin. The position which Russia took in the postwar world she owed chiefly to Stalin, whose driving force steadily in-

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creased from the time when, at fifteen, he joined the revolutionary movement almost to the time of his death.

He had his lighter moments. A banquet, a game of chess, a joke, especially if it was one of his own, amused him. But chiefly his recreations were of a kind you would not expect of this son of a shoemaker—the opera, the theater, the ballet. These were, under the Czars, pleasures for the aristocrat. Stalin decided, not that what was good enough for the Czar was good enough for the Russian peasant, but that it was not good enough. He poured an endless stream of energy and of money into developing these favorite Russian arts. Returning travelers tell of theaters he built on the most modern plan, with three or four revolving stages and large and small auditoriums, in out-of-the-way towns; of performances of opera in Siberia which are seldom rivaled in this country; of plays produced by Honored Artists of the Soviet Republic which Broadway has seldom equaled; of ballet performances, free to the people, which surpass anything the Czars ever subsidized. When Stalin himself was not in the Kremlin, he was most likely at the opera or the ballet.

The uses to which Mr. Stalin put his energy are questionable; the energy itself is not. Revered or reviled, his energy was demoniac. To the end he could answer “no” to the first eight questions on page 329 and “yes” to the last two—and *that* is the test of energy.

On his death, when he was over seventy, he still possessed that energy, still worked long hours, still was the driving force of his one-man government of 200,000,000 people. His mind may, as some hint, have trailed off into senility, reason and judgment may have faltered, as witness the rash adventure of the Korean War and the perpetuation of a choking tyranny under the MVD at home, but the will to power and the energy to back it up never failed.

HOW NEVER TO BE TIRED

China's Old Man

Is it possible for anyone to top the energy of these three men? Possibly not. But if anyone could, it is probably Chiang Kai-shek, China's "Old Man."

Here, because he has met him and I have not, I'd like to call on Mr. Ernest Hauser for an account of the Generalissimo. Mr. Hauser makes an excellent witness because he did not set out to describe Chiang's energy but only to describe Chiang. In an article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, written when Chiang was in power on the mainland, Mr. Hauser says:

"The job of tutelage"—training China for political freedom—"is entrusted to the Kuomintang (the National People's Party) of which Chiang is the head. The job of running the civil government is entrusted to the Executive Yüan, of which Chiang is the head. The job of directing the war is entrusted to the Military Council, of which Chiang is the head. The job of coördinating the defense effort is entrusted to the Supreme Defense Council, of which Chiang is the head. The job of planning the future is entrusted to the Central Planning Board, of which Chiang is the head. . . . This is a mightier concentration of power than is held by any other man this side of the Great Divide."

Mr. Hauser went on to describe a typical day in the life of this man during the war. A professional soldier from youth, he rose at dawn and went through his setting-up exercises. He spent the better part of the morning entering in his diary reports of the conferences, decisions and military events of the previous day and in drafting, with his own hand, sheet after sheet of administrative plans and military orders.

Luncheon was the time for conferences with cabinet ministers and generals. Chiang made decisions "between two bites of

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cabbage. It was really alarming to watch. Anybody else would have developed stomach ulcers by now."

Then he set out on his rounds. In one day he might attend to a fantastic variety of things—the widening of a road, balancing the budget of a relief organization, the execution of a hoarder, the wedding of an air cadet, the appointment of a minister, the approval of a new uniform, the increase of the war pension of a hero's widow, the stabilization of the cotton price, the dispatch of a division to the Burma front, a conference with the Communists, a party meeting, the delivery of a commencement address.

With all this he still found time (time with such men is elastic) to read and mark five newspapers a day, to write a chapter of his book, to see half a dozen callers, read Confucius, listen to the radio and take a nap.

At six o'clock he took a walk with Madame or his setter. The walk usually included climbing a hill. When on military hikes, he outdistanced his entire staff, leaving them panting behind him on the hills. He was fifty-eight.

Here and there, of course, he managed to work in a number of activities not listed in this daily schedule. His petting of the Air Force, for example. He was never too busy for a heart-to-heart talk with a cadet. He discussed with them the knotty problems of their private lives—their marital, financial, family problems. He officiated at their weddings and started them off with a small dowry.

Then there was the New Life Movement ("of which Chiang was the head"). This movement had as its modest aim nothing less than the making over of China, morally, intellectually, physically. Chiang himself has no vices—doesn't smoke, drink, gamble, or dance (a vice in his eyes)—and he intended that no one else in China should.

Then there were the dozen or so institutions of higher learning which he headed personally and which he constantly visited

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and counseled. Every Sunday he lectured at the Central Training Camp, and as he is a prolific speaker and a terrific moralist, he might sound off for two or three hours.

In between he found time to write a book, *China's Destiny*, which was a runaway best seller.

Dinner, if he was lucky, was with Madame alone. Usually he was not lucky. That was the hour for ministers and foreign diplomats. Madame was present, but in the role of interpreter. Chiang is no linguist. Madame is. This was no airy, free-hand translation. Diplomatic words must be weighed carefully.

Chiang has always given his evenings to study. The son of a peasant, he feels that no education is ever enough. Every three months he lays out a program of reading and rigidly adheres to it. Other evenings he calls in authorities to discuss with him current history, economics, philosophy. This was his program even during the war.

Eleven o'clock was not necessarily the end of his day. In bed he did some of his best thinking. At 3:00 A.M. he might ring his secretary to tell him to change the fifth word in the seventh line on page two of a speech from "duty" to "obligation."

He has always possessed the ability to relax instantly and completely. During the war he would return from a military mission, wearing his officer's uniform. In his room he would slip into a Chinese robe and with it into Chinese serenity. He is a man of long silences, seeming to draw on great untapped sources of energy which well up from the inexhaustible potentialities of China itself.

For his leisure what he prefers—and what he can sometimes get—is music, especially the violin, and philosophy, especially Confucius, and gardening, especially orchards. At his country place on the mainland he planted hundreds of fruit trees

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and regularly went over the estate, foot by foot, giving the most minute instructions.

Today, well past sixty, Chiang is the most deeply wounded man in the Orient. He who was Commander-in-Chief of the Kuomintang Army, who threw off the Communist yoke and became President of the Chinese National Government, who was Supreme Commander of all Allied Forces in the Chinese theater of war, who was President of China, is now president of one small island, dismissed from charge of their affairs by his own people.

He who refused a deal with the Germans and swore to carry on the fight against Germans and Japs alone, if need be, who steadfastly refused to betray his allies, has been betrayed by them. Or so it seems to him.

He has not lost courage or hope. Exiled to a tiny island of 7,000,000 inhabitants, he has built up an army which, at the very least (to quote American military authorities) "is a restraining influence against any aggressive designs of the Communist Chinese forces" or "which might conceivably successfully attack the Communist-held mainland," or even, according to Governor Thomas E. Dewey, a visitor to Formosa, "be decisive in the Pacific in World War III."

Always the professional soldier, always in khaki (except for his Sunday-go-to-meeting black), pulsating with energy to the tips of his white gloves and the toes of his well-polished boots, Chiang has, against overwhelming difficulties, organized and trained to a fine edge this army of 600,000 men, the largest anti-Communist force in the Pacific area.

From prayers with the Madame at 7:00 A.M. (they are Methodists) till bedtime at midnight or later, he pours forth a flood of energy with an abandon that makes one feel that any letup in the breathless pace would make him acutely miserable.

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Only death can put an end to his—and Madame's—inexorable purpose: to wrest China from the Communists.

These four ruled the world only a short time ago. Interstellar distances apart in most things. One thing in common—energy of hurricane force. With this they ruled the world.

Glance now at those who lead the nations today.

Eisenhower is in his middle sixties.

Churchill is in his eighties.

Coty of France is over seventy.

Malenkov of Russia is approaching sixty.

Adenauer of Germany is over seventy.

Scelba of Italy is nearing sixty.

Célar Bayar of Turkey is over seventy.

Franco of Spain is past sixty.

Nehru of India is about seventy.

The leaders of the world in our generation are no longer, as once they were, young men in their twenties, their thirties and forties—Alexanders, Caesars, Napoleons—but *old* men, men in their sixties, seventies and eighties. With the number of still vigorous older people increasing astronomically (during the past fifty years, while the population of the United States has doubled, the number of those over sixty-five has *quadrupled*), few young people can hope to attain the position and power held by their elders—not if their elders preserve their vitality.

Here then, as well as I have been able to present it, is the plan for calling up all your reserves of energy and using them for a fuller, happier life.

So take action! You have read—but however much you may believe in what you've read, unless you now take action, it will

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remain for you simply something you will always wish you had done. Energy *is* action.

Act! Begin anywhere you like. Begin by overhauling your emotions, subduing the destructive ones, emphasizing the vitalizing ones. *Act!*

Begin by making a program for a Balanced Life. Begin by choosing an avocation. Begin by choosing a sport. Do something about it at once. Inquire about a place to bowl or to play badminton or to learn to fly, tomorrow. Do it at 5:30 P.M. on your way home from the office. *Act!*

Begin by taking an interest in something you've never had time to be interested in before—not merely a spectator interest but a participant's interest. Join a club, buy an accordion, learn a language. Don't delay. The enthusiasm of today quickly becomes the apathy of tomorrow. *Act!*

Begin by resolving never, so help you God, to say again, "I'm tired!" Begin by acting as though you were not tired—head up, stepping along, an eye out for a beautiful sunset or a beautiful girl! *Act!*

Begin anywhere you like, but begin *now!* Action in itself can save you. If, even loathing it, protesting every step of the way, you will yet make your program for a Balanced Life and follow it, energy will come of itself.

At this moment you are enthusiastic. Before that enthusiasm dies—*act!*

We wrest whatever success or happiness we get from life only by the expenditure of energy. In that respect it is almost true that all men are born equal. There is no place in this world for the soft and indolent. Success is sinewy. Life owes us nothing. We must sit tight and ride hard. And everything that seems so difficult is seen to be easy once energy begins to flow. All the things you have ever wanted to do will find themselves done—and with no effort. There is nothing more exhilarating in the

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world than this feeling that one could go on forever—not only could, but *must*, from sheer pressure of animal spirit.

You will soon find that it is harder *not* to do things than to do them.

Until, quite recently, psychiatry came into its own, only those fortunate few who knew by instinct how to stimulate their dormant energies actually used their full capacities. Today, with science pointing the way, all who are sufficiently eager and determined may, through conscious effort, learn to live on far higher levels of power than they would have believed possible.

All men and women who have become leaders, or, in some smaller circle, people of some importance, have had this original energy. In every company they are those who are alive and vibrating—those who have succeeded or who will succeed.

We are drawn to them irresistibly. They have the life force we admire and love and long for.

We may all possess it if we will but follow the laws for releasing the incalculable energies that lie within.

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